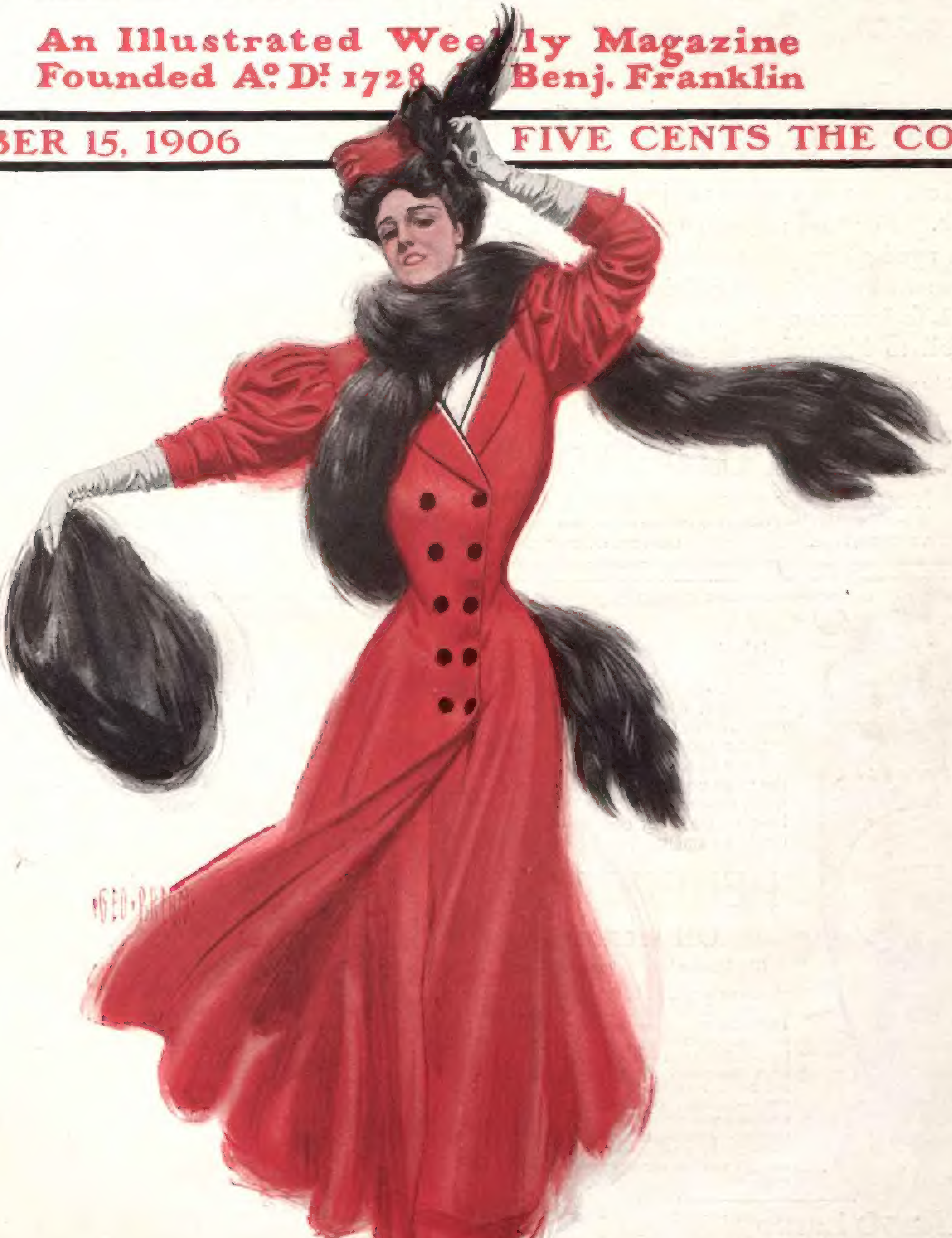
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A°. D°. 1728 by Benj. Franklin

DECEMBER 15, 1906 FIVE CENTS THE COPY



THE
PRUDENTIAL
HAS THE
STRENGTH OF
GIBRALTAR

One Dollar a Week

Most men can put by at least one dollar a week. For that amount (payable yearly) a man aged 36 may get a $1,000 20 Year Endowment Policy bearing dividends and covering Life Insurance for 20 years, and payable in full to himself at the end of that time.

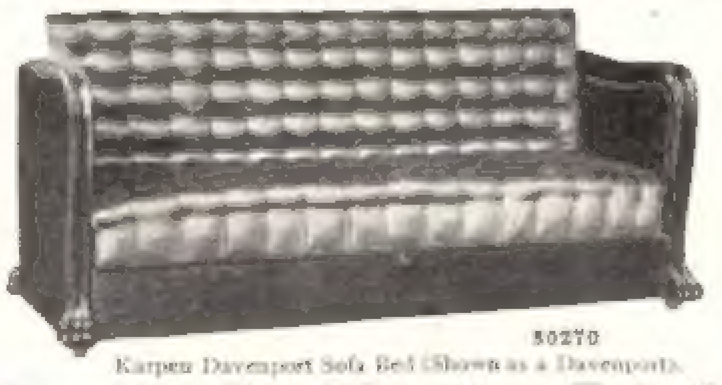
Policies may be taken out from $1,000 to $100,000. Cost in Proportion.
Write for Information. Dept. M.

The Prudential

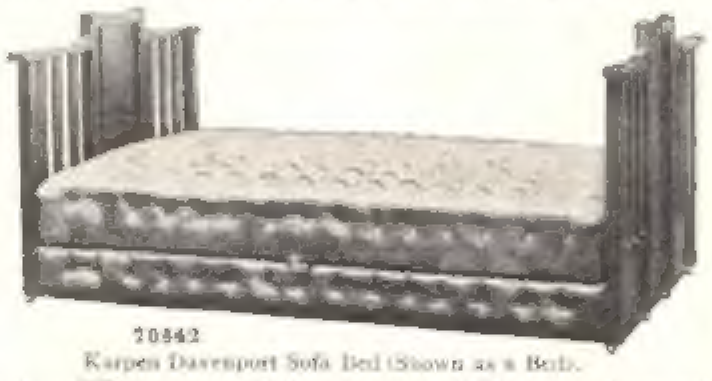
Insurance Company of America

Incorporated as a Stock Company by the State of New Jersey

JOHN F. DRYDEN, Prest. Home Office, NEWARK, N. J.



50270
Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed (Shown as a Davenport).



70342
Karpen Davenport Sofa Bed (Shown as a Bed).

Free Guide to Right Furniture Buying

Karpen Guaranteed Upholstered Furniture CHICAGO
Trade-Mark.

KARPEN'S BOOK "C" SENT FREE—opens your eyes to the risk you run in buying Upholstered Furniture whether it be covered with fabric or leather. No purchase of such furniture can be made with safety until after you read the valuable information contained in our Book "C" mailed free for the asking. After reading Book "C" no one can impose upon you when buying. It's your guide, your protection, your safeguard; more than that, it is the greatest help in deciding what you really want. Broadens your knowledge of design and style. Unmasks the cleverly finished but worthless shoddy furniture that fills many stores, educates you in the methods of construction, workmanship and materials. By making selections from this book you have the choice of over five hundred designs.

Karpen Leather Furniture
Trade-Mark.

KARPEN Guaranteed Upholstered FURNITURE

In Fabric and Genuine Leather Covering

90341
Karpen Mission Leather Chair.

for every room in the home and for every conceivable purpose. Famed for its classic beauty, honest workmanship and enduring quality. Identify it by the marks shown above. The Spring Supports in Karpen Furniture are specified by the U. S. Government in all its upholstery.

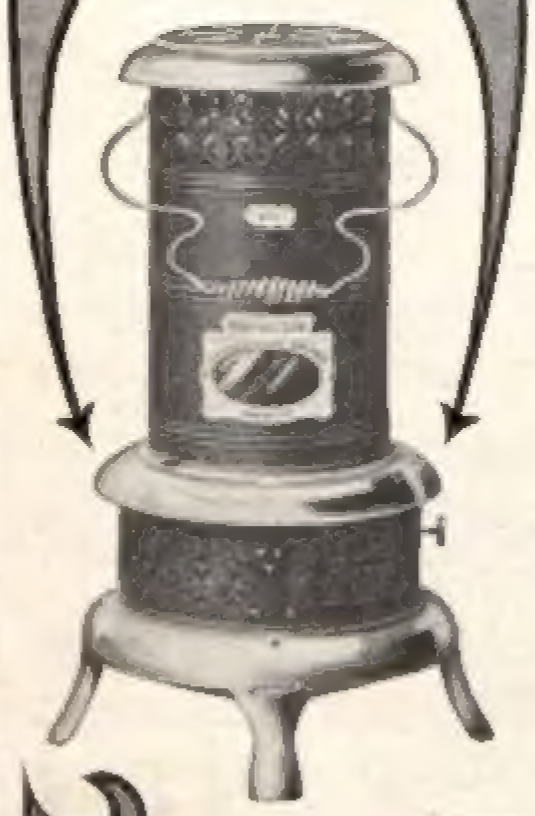
Write for Book "C" and get the name of a dealer who will quote you a *Special Discount* on your first purchase of Karpen Furniture. Sold by the leading dealer in every town in the United States and guaranteed to satisfy or money refunded without quibbling. Karpen Davenport Sofa Beds are the most luxurious and comfortable made. A child can change them from a Davenport to a real bed in a few seconds.

S. KARPEN & BROS. Est. 1880
Karpen Bldg., 155-157 West 34th St., New York
Karpen Bldg., 187-189 Michigan Ave., Chicago
World's Largest Makers of Fine Upholstered Furniture.

70314
Karpen Mission Leather Chair.

90565 Karpen 3-Piece Library Suite, Turkish Tufted.

It's in the Burner



It's in the burner that the PERFECTION Oil Heater differs so radically from the old-fashioned oil heaters. It is the burner that makes the PERFECTION Oil Heater the greatest heat-producer of all—heat that can be felt instantly—that keeps the room or hallway warm and cozy when the other stoves fail—intense heat at the least cost and without smoke or smell. The burner of the

PERFECTION

Oil Heater

(Equipped with Smokeless Device)

prevents the wick being turned too high or too low. This device alone makes the PERFECTION the most desirable heater you can buy. Made in two finishes—nickel and japan. Fount and wick carrier are made of brass throughout. Holds four quarts of oil and burns nine hours. You can carry it about—upstairs, downstairs, anywhere where more heat is required. *Every heater warranted.* If not at your dealer's write to our nearest agency for descriptive circular.

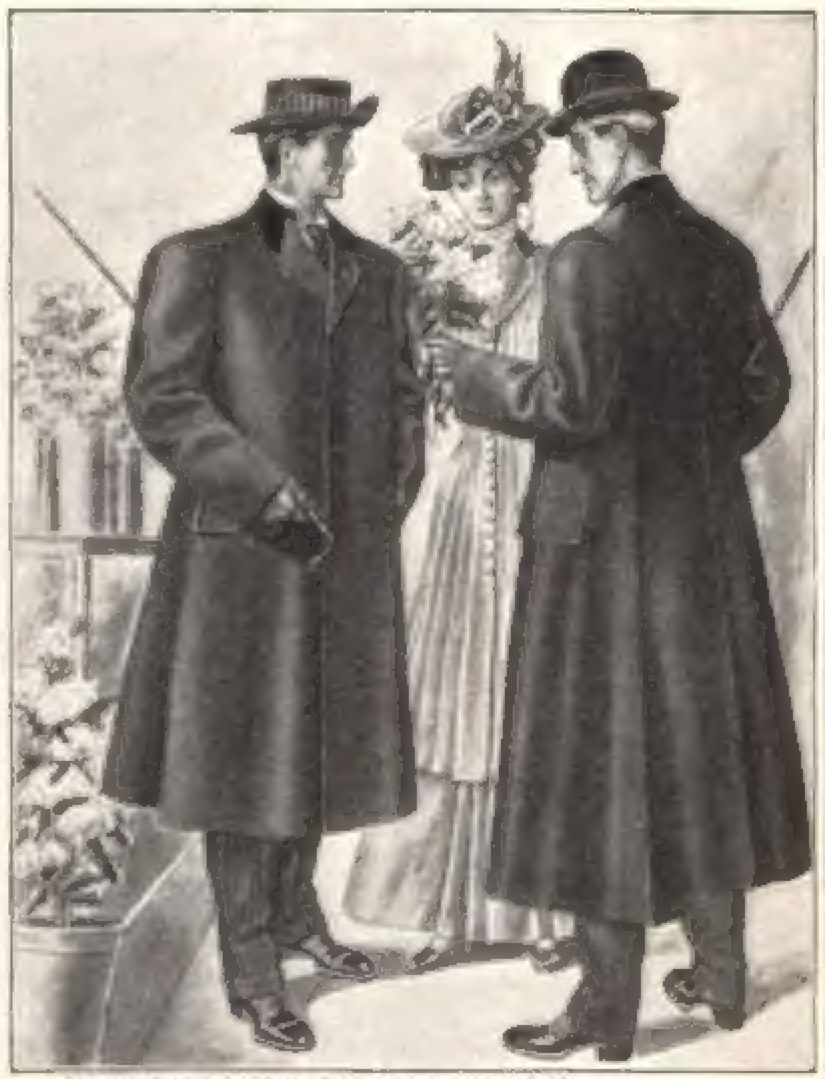
The **Rayo Lamp** is unexcelled in light-giving power and for general household use. An ornament to library, dining-room, parlor or bedroom. Made of brass throughout and nickel finished. Perfectly constructed; absolutely safe. *Every lamp warranted.* At dealer's or write to nearest agency.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Collegian

Adler's Collegian Clothes

Winter Overcoats $12.50 to $35.00



COPYRIGHT 1906 BY DAVID ADLER & SONS CLOTHING CO.

If you buy either of the Winter overcoats shown here, you'll be in style. One—the forty-six-inch Collegian—the other the fifty-inch Collegian, represent the popular coats of this season. If you're a young man and you want to dress like a young man, Collegian Clothes will accomplish your aim for you. There are no other garments produced in America with so much "college character" to them. They appeal to any young fellow who seeks clothes out of the ordinary class. Ask your clothier for your size and try it on. Compare it with what you've had before at the same price. You can buy a coat at $12.50, $15.00, $18.00 or up to $35.00 that no merchant tailor would make at less than twice the price. Get our style-book and you'll get posted on the clothes subject. Mailed free.

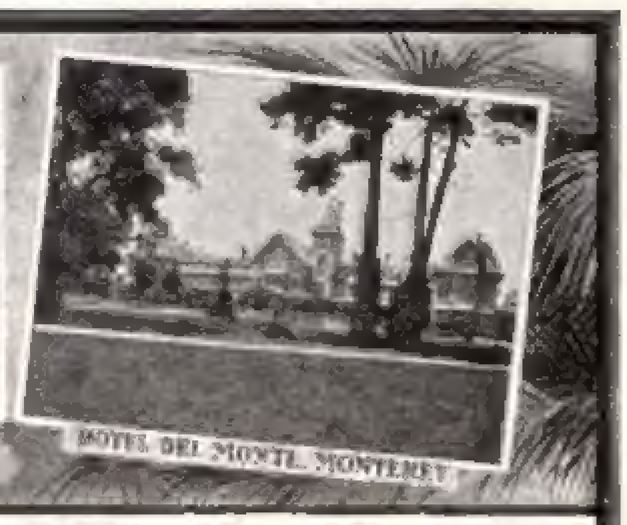
David Adler & Sons Clothing Co.

NOBBY CLOTHES MAKERS MILWAUKEE

NEW GLENWOOD, RIVERSIDE.

THE RAYMOND, PASADENA.

HOTEL POTTER, SANTA BARBARA.


HOTEL DEL MONTE, MONTEREY

HOTEL DEL CORONADO, CORONADO BEA

HOTEL WENTWORTH, PASADENA

CASA LOMA, REDLANDS

HOTEL GREEN, PASADENA.

Santa Fe

Resort hotels of
California

All the luxuries of metropolitan life
in a perfect winter climate

California Limited via the Santa Fe

All the luxuries of an exclusively first-class train—dustless, block-signal-guarded tracks.

One of our four daily trains, Chicago and Kansas City to Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. Fred Harvey meal service. En route visit Grand Canyon of Arizona.

Santa Fe Publications

"To California Over the Santa Fe Trail"
"California Limited"
"Golf in California"
"California Resort Hotels"
"Titan of Chasms"

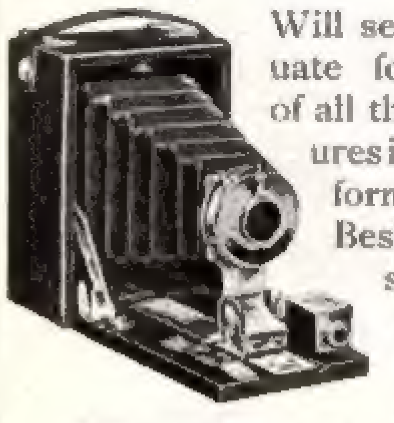
Free on request

Address Passenger Department, A. T. & S. F. Ry. System, 1117 Railway Exchange, Chicago, or Santa Fe agent at

New York	377 Broadway	Pittsburg	405 Park Bldg.	Cincinnati	109 Traction Bldg.	Des Moines	Equitable Bldg.
Boston	332 Washington St.	Buffalo	220 Ellicott Sq. Bldg.	St. Louis	209 N. Seventh St.	Kansas City	905 Main St.
Montreal	138 St. James St.	Detroit	151 Griswold St.	Atlanta	16 N. Pryor St.	Denver	901 17th St.
Philadelphia	711 Chestnut St.	Cleveland,	318 Williamson Bldg.	Minneapolis	Guaranty Bldg.	Galveston, Gen. Pass. Off's, G.C.&S.F.Ry.	

An Added Charm at Christmas Time

The Premoette



Will serve to perpetuate fond memories of all the day's pleasures in the delightful form of pictures. Besides, it's the smallest camera in the world for 2¼ x 3¼ pictures—the easiest to load—the simplest to operate.

Results are superb.
Price is but $5.00.

Catalog at the dealers, or mailed on request.

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY,
51 South Street, Rochester, N. Y.

MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER

A Positive Relief For

Chapped Hands, Chafing

and all **skin troubles.** *"A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

GERHARD MENNEN COMPANY, NEWARK, N. J.

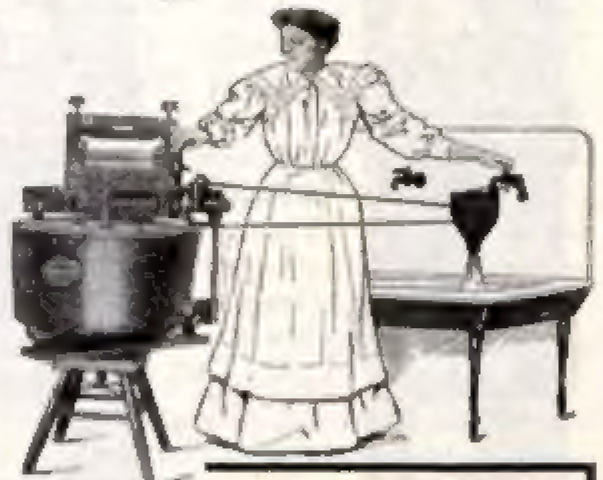
---

100 Visiting Cards Post Paid 50c

Also Business, Mourning, **Birth,** Fraternal, Professional and Emblematic. We have cuts of trade-marks and emblems for all railroads, lodges and fraternal societies. Monogram Stationery. **Wedding Invitations and Announcements.** Samples free.
E. J. Schuster Ptg. & Eng. Co., Dept. AE, St. Louis, Mo.

Wash-Day Troubles Ended by a "Self-Working" Washer

Send no Money. Use It a Month FREE
We Pay the Freight



Anything familiar about this picture?

Pleasant sight—isn't it?

Cook going on "short notice"—housemaid refusing to stay "another minute," or, perhaps it's "the wash-lady," getting out in a hurry and leaving part of the clothes in the tub and the rest on the floor.

Do you find it hard to keep good servants because of the troubles of wash-day?

Do you have to put your washing out, or have a washwoman in, because your girl will not do such work?

Do you have to keep a girl for no other reason than that you are not strong enough to do your own washings?

Do you depend on laundries?

If so, glance at the picture on the right, where the turning of a water faucet is the hardest work connected with the week's washing.

The "1900 Self-Working Washer" does all the drudgery.

50 lbs. water pressure, or an ordinary electric light current (alternating or direct), will work this washer and do a big week's washing at a cost of 2 to 4 cents for the work.

All that is necessary to start the work is to turn a water faucet or an electric light key. Then you do nothing more.

And, as soon as a tubful of clothes is washed, a twist of your fingers switches power to the wringer to wring the clothes out.

You don't have to tend this washer.

It doesn't need anything but mere watching.

It works itself.

No rubbing—no drudgery—no work for you.

Only a twist of your fingers to start or stop the washer, or switch the power to the wringer.

All the rest is done by the water, or the electricity and the "Self-Working Washer."

And the "Self-Working Washer" saves its cost over, and over, and over again in washwomen's wages, lowered laundry bills and lessened wear and tear on all your washables.

The "Self-Working Washer" is as great an innovation to washing as automobiles are to locomotion—making mechanical power do the work human or animal force had to do before.

For the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash the finest linens, lawns and laces and get them spotlessly clean, without breaking a thread.

There is nothing about this washer that can wear out your clothes, nor tear them; rip seams nor fray edges; pull off buttons nor break them.

And the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will wash bed blankets, comfortables, carpets, rugs and get them as clean as clean can be.

To prove this, use a "1900 Self-Working Washer" **one full month FREE.**

We will send one to any responsible party and prepay all freight. Send us no money.

You can use it for four weeks' washings, and then, if you don't find it all we claim—if you don't see how it will save its own cost—save wear and tear on all your house linen and washable clothes—save time and trouble and servant worries—just return the washer at my expense and the matter will be closed.

The trial costs you not a penny.

We make this offer because we know the "1900 Self-Working Washer" will do all we say—and save all we say.

And, if you keep the washer, you can, if you wish, pay for it out of what it saves for you. Pay us by the week or by the month (suit yourself) until the washer is paid for.

Write for our catalog today.

Your request will bring you our illustrated washer book by return mail.

Let a "1900 Self-Working Washer" solve your Wash-Day Troubles—keep your servants contented—save your laundry bills—and save your clothes. Address 1900 Washer Company, 3028 Henry St., Binghamton, N. Y.

Wurlitzer U. S. Lettered FINGERBOARD 10c Post-paid

With it, **any** one can learn to play **Guitar, Mandolin, Banjo** or **Violin** quickly, without a teacher. Instantly attached. **Special Offer**—Fingerboard and celebrated "Howard" Self-Instructor, regular price, 50c. postpaid, for 25c. State kind of instrument. Big, handsome, musical text-book, with prices on every known instrument **FREE** if you state article wanted. Write **to-day.**

THE RUDOLPH WURLITZER CO.
173 East 4th St., Cincinnati or 326 Wabash Ave., Chicago

PLAYS and Entertainments PLAYS

Catalog of thousands sent
FREE! FREE! FREE!
Address **SAM'L FRENCH, 33 West 33d Street, NEW YORK**

ARITHMETIC

SELF-TAUGHT Do not despair because through neglect you have forgotten what you once learned about Arithmetic. PROFESSOR SPANGENBERG'S NEW METHOD requires no teacher.

257 pages; sent prepaid on receipt of 60c. in stamps. Edition de luxe $1.

GEORGE A. ZELLER BOOK CO.
44 S. 4th St., St. Louis, Mo., Est'd 1870.

SPANGENBERG'S
PRACTICAL
ARITHMETIC
Self-Taught

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED.

Send sketch for free report as to patentability. Illustrated **GUIDE BOOK and WHAT TO INVENT** with valuable List of Inventions Wanted sent free. **ONE MILLION DOLLARS** offered for one invention; **$16,000** for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free.

EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

Invest Conservatively but Be Sure of 5%

We cannot offer greater dividends from investments than careful borrowers with ample security need to pay. But if your savings institutions demand for themselves more than *one-sixth* of the borrower's interest payments, we can serve you to your advantage.

INDUSTRIAL SAVINGS & LOAN Co. NEW YORK CITY

Assets, $1,750,000.
Established 13 Years.
Banking Dept. Supervision.

Earnings paid from day received to day withdrawn.

Letters of inquiry solicited and promptly answered.

Industrial Savings and Loan Co.
1 Times Bldg., Broadway, New York

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
425 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

By Subscription $1.50 the Year. Five Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

Foreign Subscriptions: For Countries in the Postal Union. Single Subscriptions, $2.75
Remittances to be Made by International Postal Money Order

When Your Subscription Expires

Three weeks before a subscription expires we inclose a renewal blank on which you may write your order for the renewal, and in the last copy sent on the old subscription we again inclose a similar blank.

When we first notify you that your subscription will expire you should send your renewal at once in order not to miss a number. New subscriptions which are received by us on or before Tuesday of any week will begin with the issue of that week. If they are received after that day they will begin one week later. We cannot enter subscriptions to begin with back numbers. Remittances should be by postal order, check or express money order. Two weeks' notice is necessary before a change of address can be made.

A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week — save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile — when the magazine has not been issued.

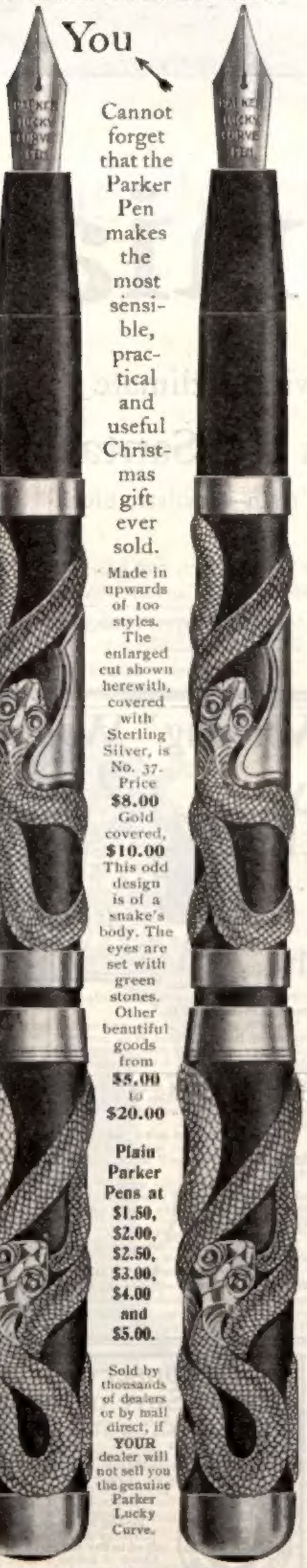
During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1805 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Diary of Delia

You know Delia. At this moment, if you are lucky, she is in your kitchen. If you aren't lucky, she left yesterday and you must seek her again to-morrow in a miscalled Intelligence Office. For Delia is THE COOK. Now, you are well aware what you think of the Cook, but in this record, which is soon to appear in our columns, she tells what she thinks of you. It's a love-story; it's the most humorous story of the season; but above all it is the Servant's answer to the Great American Servant Question.

A CHARMING PRESENT
FOR YOUNG AND OLD

PARKER FOUNTAIN PEN
A SENSIBLE, PRACTICAL
AND USEFUL GIFT



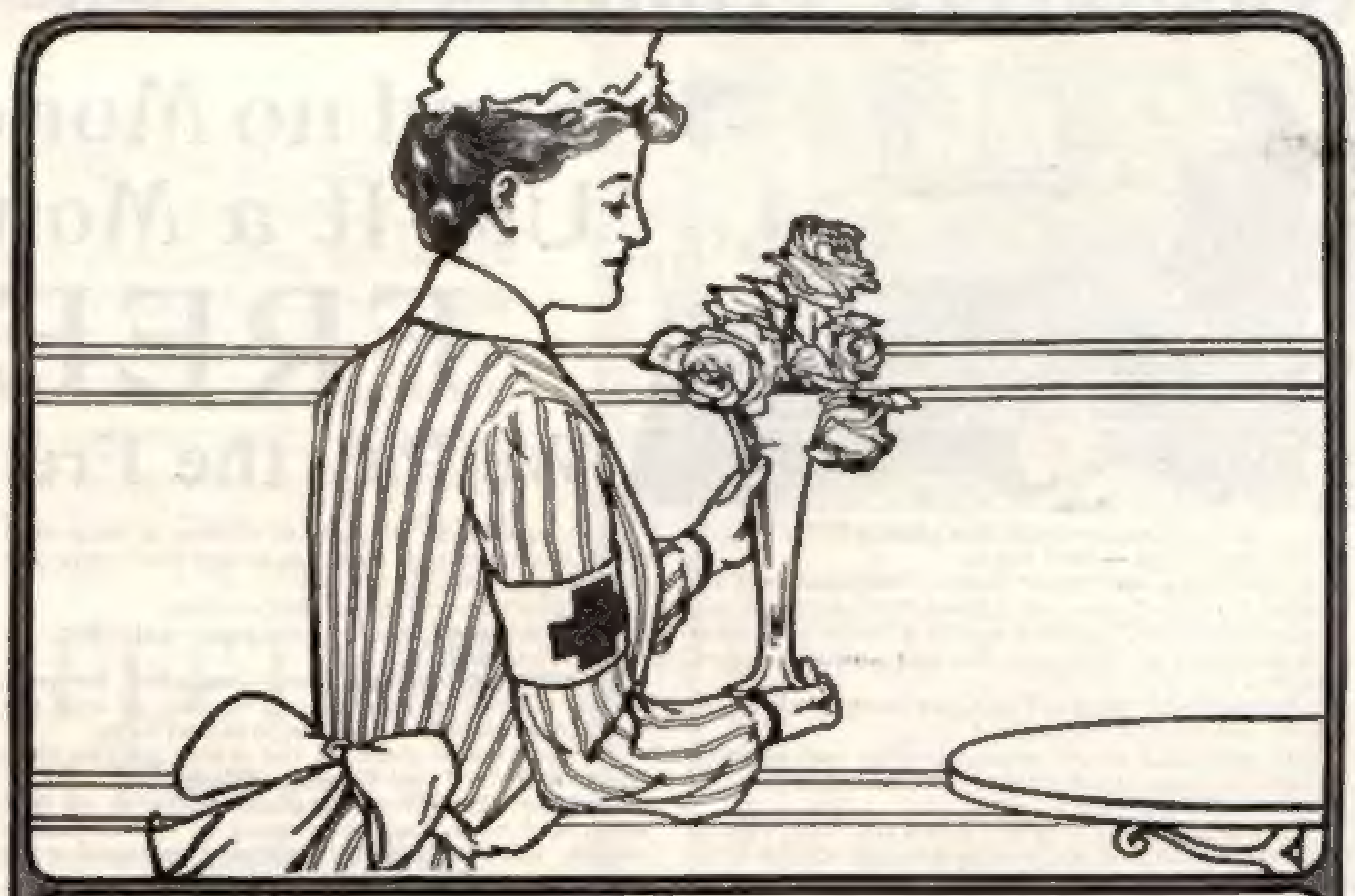
You Cannot forget that the Parker Pen makes the most sensible, practical and useful Christmas gift ever sold.

Made in upwards of 100 styles. The enlarged cut shown herewith, covered with Sterling Silver, is No. 37. Price **$8.00** Gold covered, **$10.00** This odd design is of a snake's body. The eyes are set with green stones. Other beautiful goods from **$5.00** to **$20.00**

Plain Parker Pens at $1.50, $2.00, $2.50, $3.00, $4.00 and $5.00.

Sold by thousands of dealers or by mail direct, if **YOUR** dealer will not sell you the genuine Parker Lucky Curve.

PARKER PEN COMPANY
90 Mill Street Janesville, Wis.



In the Sick-Room.

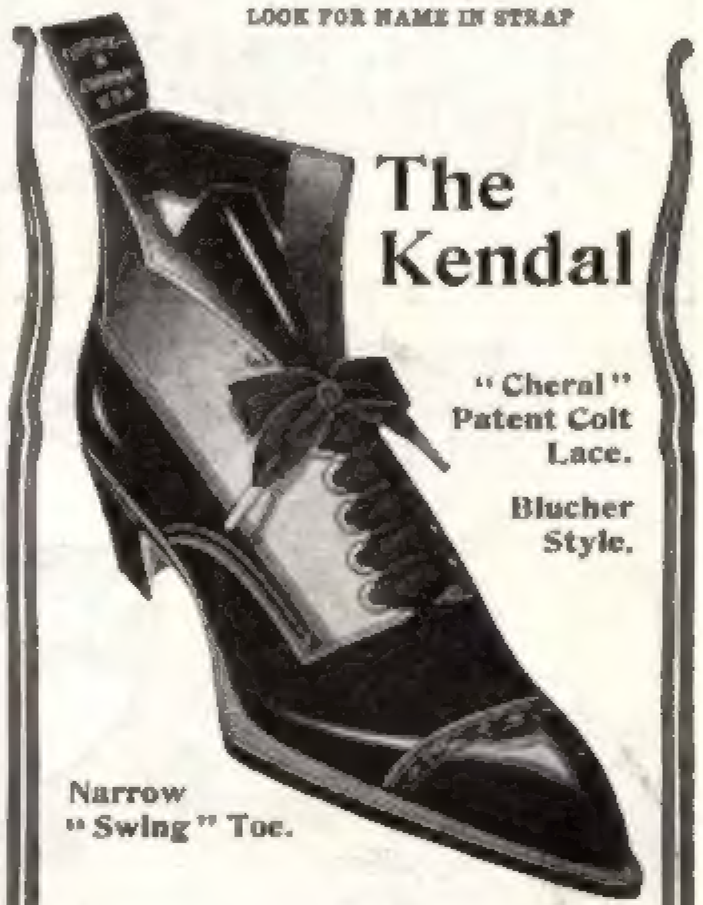
Physicians, surgeons and trained nurses realize the value of Ivory Soap in the sick-room.

It is pure and it induces purity. For cleansing articles in the sick-room or for bathing the person it has no equal. It is white, pleasing and odorless; a perfect germicide and antiseptic; infinitely better than nine-tenths of the drugs, the very odor of which suggest ill health and not, as they should, the clean, pure air of the outdoor world.

Ivory Soap
99$\frac{44}{100}$ Per Cent. Pure.

The Florsheim SHOE

LOOK FOR NAME IN STRAP



The Kendal

"Cheral" Patent Colt Lace.

Blucher Style.

Narrow "Swing" Toe.

No shoe can look well that fits ill. Foot comfort is the first requisite to foot-beauty. Florsheim shoes give comfort with style, fit with finish, durability with elegance — and economy in the end.

Style Book shows "a fit for every foot." Send for it. Most Styles sell for $5.00.

Florsheim & Company
CHICAGO, U. S. A.

"A Man is known BY THE CANDY he sends"

OF COURSE IT'S *Huyler's* SHE WANTS

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER FOR PURITY, QUALITY & FLAVOR

Sold at our Stores & by Sales Agents Everywhere.

THERE CAN BE NO MORE WELCOME GIFT FOR OLD and YOUNG.

PIANO Do You Want a Genuine Bargain?

Hundreds of Upright Pianos returned from renting to be disposed of at once. They include Steinways, Webers, Krakauers, Sterlings and other well known makes. Many cannot be distinguished from new, yet all are offered at a great discount. These pianos range from $125 upward. Also beautiful **new Uprights** at $125, $135, $150 and $165. An instrument at $190 that we can recommend highly. Write, stating your needs, and we will send you a copy of our new **Bargain List** and also one of our **Piano Book Catalogs**, which illustrates and describes our entire piano stock. Monthly payments accepted.

FROM

Every piano bears our full guarantee, and will give years of musical satisfaction.

LYON & HEALY
World's Largest Music House
40 Adams Street Chicago

Money From Poultry is made by those who read **POULTRY** The National Poultry Magazine
MILLER PURVIS, Editor.
The largest, finest and best of its kind. Acknowledged to be the leading poultry publication. Illustrations of the best poultry in the world. Enameled paper, big pages full of information, two color cover. $1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy on the newsstands. Three recent back numbers 15 cents.
Poultry Publishing Co., Box 25, Pontiac, Ill., U. S. A.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A°D¹ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by The Curtis Publishing Company

London: Hastings House, 10 Norfolk Street, Strand, W.C.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Volume 179 PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1906 Number 24

Copyright, 1906, by The Curtis Publishing Company in the United States and Great Britain.

THE MORAL AWAKENING

By William Jennings Bryan

ELEVEN years ago Tolstoy quoted a letter that had been written by Dumas two years earlier, in which the great Frenchman, with rare prescience, said:

> The spiritual movement one recognizes on all sides, and which so many naïve and ambitious men expect to be able to direct, will be absolutely humanitarian. Mankind, which does nothing moderately, is about to be seized with a frenzy, a madness, of love. This will not, of course, happen smoothly or all at once; it will involve misunderstandings—even sanguinary ones, perchance—so trained and so accustomed have we been to hatred, even by those, sometimes, whose mission it was to teach us to love one another. But it is evident that this great law of brotherhood must be accomplished some day, and I am convinced that the time is commencing when our desire for its accomplishment will become irresistible.

Thus it will be seen that a great philosopher in Russia and a French writer of note discerned more than a decade ago the signs of a new era. In another part of the letter Dumas said: "I know not if it be because I shall soon leave this earth, and the rays that are already reaching me from below the horizon have disturbed my sight, but I believe that our world is about to realize the words, Love One Another."

What these men saw with the eye of faith is becoming more and more evident, and nowhere is this change more noticeable than in the United States. That ethical questions are receiving increasing attention is certain. If the awakening were confined to this country we might look for a cause in local conditions, but these conditions do not apply to Russia, and Tolstoy has not been out of his native land for years. How can we explain his indorsement of Dumas' statement? And what was there in Dumas' environment to impress him with the coming of this brighter epoch? It must be more than a national movement.

While the stirring of conscience is manifesting itself within the churches it is outside the scope of this article to discuss the evidences of it. The Y. M. C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Christian Endeavor Society, the Epworth League and the brotherhoods and societies of the various denominations and branches of the Christian church—all these are at work enlisting the young men and young women and encouraging the application of Christ's teaching to every-day life.

But the movement seems to have a broader foundation than any nation or race. It extends around the globe; it reaches down and takes hold upon the heart—the connecting link which binds every man to every other man. No movement can be a universal one unless it appeals to the heart, and nothing that really appeals to the heart can be less than universal in its scope and influence.

The brotherhood of man is the slogan of the new movement, and a powerful slogan it is.

The first effect of the moral awakening is on the individual himself—an examination of self, a scrutiny of ideals, an analysis of motives and ambition. For a generation the American people have been money-mad, and life has been measured by accumulations. The poor have imitated the rich, and the rich have made new records of extravagance. Plutocracy in America, lacking even the insufficient restraints imposed by pride of pedigree, has run riot, and the excesses of the purse-proud, instead of exciting contempt, have only awakened a spirit of emulation.

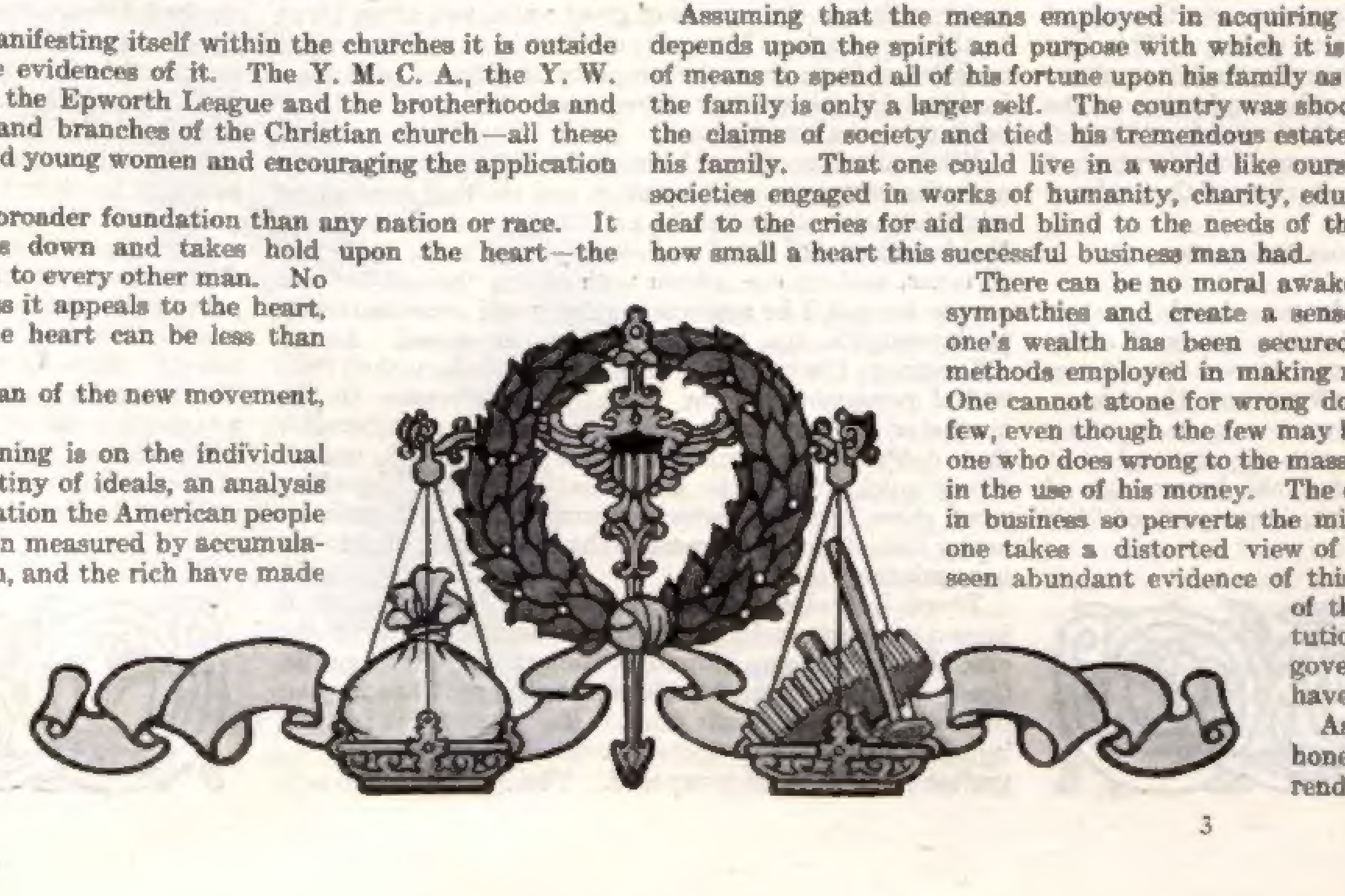
But the crisis is past. From the press, the pulpit, the college, the Chautauqua platform and the home, is coming a healthy protest against the measuring of life by a pecuniary standard. The change in the ideal means a revolution in the life, whether the change takes place in the individual or in the group. An increasing number of our people realize that there is a higher end in life than the making of money—that money is only a means to an end. They also realize that money, while a good servant, is a heartless master. The popularity of Charles Wagner's book, The Simple Life, is due to the fact that it is a vigorous indictment of present conditions, wherein man has been made subservient to his material possessions. The author's plea for a reversal of the order and for the placing of man above matter finds a quick response in a multitude of hearts. The translation of this little volume into many languages shows how widespread is the weariness with materialism and how eagerly the new thought is grasped, while the fact that the book sold best in the United States is evidence that here the movement is already strongest. But this new bit of evidence was not necessary to convince any unbiased mind that our country leads the world in disinterested effort.

The substitution of a new ideal of life for the old one is manifesting itself in several ways. In the individual, it introduces justice into the methods of accumulation and altruism into the distribution of money, and, of the two, the first is the more important. It is better to gather honestly than to distribute generously. Sometimes distributions have silenced tongues that otherwise would have spoken out against the methods employed in accumulation. Trust magnates, for instance (whether they intended to or not), have subsidized colleges, charities and even religious societies into a defense of business methods which violate all moral and statute law.

Assuming that the means employed in acquiring a fortune are legitimate, much depends upon the spirit and purpose with which it is used. It is as selfish for a man of means to spend all of his fortune upon his family as it is to spend it upon himself, for the family is only a larger self. The country was shocked when Marshall Field ignored the claims of society and tied his tremendous estate up in a trust for the benefit of his family. That one could live in a world like ours, amid the appeals from worthy societies engaged in works of humanity, charity, education and religion, and still be deaf to the cries for aid and blind to the needs of the suffering and neglected, shows how small a heart this successful business man had.

There can be no moral awakening that does not enlarge one's sympathies and create a sense of stewardship, however fairly one's wealth has been secured; but an examination into the methods employed in making money is of still greater moment. One cannot atone for wrong done to a multitude by giving to a few, even though the few may be very deserving; and, moreover, one who does wrong to the masses is not likely to be conscientious in the use of his money. The employment of immoral methods in business so perverts the mind and corrupts the heart that one takes a distorted view of the relations of life. We have seen abundant evidence of this in the conduct and utterances of the nation's exploiters. No institution is too sacred for them to defile—government, the home and the church have alike suffered at their hands.

Aside from inheritance, the only honest method of accumulation is by rendering to society a service equal in



value to the compensation drawn from society. The word honest has too often been used to describe every transaction that was not punishable as a crime, but it cannot properly be used to describe any transaction which is one-sided. Reciprocal advantage—an exchange of equal values—this must be assumed if business is to stand a moral test. The application of such a test by the individual would in itself go far toward the establishment of business upon a sound basis. Almost all, if not all, injustice can be traced to the effort of one individual to take advantage of another. Doubtless this attempt has often been made thoughtlessly—that is, by the employment of customary methods without stopping to examine into them. It is probably true that a large proportion of the wrong now done through illegitimate business methods is done without deliberate intention to wrong. When a Chicago banker was exposed in wrongdoing recently, a Government official threw the mantle of charity over him and said that he only did what others were in the habit of doing. But this excuse will not stand at the bar of conscience. No collusion between wrongdoers, no long-standing custom can change the moral character of a transaction, and when the searching process begins no one will delude himself with the argument that others also are guilty.

Spoils Divided are Still Spoils

THE manufacturer occupies a dual position. He sustains a relation to those who work for him and to those who buy from him. If he is entirely selfish he may do injustice to both classes, or he may advance his interests by conspiring with one class against the other. Some of the trusts have sought to form an alliance with their employees against the public and have gone so far as to promise a division of the spoils. Such a contract would be indefensible in morals even if it were enforceable by law.

The moral quality of an act is not determined by the character of the beneficiaries. A private monopoly might be less objectionable if all the pecuniary advantages secured by it were fairly divided among those who work for it, but to say that a private monopoly is necessarily good because the wage-earners in its employ reap all the benefit is equivalent to saying that the laborer can do no wrong. While, as a rule, the wealth producers receive too small a share of the products of their toil, the remedy is not to be found in allowing them to increase their share by a conspiracy with the trust magnates—for, in doing so, they would be trespassing upon the rights of other wealth producers as well as upon the rights of the general public—but in legislation which will eliminate the principle of private monopoly and protect all alike. But, ignoring, for the sake of argument, the moral element involved, the wage-earner cannot afford, as a matter of policy, to assist the trust magnates in cornering the market, for the same greed which leads the owner of a monopoly to overreach the consumer will lead him to overreach the laborer also whenever circumstances will permit. In fact, an arbitrary increase in price tends to lessen consumption, and that in itself reduces the demand for labor.

The employer, while guaranteeing to his employees a wage which will be just as between him and them, must guarantee to the public a price which will be just as between the public and him. The organizer of an industry—the executive who plans the work, purchases the material and assigns the tasks—is necessarily a factor in production and as such is entitled to compensation out of the product. The trouble has been that the "captains of industry," fixing their own compensation, have been too generous with themselves and have appropriated to their own use a part of labor's share, while they have at the same time extorted from the public a compensation out of proportion to the service rendered to society. This fact was admitted by President Harrison in his letter of acceptance in the campaign of 1892, when, referring to the Homestead strike, he used these pathetic words: "I regret that all employers of labor are not just and considerate, and that capital sometimes takes too large a share of the profits."

Conscience the Potent Restraint

WHILE legislation should, as far as possible, protect each citizen from injustice at the hands of every other citizen, there is a wide zone between the duties which the law can enforce and the wrongs which the law can prevent—a zone in which conscience, and conscience only, controls. It is in this zone that the larger part of life is spent and the larger part of life's work is done. For every person who is honest because of the law a hundred are honest because of conscience; for every person kept in the path of rectitude by fear of the penitentiary many hundreds are made righteous by the promptings of the conscience.

The ethical awakening upon which our nation is entering will not expend its whole force in turning individuals away from practices offensive to the conscience.

The government is one of the instruments with which the people work, and in its activities it is sure to reflect a dominant public sentiment. As in the corporation the stockholder is often willing to profit by the wrong act of the director, even when he would shrink from doing the wrong act himself, so the citizen will sometimes support his party in doing that which he would hesitate to do as an individual. But this is less likely to happen when he begins to emphasize moral considerations. When one begins to analyze legislation and the administration of the law he is likely to be amazed at the magnitude of the injustice done by this intangible thing which we call government.

Larceny in the Form of Law

TAKE, for instance, the subject of taxation, the oldest and most constant of all the subjects with which government has had to deal. The Supreme Court of the United States has described unjust taxation as "larceny in the form of law." It is a harsh phrase, and yet no one will question the propriety of its use. If one citizen is compelled by law to pay ten dollars for the support of the government when he ought only to pay five, and, under the same law, a neighbor is required to pay only five when he should pay ten, the law which causes this inequality simply transfers five dollars from one man's pocket to another's.

If we could ascertain the exact amount taken from the overtaxed and given to the undertaxed by the national, state and municipal laws the total sum would be appalling. Unjust taxation is bad enough when the inequality is due to the frailty of human judgment, but it is worse when it is due to deliberate effort upon the part of those who desire to shirk their share of the burdens of government.

Every State has to fight to compel the railroads and other corporations to pay their just proportion of the taxes, and every city has a continuing struggle to force the tax-dodgers to make a return of their property. Under our Federal laws almost the entire expense of the government—and the expense is greater than it ought to be—is thrown upon consumption, and the people, instead of paying in proportion to property or income, pay in proportion to what they eat, drink, wear and otherwise use.

Such taxes make the poor man pay more than he should and the rich man less than he should, and yet when an income tax was proposed for the purpose of equalizing the burdens, we were warned that it would defeat the party that favored it, and it did array against the party a large number of those who now escape a considerable part of their share of the Federal burdens. It was even urged against the income tax that rich men would perjure themselves to escape it and that they ought not to be driven to this extremity.

Two Prices in the Tax Office

IT IS not an uncommon thing for the railroads to set forth the market value of their stocks and bonds as the basis of value when rates are under consideration—although the market value of the stocks and bonds rests upon exorbitant rates—and then present the cost of reproducing the road as the basis of taxation.

In municipal taxation the corporations holding municipal franchises—franchises of great value and often given to the corporations by corrupt councils—are often taxed on a lower basis than the property of citizens, and huge business blocks are not infrequently taxed on a lower basis than the small homes.

While allowances must be made for differences of opinion as to the best systems of taxation and the best methods of administration, there can be no difference of opinion as to the desirability of equal and exact justice in the collection of taxes, and no one whose vote affects the subject can excuse himself if he neglects carefully and conscientiously to investigate the various systems proposed. As indifference to the truth is scarcely to be distinguished from willful perversion of the truth, so indifference to the character of laws enacted is scarcely less reprehensible than deliberate support of systems known to be unjust. Every quickening of the individual conscience, therefore, must show itself in better government, and there is no better test of good government than that embodied in the laws relating to taxation.

There has already been an outcry against what is known as graft, a form of money-making in which the office-holder enriches himself at the expense of the public. Graft appears in a multitude of forms, but it has its root in the betrayal of public trust. It is the easiest form of injustice to correct, however, because no one defends the grafter when he is once exposed. The legislator who sells legislation, the purchasing agent who collects a commission from those from whom he buys, and the executive who puts a price upon immunity—all these lose their friends as soon as their misconduct is made public. But the big grafters who remain in the shadow, and make fortunes by the corruption of less prominent men—these are the greater criminals, and their wrongdoing is more harmful to society. Their punishment, too, is more difficult, for they not only stand high themselves but have influential friends. So great has been the injustice done to the public by the granting of perpetual or long-time franchises that the more recent constitutions and statutes forbid the granting of a franchise except by a referendum vote. A moral uplift is even now manifesting itself in the effort both to punish the offenders and to protect society more effectively from the conspiracy against its welfare.

The trust question cannot be settled until the moral issues involved are recognized and passed upon. The principle underlying a private monopoly is so easily understood that it is strange that any one should mistake it, and yet men do mistake it, and men who would not think of playing the highwayman behind a mask at night will associate themselves together and, in broad daylight, apply the highwayman methods to industry. What difference is there in morals between one who, putting a revolver to your head, demands your money or your life, and the trust magnate who, cornering a necessity of life, demands an exorbitant price for that which you must have and which he controls? Until recently a trust magnate's money was accepted without question by churches, colleges and charities; but men at the head of religious and benevolent institutions are beginning to inquire about the methods employed by those who have money to give away. It does not require a prophetic eye to foresee the time when this scrutiny will be so close that the exploiters of the nation will find it impossible to take worthy institutions in partnership with them in the distribution of their ill-gotten gains. It will be some punishment to such wrongdoers to be left to enjoy in solitude that which they have gathered together by trampling upon every sentiment of brotherhood.

Trying to Improve the Divine Plan

THE broadest indictment that can be brought against present economic conditions in the United States is that the rewards offered by society are not only not in accordance with, but are directly subversive of, the law of rewards given us by the Creator. The most imperative duty resting upon the citizen is to bring the government as nearly as possible into harmony with the Divine law.

When God gave us the earth with its fertile soil, the sunshine with its warmth and the showers with their moisture, He proclaimed, as clearly as if His voice had thundered from the clouds: Go, work, and your reward shall be proportionate to your diligence, intelligence and perseverance. That law has been reversed, and each decade shows a smaller and smaller percentage of the wealth remaining in the hands of the wealth producer, and a larger and larger proportion in the hands of the non-producers. This condition is not only unnatural, it is dangerous. It is due to man-made privileges and immunities—to law-made inequalities in distribution. So great have these inequalities become that the President has sounded a note of warning. Protesting that these "swollen fortunes" should not be transmitted to posterity, he has suggested an inheritance tax to compel the predatory classes to disgorge at the grave. I refer to this not for the purpose of discussing remedies, but to emphasize the necessity for a remedy. The hope of the future lies in the belief that a remedy will be applied, and the very fact that a remedy is being considered shows how farreaching is the ethical movement.

To recapitulate: There is a moral awakening that is world-wide in its extent; its effects are especially noticeable in this country, in the growth of altruism, in the increase in church activity, in the larger consideration given to sociological subjects and in the demand for a nearer approach to justice in government. The basis of this movement is the idea of brotherhood, and its purpose is not merely to stay each hand uplifted for another's injury, but to substitute in each the desire to benefit others in the place of the desire to overreach. The means by which the movement is to be advanced is the cultivation of an ideal which will measure life, not by what one gets out of the world, but by what one contributes to the sum of human happiness.

THE LOST PRINCESS

An Uncertain Artist and a Sure-Enough Star

BY HENRY K. WEBSTER

BIG theatrical lithographs proclaiming Miss Ruth Graham as Perdita, in The Lost Princess, had confronted Haskell at every turn for more than a week, but the sight of them still made him uncomfortable; and this morning, when he had fetched his pint of milk and his morning paper into the studio only to find a photograph of the actress smiling at him from an inside page, the sensation returned stronger than ever. It brought home to him, heavily, the sense of failure; it made him feel shabby and resentful, and yet contemptuous of his resentment. Of course, the only way to take it was as a joke, but his sense of humor was torpid, somehow, and could not be brought to recognize it.

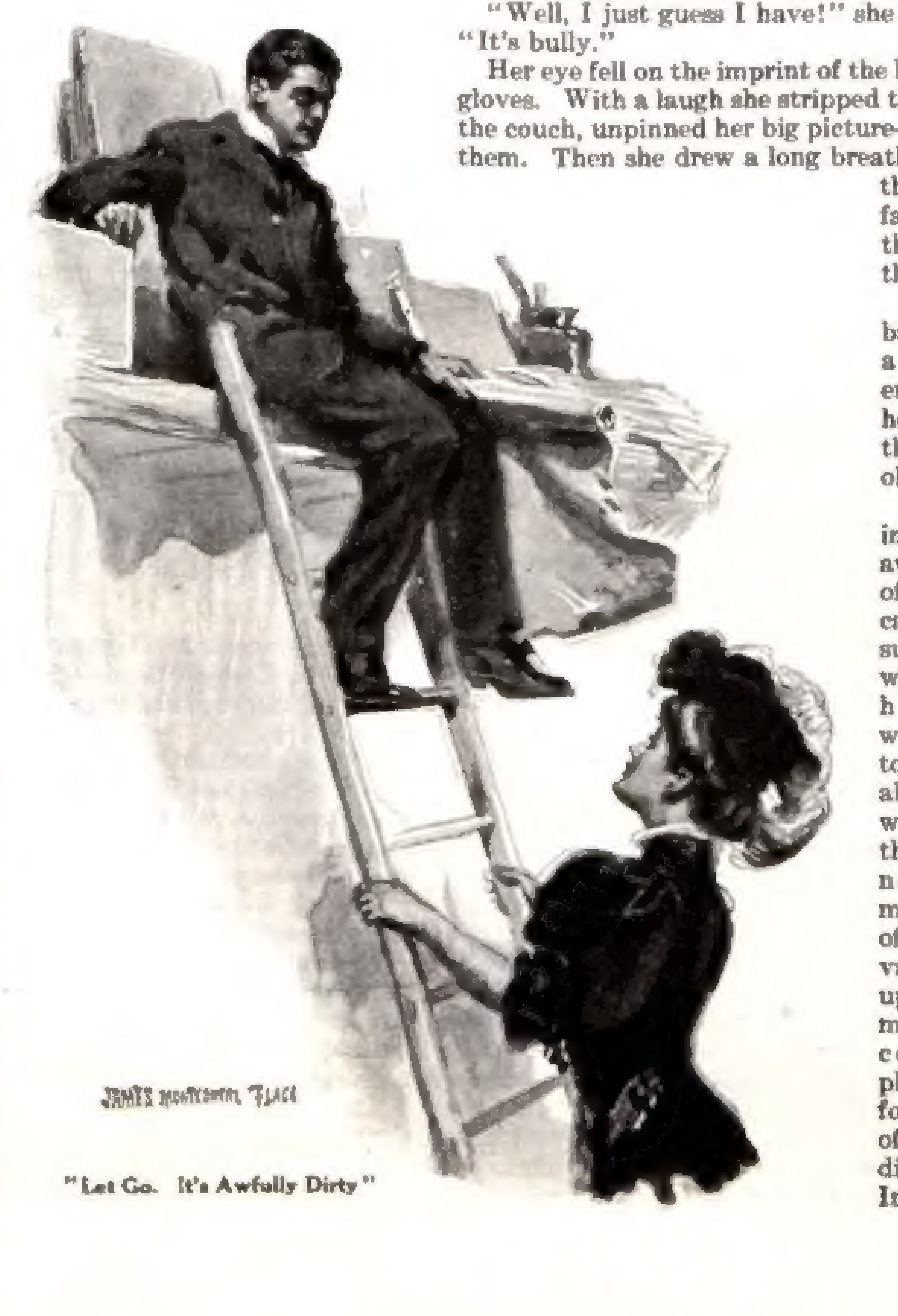
She was a sure-enough star. There could be no doubt of that. London had said so as well as New York, and Chicago, now that at last she had deigned to come back to her home city, gave voice to a clamorous Amen, and loudly claimed all the credit for her. And her assets for all this success ——

Haskell listed them with the easy confidence of old acquaintance, and with no disturbing suspicion of anything overlooked. Well, she had a lot of vitality, a pleasant, boyish voice, a face that foolish people called pretty; and a body—here the artist nodded with grave appreciation—a body a deal nearer right than most of them, and curiously under control. She had been a wonderful model, whatever she might be as an actress. For the rest, he remembered her as a friendly, flighty, kind-hearted, garrulous young thing, with just about the average model's allowance of sense.

And himself? Oh, he knew it was fatuous to carry out a comparison between her stock in trade and his, but this morning he couldn't help doing it! Hadn't he a real imagination? In the glow of his work he often seemed conscious of it. Anyway, he knew he had a mind, of sorts, and an ample technical equipment. His passion was the craftsman's for all that was workmanly, and without remission he had kept his toe to the mark it set him. His whole reward for this was nothing more tangible than a clear artistic conscience. He kept alive by drawing pictures for newspaper advertisements, young ladies in towering pompadours, stately beauties in four-dollar-and-ninety-eight-cent toques, and so on. Oh, he was getting on, he reflected ironically; there was a little margin between him and hunger now, and when he needed a model he could afford to hire one! Ruth had done about half her posing for him out of sheer good nature, and the rest on the tardiest terms of payment.

It occurred to him that he must have any number of old studies of her lying about, and a disinclination for work that morning lent strength to an impulse to look up some of them. So, presently, borrowing a ramshackle ladder from the next studio, he climbed up into his loft and began to rummage.

He found small satisfaction in the crumpled, lustreless canvasses—there were dozens of them, as he had supposed—which he collected from heaps of litter, smoothed out and dusted with his coat-sleeve. They would look better, of course, if they were stretched and varnished and framed, but, even with this allowance, he could not think they carried much suggestion of the resiliency, the glow, of the round, young body he had had before his eyes while he was painting them.



"Let Go. It's Awfully Dirty"

He sat there for a good while, making wry faces at himself and inventing epigrams at the expense of these discredited efforts which he had once been fool enough to believe in. He knew it was rather childish, but he kept at it until a knock at the door interrupted him. He called to his visitor to come in, and started for the ladder.

"*Where* are you?" said a voice from down below.

It was all of six years since he had heard it, but he remembered it as well as if they had been but so many days. And not, either, because he had been thinking about her all the morning. It was exactly the same, naïve and unschooled as ever, and it retained the little Pennsylvania twist in the inflection, with all the emphasis on the first word.

She saw him before he had time to answer. "Oh, you'll slip!" she cried, and he heard her scurry across the room, and felt her steadying hands on the ladder.

"I'm all right," he said. "Let go. It's awfully dirty."

But she held on until he was safely down; then she stepped back, threw out her chest in a way he well remembered, and, with a downward sweep of her hands, invited him to take a good look. He looked, from hat to shoes and back again, a quizzical smile bending his thin lips and a touch of unwonted color in his cheeks, but in silence.

"Well?" she demanded. "And have you been to see my show? Why not?"

He slapped his pocket; the responsive chink was faint. "That is the first reason," he said. "And then I've seen the show before."

"In New York?" she asked eagerly.

He shook his head. "No, it was years and years ago."

"But you couldn't," she protested. "My show is quite new. It was written for me especially, music and everything."

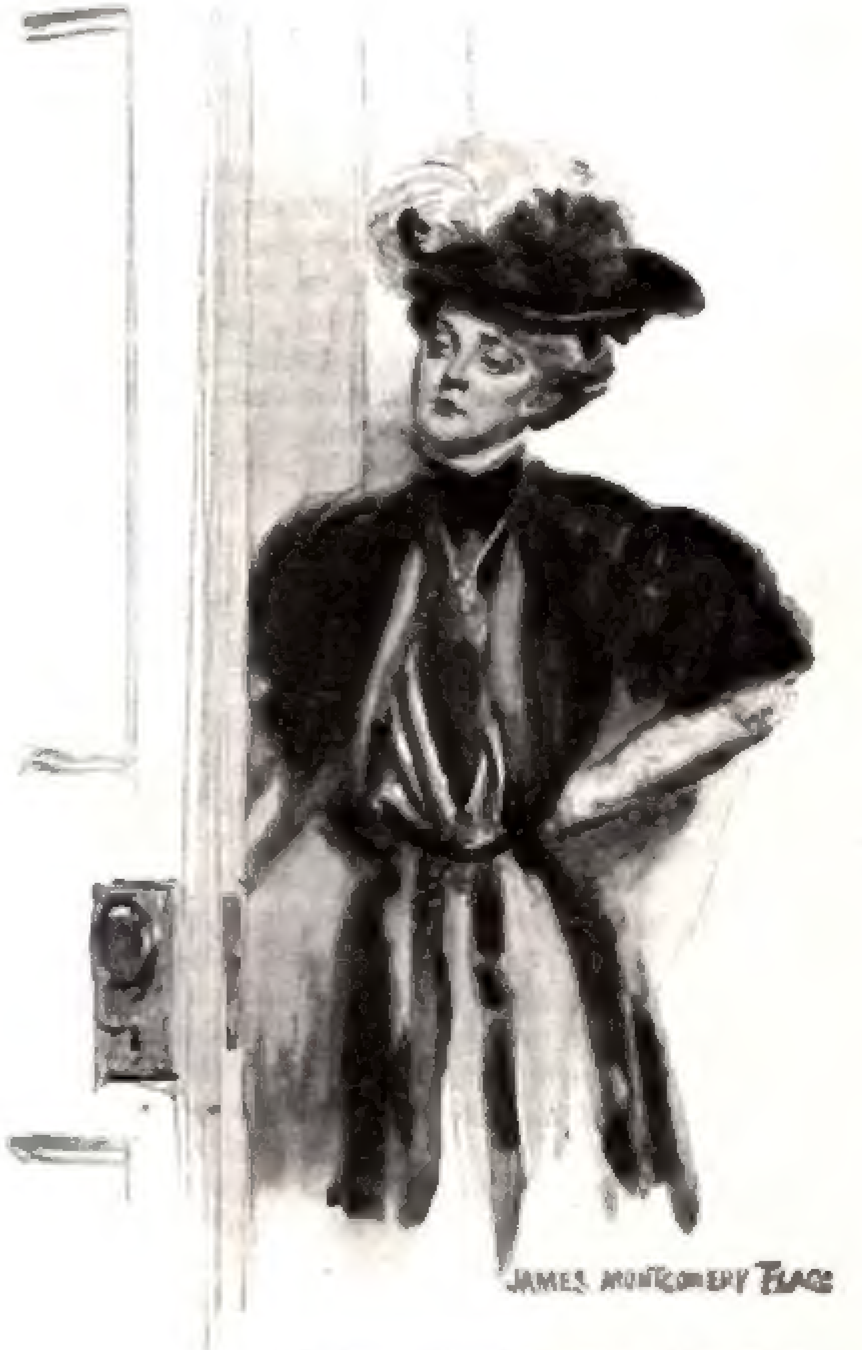
"It had a different name," he admitted, "but there was a Perdita in it and she was a lost princess, disguised as a shepherdess. And I hope," he concluded, "that you have as good a part as that Perdita had."

"Well, I just guess I have!" she said with enthusiasm. "It's bully."

Her eye fell on the imprint of the ladder across her white gloves. With a laugh she stripped them off, flung them on the couch, unpinned her big picture-hat and tossed it after them. Then she drew a long breath through her nose, as though trying to get the familiar, painty smell of the place clear down to the bottom of her lungs.

"It's good to get back," she said, and in a moment added solemnly: "No matter how far a person goes, they don't forget their old friends, do they?"

It was a nasty, sneering laugh that started away down in the dregs of Haskell's nature and came welling up to the surface. Not at the girl, with her solecisms and her banalities; in its wide embrace it hardly took account of her at all. It was a sneer at the whole world, a world that could neither think nor dream, that could make, for to-day, an idol of a shallow piece of vanity like this, and set up a vainer one to-morrow; a world that could fatten its complacency on just such foolish delusions as this of the girl—that she didn't forget old friends. In reality, of course, she was using him as a landmark to measure her own advance by. But the look in her wide eyes gave the lie to that conclusion. He stood staring at her a moment, and then the wave of all that was meanest in him sank away as swiftly as it had risen. In the revulsion, he knew that, for the past few seconds, if not for a good deal longer period, he had been a very poor sort of cur.



"Perhaps I Owed You Something, Too"

She was used to being stared at and she supported his gaze easily enough, but she was taken by surprise when the familiar, wry smile left his lips and she saw him flush to the forehead.

"There are people in the world who forget old friends," he said, "but they're not like you. And I haven't told you yet how much it pleased me that you remembered me, or how good it is to see you again, or how glad I am that you've made such a great, big success."

He stumbled along through this speech, and, at the end of it, reached out and shook hands with her, something he had never in his life done before. By that time she was as red as he; she turned away, when she got her hand back, and nervously began an aimless tour of the studio, while he, in much the same spirit, went over and sat down at his drawing-board.

"You can work all right with me here, can't you?" she asked. "Have you got a model coming? Oh, don't you want me for something?"

He laughed. "No model for this job," and he nodded for her to come around and look.

"That's awfully clever," she observed critically. "There's Roosevelt and—Who's the fat man? But why haven't they any tops on their heads?"

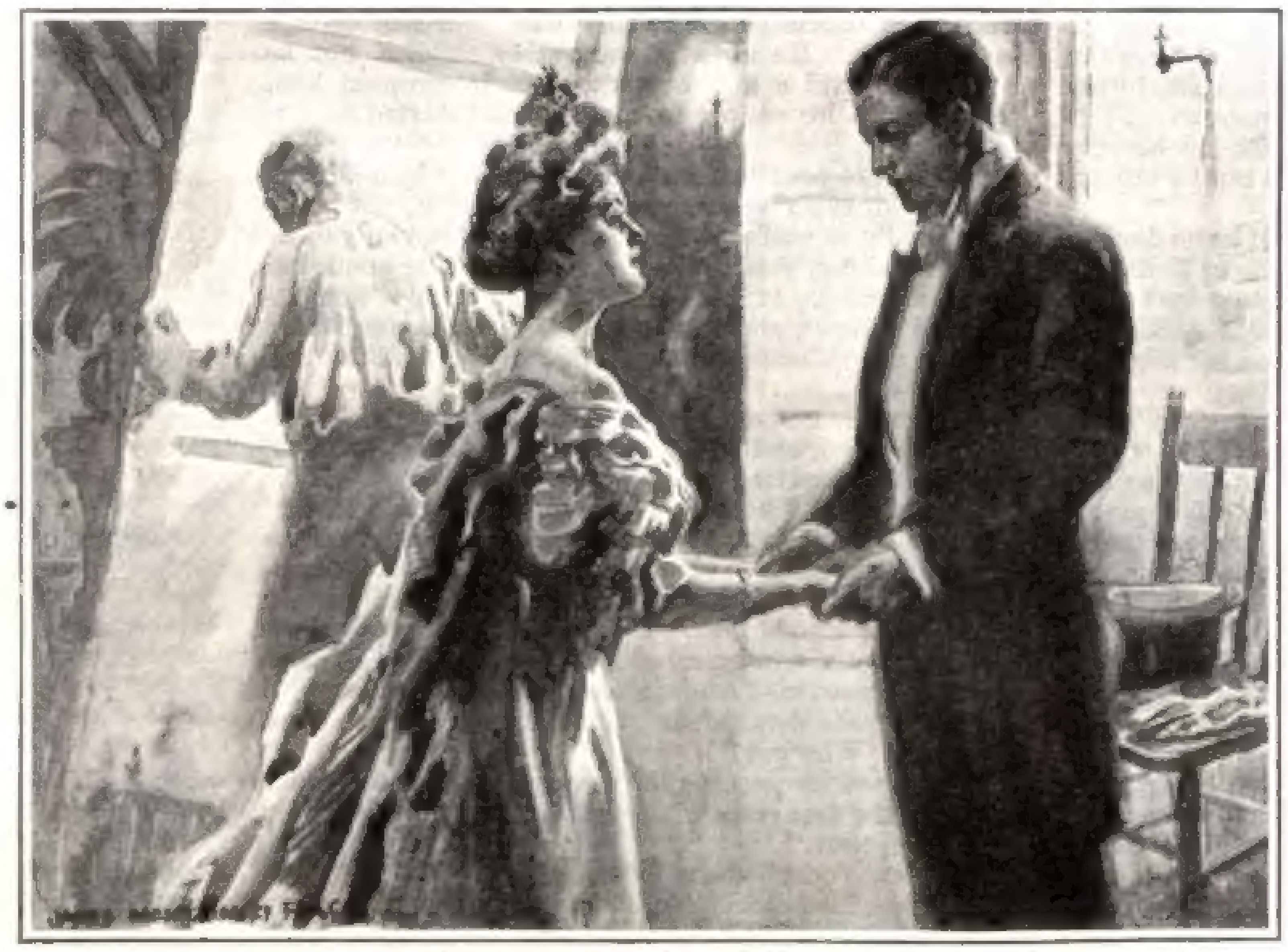
He explained. "The picture is going to show how each of them would look in one of Howe's three-dollar hats. I draw the heads, but they're afraid to trust me with the hats, so I leave that for their own specialist. This is the second time I've tried it. The first time I turned most of the heads a little to one side or the other, but the specialist put on all the hats exactly fore-and-aft. It gave the picture an odd look, somehow, so we're doing it over."

She expressed the belief that he could draw as good a hat as the specialist himself; then, as he turned back to work, she began exploring the room again.

She seemed so entirely unchanged by the years; the voice, the chatter, the easy enthusiasm, all brought back so vividly the little model who used to haunt his studio in an old black skirt and a red sweater, that she gave him a start every time he looked up at her. Presently he gave over the pretense of work altogether, and followed her about the room with his eyes. By and by she turned and caught him at it; she drew herself up with the same boyish movement that had pleased him before and, with a little laugh of her own, asked him what he was smiling about.

"I was trying to imagine how it must seem to be great," he told her. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, it's simply immense!" she said with enthusiasm. "It's bully! They talk about it's being hard work, but it isn't like what I used to call hard. No washing your own clothes at night when you're all tired out; no cooking your meals over a gas-burner—— Oh, it used to be fun! I'd like to do it again; wouldn't you?—For once? And there were lots of good times, weren't there? But it was a dog's life, take it all together. And it's nice to have a maid to dress you and bring you chocolate in bed. And it's nice to take a cab whenever you want to go anywhere. I've got one waiting for me now; not a common street-cab, mind you, but a livery-hansom, with a top hat. And I'm going to stay all the morning, just for the fun of keeping him waiting—prancing up and down Ohio Street, and making people think that some dreadfully heavy swell is in here, having her portrait —Oh!——"



"There's a Second Act, You Know"

Her remarks about the gas-burner had touched him on the raw, and he had turned to his work, frowning a little. The electrical pause after her exclamation drew his eyes back to her. Her whole face was lighted up with a pervasive smile.

"And that's—exactly—what—we're going to do!" she said, with an emphatic little shake of her head for every word. "Will you paint me? Won't there be time? If you begin right away?"

He laughed. "I'd like to ever so much. Can you really give me all the rest of the morning? I think we ought to get something done in that time."

"Oh, that's not what I mean at all," she said, a little impatiently. "I mean a real, life-size commission; as if I was the Duchess of Marlborough, or Mrs. ——" She nodded her head in the direction of the Lake Shore Drive. "But, really and truly, that's what I mean. Why do you laugh? Isn't it a good idea?"

"A capital idea, but you've picked out the wrong man. You want somebody who makes a specialty of duchesses and—that sort of thing. I wouldn't do at all. If you are in too much of a hurry to wait till you are back in London, why don't you go over to McFarland? He's the very man for you."

She answered that suggestion by making a little face at him. "You will do it, won't you? A great big canvas of me full length, with a long train sweeping out of the picture? Oh, I'm not really particular about the train! But you've *got* to paint me pretty!"

The old expression bent his lips: "I told you McFarland was the man you wanted. He can do that sort of thing right down to the ground. He ——"

She interrupted him with a stamp of her foot. "McFarland's an old fool! I guess I know that as well as you do. But I *am* pretty. Everybody thinks so but you. And even if you don't, I think you might pretend, for once, just ——"

She didn't finish the sentence. She pulled herself up short and an odd change came over her. She turned away, quite deliberately, walked over to the couch and began pinning on her hat. And, curiously enough, something about the action pulled Haskell up out of his chair and kept him on his feet, awkward and speechless. There was no trace of anger about her, not a movement that was not suave enough for one of McFarland's duchesses. She went on with her preparations for the street precisely as if she had had the studio all to herself. Take it all together, the transformation would have left any man gasping, even a man who had no emotions of his own to confound him.

But Haskell was in the grip of as contrary a lot of feelings as ever had beset him. His savage, evangelical æstheticism absolutely abhorred the very thought of such a pink and papery performance as this she wanted of him, the kind of thing that had made McFarland famous. Yet he could not help sneering at himself for a fanatic. How could he expect her to want to be painted in licorice—a haggard, lank-limbed pre-Raphaelite? Those lustreless, anæmic studies up in the loft were his own idea of art, unhappily, but he could not ask any but fanatics like himself to share them with him.

So far, however, it was all familiar ground. The evangelist and the scoffer in him had often tilted. But Haskell was now aware of a new rebel whose appearance struck him through with downright panic—the mere, human, half-starved man in him that cried out against letting her go. And this new mutineer would not be downed, though the other two made common cause against him. He declared that he was half dead of cold and hunger, and that, somehow, with her pretty face—"Pretty!" sneered the evangelist—yes, her pretty face and her fluffy clothes, with her friendliness, her enthusiasm, her laughter, she warmed and comforted and fed him. And that he would not let her go if he could help it. He did not care whether she was an intellectual and æsthetic stimulus or not. He wanted her because she was a girl!

So the painter stood rooted in his place, quivering from neck to heel as he watched her leisurely preparations for departure.

She was ready at last! With a little bow, that was no more than the bare recognition of the presence of another human being in the room, she walked to the door, opened it, stepped out, closed it after her, and—knocked! The faint, formal tap of one who is used to electric bells and perhaps to having them rung for her. Haskell tried twice before he could summon his voice to say "Come in."

She entered just as she had left.

"Mr. Haskell?" she said in cool interrogation. "You sometimes accept commissions for portraits, don't you? Would you be willing to do one of me? I'm Miss Graham."

"I'll be very glad to," he said. He began another sentence, something about her being very kind to ask him, but the words died on his lips. For, with a shake of the head and an almost imperceptible shift of the pose, she transformed herself back to the little model of six years ago, the pert little magpie, now rather absurdly tricked out in peacock's feathers. She was laughing as she tugged at her gloves.

Suddenly, though, the laugh was banished, and she looked at him severely.

"Pretty?" she demanded, with a tap of her foot.

"I'll try my best to please you," he said a little stiffly.

The rest of the morning passed in a great bustle. By lunch-time her gown was selected—she had driven off to the hotel and come back with a cabful of them for him to choose from—and the big, staring, white canvas on which the portrait was to be painted leaned against the wall. The great Miss Graham had gone her ways, and the painter was left, at last, a prey to his complicated state of mind.

After an hour of that solitude, he was pacing his studio like a caged beast. For many years a savage pride in his art, in his honesty, in his very failure to win appreciation, and an equally savage contempt for the cheap successes of others, had been all that kept him afloat in this busy, barbarous corner of the world where his lot had fallen. He had believed, like a fool, that this pride was a solid thing, had never dreamed that it could fail him. And now, at the first prick of temptation, it had collapsed like a toy balloon.

He was to paint a portrait of a popular soubrette in a Paquin gown. He had submitted to an injunction, whose frank brutality would have made even McFarland blush, to paint her pretty. That was bad enough. But there was something worse, something that fed his anger like a spray of oil into a blaze, and this was a sneaking consciousness, all the while, that he was glad of it! Glad that she was coming back in the morning and for many mornings; glad that he would be able to look his fill at her, and hear her laugh. There, certainly, was the high point of asininity.

But at last he pulled up and went out to lunch. He was a grown man, at least, and when he came back the sight of the staring canvas and the Paquin gown excited nothing more than his familiar, ugly smile.

On his easel was a little picture, the product of many weeks of loving labor, which he had designed, if he could finish it in time, for the exhibition. He sat down before it.

It was good, of course, and, equally, of course, it would be killed by some glaring neighbor at the exhibition. It occurred to him that perhaps he had already killed it himself, had refined it to death. He took it in his hands and walked across to the window with it, stared at it a while longer; then, with a smile, he sent it sailing right up into the loft. He had one virtue left to him, he reflected: the virtue of effrontery. The portrait should go to the exhibition instead.

With a broader smile he took off his coat and cuffs and set the big white canvas on the easel. He was going to put on a ground-color to paint on, and he was already mixing the cool gray tone he always used for this purpose when another plan occurred to him. He scraped up the color into a little heap, squeezed out a tube of something else, and in two minutes he was industriously painting his whole canvas a crude, bright red. When he had finished he slapped a brushful of white paint right into the middle of it; then he stepped back and smiled.

"There, my young friend," he said aloud, "I rather think that ought to hold you up to the key. There'll be no licorice and olives about this."

He stood planted there before it a good while, softly whistling a "coon-song," and jingling a bunch of keys in his pocket. In a savage sort of way he was fast becoming cheerful. Now the thing was to be done, there was a malicious pleasure in planning to do it thoroughly, in giving the evangelist's thin, Tennysonian elegance as hard a jolt as possible.

He had never before approached a canvas except in a spirit of prayerful seriousness, without anticipating all the problems and testing his methods of handling them by all the chemistry of criticism. It would be absurd, of course, to do anything of the sort here. He needn't give the thing another thought until his sitter came in the morning.

But, somehow, it didn't want to be let alone. He went up to it and rubbed his fingers over the coarse surface; he had painted very thin, with turpentine, and it was already dry.

He fidgeted about the studio for a while, but the big red oblong kept inviting him; at last, with a smile, he hunted up a piece of chalk. Carelessly, as one amuses himself with a bit of harmless nonsense, he began putting Ruth and the Paquin gown and the picture-hat upon the canvas. And, when he had done, he laughed. He had never descended to the merely *chic* in so much as a hand or a foot or the fold of a gown before, and he was amused that he should have begun at last with so colossal a piece of impudence as this. And the mocker in him remarked, with a touch of malice, that he might have done well to begin at it long ago. The thing was no doubt all out of drawing, but he would know in the morning when he saw Ruth in the pose. It had snap in it, at least.

With a gesture of impatience he turned it to the wall, but even then it would not let him alone, and, after his dinner that night, he went to a vaudeville show to avoid spending the evening alone with it at the studio.

II

ON THE ninth day, and at the end of only a half-hour's work, Haskell laid down his palette and brushes.

"We'll call it done," he said. "And now for your first look."

The morning she had come to begin the sittings he had shown her his sketch of the afternoon before to help her catch the pose, and had told her, about half-seriously, that she was not to see it again until it was finished. She had accepted the prohibition without protest, but had countered with one of her own—namely, that he was not to come to see her show until she gave him leave.

He had thought very little about either of these injunctions since. He spoke now with only about half his mind, and, as he turned the easel around so that she could see, he did not look up at her. Even her momentary silence did not draw his attention.

At last she spoke:

"Oh, yes, it's me, all right," she said.

The strange quality of her voice drew his eyes around to her instantly.

"But you aren't looking at it!" he exclaimed.

She only turned the farther away from it and from him.

"No," she said, with a tap of her foot, "and I won't!"

He stared at her blankly for a minute. "Why in the world ——" he began. He thought she was crying, but as she turned on him now, defiantly, he saw no trace of tears.

"Haven't I watched you while you were painting it?" she said. "I'm not quite a fool!" And again she turned her back on both of them.

Haskell pressed his hands against his eyes and rubbed his fingers through his thin hair like a man struggling out of a trance. His first movement of decision was to turn the canvas around to the wall again. Then, with his hands deep in his pockets, and his head hung low in thought, he began pacing the studio.

It was she who broke the silence. She was rather pale and she sat down on the edge of the couch before she spoke. "I don't know why I turned loose like that," she said. "I do, though, sometimes. Turn her around and let's have a look."

Haskell shook his head. "We'll leave her out for the present. There's something else to say first. But I don't know if I can make you understand."

The contemptuous droop at the corners of her mouth had a surprising effect on him. "Ruth," he burst out, "if I only understood it myself!"

The color came flooding back into her face now, and she looked away from him. When, after a little, she looked back, she saw him frowning gloomily out of the window.

"I suppose you've been thinking I was ashamed of the picture; that it didn't come up to my precious ideas of art," he said. "Well, in the first place, it's the best thing I ever did, the only decent thing I ever did. But it isn't mine. I didn't plan it or paint it; it planned and painted itself. I never knew how it was going to turn out; I didn't know what was going to happen next. Before I got through with it I was afraid of it. And sometimes I hated it. It showed me up; it was the real thing, for once, and all my life I'd been painting ghosts—nice, æsthetic ghosts—and feeling mighty superior about them. I'd never have learned the lesson by myself, either, I suspect. So, you see, you don't leave me much, between you."

"Not leave you much?" she questioned.

"Oh, don't you see? A man might owe his living, three meals a day and warm clothes, to an old friend's charity, and still feel he had something all this didn't touch. But, when he owes his one decent piece of work to charity ——"

"Charity!" she cried indignantly.

"What else? What other reason could there be for giving a commission to a shabby failure like me, except that he looked cold and hungry ——"

"Stop it!" She was near enough to tears now, and her cheeks were burning.

"You're right," he said quietly. "I was talking rot, and I'm afraid I'd have gone on to talk worse rot, incredible rot, if you hadn't stopped me."

There was a moment of silence. Then: "I didn't mean to stop you," she said uneasily, "only ——"

He shook his head, smiling a little. "You're good to me, mighty good, and—sweet. And you'll be a pleasant memory always, even though I am so far in debt to you and with no chance of ever paying. That isn't rot, anyway, and I wanted to say it. Will you take a look at the lady?"

She nodded, and again he turned the canvas round. He heard her give a little gasp at sight of it, and, looking up, he saw that she was smiling through the glimmer of tears in her eyes. Her one comment was made at the end of a long silence.

"You have a long memory," she said. And without giving him a chance to ask what she meant by that, she told him that, if he liked, he could come to see her show.

"I didn't mean to let you," she concluded, "but I've changed my mind. Please, I want you to come to-night. It's our last night, you know. Just ask for Mr. Embree at the box-office and tell him who you are; he'll know what to do with you."

She stayed a little longer, but it was all a blur to him, except one moment, just as she was going away. She had opened the door and stood for an instant leaning back a little against the jamb, her hand on the knob. "I don't suppose you ever thought," she said, "that perhaps I owed you something, too."

All the rest of the day this curious haze enveloped him. It was pierced by a visit from Miss Graham's manager, whose coming she had predicted, for a look at the portrait; and that this momentarily roused him was due to one remark.

"It's easy to see that you're an old friend," the manager said. "That goes back earlier than I knew her; it's exactly as she must have looked five or six years ago. I don't see how you managed it."

Haskell could make no explanation of the phenomenon, even to himself, but the comment brought back to him the way she had smiled over it, and her own remark about his memory.

At eight o'clock that evening he was at the theatre. He had been saying to himself all along that he would not go, but without the slightest expectation that this protest would finally prove effective. Whatever the motive-power that had charge of him it delivered him into the hands of the man called Embree, and left him seated in a kitchen-chair in the first entrance, just as they were calling the first act.

When Miss Graham emerged from her dressing-room she had only time enough, before going on, to fling him a word of greeting and to make sure that he sat where he could command the stage. It was only a moment, but it was long enough to give him his first impression of her as a personage, and to leave his face rather hot at the memory of his cavalier ways with her in the studio. They must have amused her a little, he thought. The next moment all that was swept away by the great billow of applause that came rolling in under the arch when Perdita entered.

No one would pretend, of course, that The Lost Princess was a great play; yet few can have come away from a performance of it without feeling, somehow, that the great, divine Perdita must have forgiven, with a smile, her audacious, human little namesake. It is not easy to award, between the playwright and Miss Graham, the credit for the sparkling stream of humanity that flows along in the shabby, time-worn channels that mark the course of the play. It seems equally incredible that she could play any part essentially different, and that any one else could play this Perdita.

Could any one else give us that lovely, boyish *gaucherie*, the high, vibrating, animal spirit, the mischief and the

(Continued on Page 25)

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

Copyright, 1906, by The Curtis Publishing Company. Copyright in Great Britain

Being Certain Letters Selected from the Private Correspondence of the Spurlock Family

IV—Relating How the Prodigal Gave the Governor the Direct Command and Finally Escaped from the Galleys.

NEW YORK, February 4, 19—.

Dear Uncle Bill:

I moved across the runway into the factory, and joined the pre-Raphaelite school of stencilers. On the whole, I liked it better than the office. The men weren't a bad sort, and they weren't afraid to spit without asking permission, like the clerks. When they were really convinced that I wasn't practicing art for art's sake, or wasn't up to any brotherhood-of-man foolishness, or luck and pluck, start-in-at-the-bottom stunts, but that I was up against it like the rest of them, and working because I had to, they let me buy for them at the Dutchman's, and began to buy back for me, which was final proof that I had won their confidence.

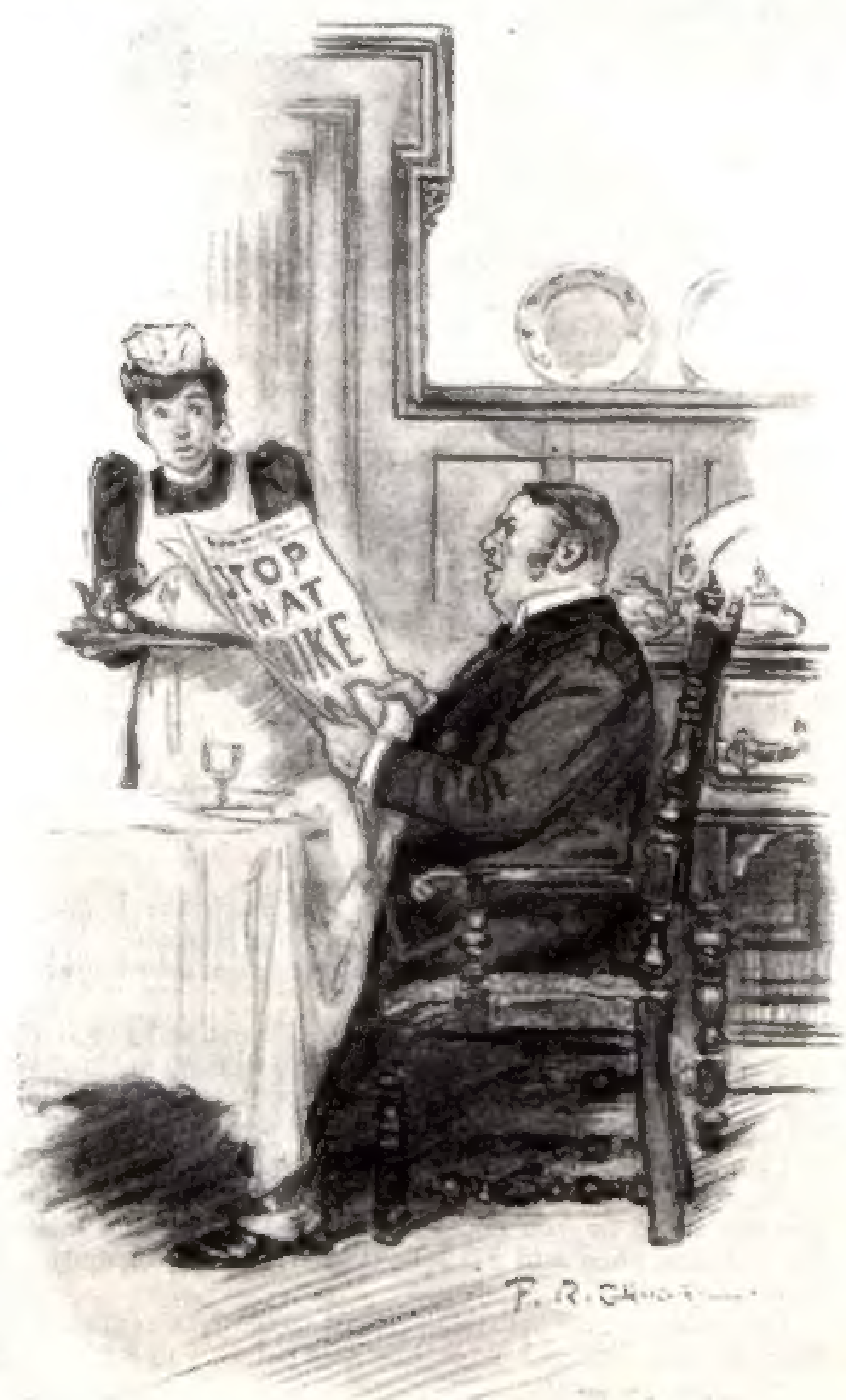
I was docked most of my wages every week for being late, but I wasn't worrying about that so long as my kind old friend who owned the bank didn't bust. He was so easy with the depositors' money that I used to fret a good deal for fear he might be speculating on the side. Evenings, when I wasn't too dogged tired, there was always a dinner or a dance at the house of some college friend, or friend of his, to go to, though as soon as I reached my room in the Annex I had to take a couple of hot baths and use a quart of benzine to get the lampblack off my hands. Even then they looked as if they belonged to a plumber's helper. And when I started in to waltz, it smelt as if an auto were being run across the floor.

Sometimes a sweet young thing would ask how I liked Chicago and what I was doing, and I'd answer, "Stenciling boxes." Of course, she'd come back with, "How perfectly lovely of you!" or, "How plucky!" And when I'd answer, "Not at all," she would protest, "How modest of you!" and I'd let it go at that, because I didn't want to injure my credit. I got into the papers, too, under the heading, "Sterling Stuff in This Boy. Young Spurlock Dons Overalls to Learn Business from Ground Up." Other times, instead of going back to the Annex, I'd nose around with some of the men from the factory. It was a twister for me to see how they managed to make ends meet on their wages, though most of them were married and raising an incredible number of children.

Well, things ran along this way for almost a month, and I was beginning to lose all hope of ever being fired, when one noon a new man backed me into a corner and started to tell me that I was a slave, working for a dog's wages, while old Spurlock back East was rolling so high that he never touched the ground except to pick up a fresh quart. I said it was a shame, owned right up to being a slave, and wanted to know what I ought to do about it. Then he told me that he was unionizing the works, and that practically all the men had come in. Would I join the union?

Say, unkie, you know me on joining things. I'll join anybody for anything, from a drink up, and the bigger the foolishness, the harder I join. I came back at the organizer like a grass widow getting a sudden proposal from a millionaire Senator. It was the first glint of sunshine that had come into my hard life for two months. The organizer wanted to back down when he heard that I was young Spurlock—thought that I must be a hireling and a spy—but the men wouldn't stand for my being thrown, and I was among those present when the meeting of the new union was called in Plasterers' Hall.

It was simply great to hear them soak it to the governor. First I sat there chuckling, but by and by



The Direct Command

THE CORRESPONDENTS

WILLIAM ("Bill") SPURLOCK, aged 48, the youngest of the brothers, editor of the Cañon Echo and joint owner, with a mortgage, of the Zero Ranch.

JONAS ("Con") SPURLOCK, aged 57, president of the Consolidated Groceries Company, and stockholder and director in a dozen other trusts.

CASSIUS SPURLOCK, aged 61, multi-millionaire and Senator from a Middle Western State.

JACK SPURLOCK, the prodigal son of Jonas Spurlock.

I began to forget the josh end of it that I had joined for, and to remember my own grievances against the house. When I have three hooters in me and begin to pity myself, I've either got to have three more and forget it, or blow off the accumulated language. Before I knew it I was on my feet and speaking. At first I took the hurdles timidly, but little by little, as I got the smell of the kerosene in my nose and felt the tanbark under my feet, I began to go through the hoops with double somersaults. I remembered things I'd heard Bryan called in campaign speeches, fragments of an old college debate on, Are Unions a Menace to Business? and Latin lines from Ovid's Metamorphoses. I let fly with them all at Con. Groceries, and brought down the house. I've heard some bang-up operas in my time, unkie, but I've never heard anything that rang so melodiously in my ears as the sound of my own voice that night.

If my gas-works had only blown up, or if a dog fight had started in the back of the hall, anything to head me off, it would have been all right even then; but my good angel was having her Thursday out, and there was no one to whisper, "Trouble, trouble; dark man coming over the water." I was so doped with my siren song that I steered straight for the rocks, and wound up by asking my fellow-workmen whether they were Chinese coolies or free-born American citizens, and whether they could face their innocent wives and children when they went home that night, unless they had asserted their manhood in a demand for shorter hours and a living wage.

Unkie, did you ever have a thousand lunatics pass you around a hall on their shoulders and cheer as if you were the young Prince and giving away money? It's simply great—till you come out from under the influence.

I was too busy grasping the horny hands of my admirers to pay much attention to what was happening on the platform after I left it, till some one escorted me back there, and I discovered that my comrades had honored me with their suffrages to the extent of making me chairman of a grievance committee of three, with instructions to wait on Rawden first thing in the morning and to confer with him on recognition of the union, shorter hours and higher wages.

How they cheered me then, and oh! how cruel, how brutal their silly yelling sounded! Never again can I be conned by "one crowded hour of glorious life is worth an age without a name!" After this I'll take any glory that's coming to me in installments. Of course, while they were cheering me, I realized that this was no time for temporizing, started up to stammer out a firm refusal to act on the committee, and sat down thanking my friends for the confidence they had reposed in me!

I tried sheep, goats and fifty-seven varieties of soothing stunts when I got back to my room in the Annex, but all night I tossed from one side of the bed to the other, and with every toss I had a new thought that scared away a week's sleep. The governor remembers Teddy Roosevelt and labor unions in the same prayer—but it's one he says backward. My trained bear and my labor-saving inventions were going to look like mere peccadillos, youthful indiscretions, beside this latest monument to my asininity. But I had to see it through. I'd pulled the trigger; and I couldn't stand aside and let the men take the kick.

When I got down in the morning the whole force was massed outside the factory, and I wasn't received with cheers, either. Instead there were yells of "Traitor!" "Hang him!" and I found myself surrounded by a lot of men who were competing for a chance to shove under my nose those honest, horny palms which I had grasped so joyously the night before. They must have seen, though, that I was genuinely bewildered, for I managed, finally, to make them listen long enough to learn that, when they had reported for work, they had found that they were locked out. Rawden had refused to parley with them even. "And you're the skunk that put it up on us!" shouted one objectionable individual in the crowd, while some fellow-enthusiasts chimed in, "Yes, he done it! Soak it to him good!"

I saw that this was no time for well-chosen words or flowers of speech, so I got right down to cases. "Boys," I said, "the man in this crowd who says that I haven't been on the level is a liar by the clock, and I'll fight him to a finish right now if the rest of you'll stand by and see fair play. Rawden must have had a spy in that meeting last night, but it wasn't me. I stand to lose more than all the rest of you put together, but I'm going to see the thing through, and if you'll stick by me we'll win. But, win or lose, I'm with you for keeps. Come on, and let's make Rawden show where he stands."

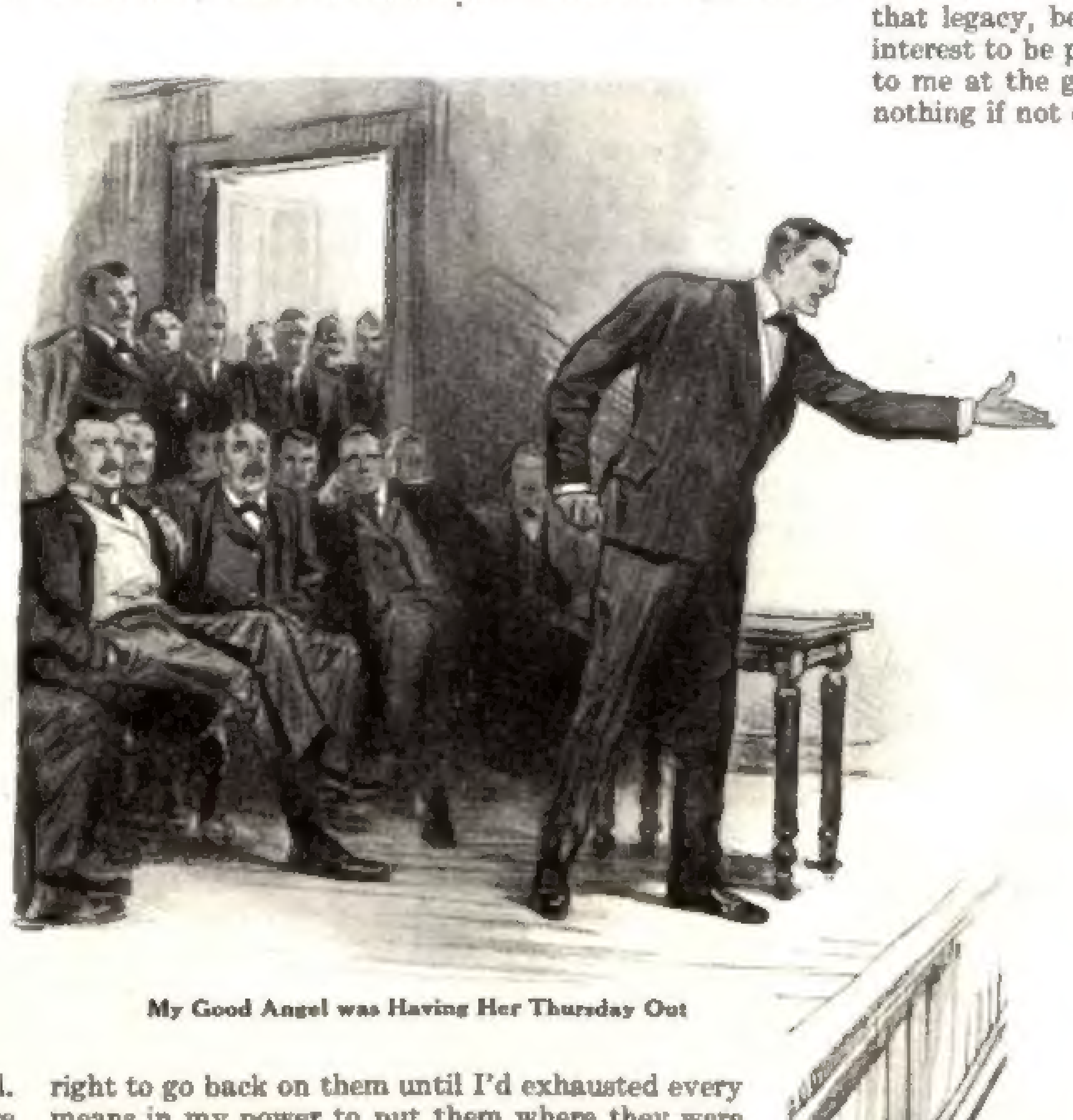
I have my faults, unkie, but I'm not a quitter when there's no way to quit. The men must have felt that I meant what I said, because there was no more talk of soaking me, and when I started toward the office they all followed along after. Rawden, backed up by half a dozen cops, received us at the front door.

"Mr. Rawden," I began, drawing myself up impressively, and striking the chest notes of the lower octave, "I am here this morning on behalf of my fellow-workmen ——"

"Never mind all that, Jack," Rawden cut in, as pleasant and offensively familiar as you please. "You're to take the first train for New York and report to your father. The rest of you are all discharged."

Of course, the yellow dog put it that way so as to queer me with the men. You should have seen them come up. Gad, unkie, but it was a near thing for me! There was a moment's dead silence as Rawden ducked back, then a roar, and the crowd sprang for me, like a cageful of hyenas for the last hunk of meat. By using their clubs, the cops managed to draw me inside and bolt the door, but not before I'd caught it proper. And all that morning the men hung around outside, ravening for my blood, while Rawden inside grinned and sneered at me. It took a covered patrol-wagon and a dozen cops to ship me off on the Limited to New York. Something of all this got into the papers, of course, but they took the view that I'd helped father do up the union in a clever way.

I had plenty of time to think on the train. I'd often had enough for that purpose before, but I'd generally used it in some more amusing way. This time, though, I really turned the whole thing over carefully, and it seemed to me that, even if the men had rounded on me, I had no right to go back on them until I'd exhausted every means in my power to put them where they were before I had butted into their affairs.



My Good Angel was Having Her Thursday Out

Next day, when I walked into the governor's office on Wall Street, the clerks looked at me in a curious, scared fashion, as if I'd committed some frightful crime for which I was about to pay the penalty, and the governor's secretary carried out the illusion by speaking in hushed, awed tones, as if he were administering the last sad rites. But I got quick action and was in the private office before I could decide to change my mind and call again later.

I'd thought, up to the moment I saw the governor, that I was scared half to death; but then I discovered in a flash that I wasn't—it was only the pleasant quiver of anticipation which the prospect of a row always brings.

"Well, sir?" he began, boring through me with those sharp gray eyes of his.

"Yes, sir," I answered.

"What's all this I hear about you from the West?" He was beginning to work himself into a passion.

"I don't believe I can add anything to your information, sir."

"But I can add something to yours. I can tell you that you've disgraced me and disgraced yourself again. I can tell you for the last time that, unless you're through with all this damned nonsense, I'm through with you."

I kept my temper, and met his eye squarely. "Father," I answered, "you're quite right. I haven't done the straight thing by you and I'm ashamed of myself. Help me out this once and I'll follow your orders, no matter what they are."

That mollified him a little. Then it came: "You cut away from all that damned union business before you left?"

"No, sir, I —— "

"No, sir; no, sir! What the devil do you mean by coming here then? You're a striker, understand, and I'll not talk to you, or treat with you, or own you as my son, until you break with the whole gang of ruffians."

"I can't do that, father," I answered. "It wouldn't be a square deal. It was my foolishness that got the men into this mess, and I've passed my word that I'd get them out of it. Come now, governor," and I descended to wheedling; "give me just this little strike, and I'll never ask another favor from you. What's one little strike to you? You can have a dozen others if you want them."

But it didn't go. It was like pouring kerosene on the kitchen fire. "Quick now, you fool; I give you a last chance: decide between me and your union."

"Oh, come, father," I protested; "that's too ridiculous. There's no question of any union involved with me, but I've got to stay out on the strike till you take the rest back." I was getting a little "het up" myself.

The governor pushed a bell and the secretary appeared, looking as if some one had kicked him into the room, and as if he expected some one to kick him out.

"Give Mr. Spurlock a check for ten thousand dollars and take his receipt for his Aunt Julia Spurlock's legacy." Then to me: "That winds up our business, sir. Mr. Horton will show you out," and before I knew it, I had my check and was walking along Wall Street.

It was pretty bad, but not so bad as it would have been without the check. I'd about given up hope of ever seeing that legacy, because Aunt Julia had left it in trust, the interest to be paid to me yearly, the principal to be given to me at the governor's discretion; and you know he is nothing if not discreet about giving up money.

I was turning into Broadway, when I heard some one behind me yell, "Hello, sporty boy Spur!" and, turning, I found myself face to face with Jim Carson, who had left Harvard the year before to go into the advertising business with his father. Jim was loud and joyous, and all for buying at once. As the same thought had already occurred to me, we were soon comfortably seated and telling each other how good we were, and how fast we'd come up in the business world since we'd left college. But truth is mighty and will prevail. By the time it was up to me to buy back, Jim had slipped down from a partnership in his father's business to his proper place as an advertising copy writer. And when he bought back, I dismounted from my high horse, and owned up to being the hero of a Wall Street melodrama. Jim whistled, but when I mentioned the ten thousand he allowed that there were alleviating circumstances. "And what now, Sporty Boy?" he asked when he had digested this final fact.

"It's back to Chicago for mine," I answered.

"With real money in your clothes? Nonsense!"

"But you don't understand, Jim. Aunt Julia's coin has got to go into the strike fund, at least all except two thousand." For, now that I couldn't depend on the governor to do the proper thing, I'd have to square that little note which my kind old friend had taken.

"Give your poor Aunt Julia's savings to the union! On the dead, Spur, that's carrying it too far. No wonder the old man got cross with you, if that's a sample of your nonsense."

"I can't help it, Jim; I've got to play the game, even if my cards are bum."

"But they don't want you in it, you chump. Why, from what you've just told me yourself, they'd probably pound you into a pulp while you were trying to hand over the money. Snuff up and forget it."

I had to labor with Jim for half an hour before he would believe that I really meant it. But finally I saw that he was beginning to abandon his sordid attitude toward Aunt Julia's pin-money, for the gloom lifted from his brow and his eyes snapped.

"Spur," he began impressively when I was all through, "do you want to win that strike?"

"Sure I do; what have I been talking about?"

"Then you must stay in New York."

"But the strike's in Chicago, idiot," I answered, beginning to get a little hot at his stupidity.

"Yes; but who is the main squeeze, the whole chicory works, the boy who has the last say in Con. Groceries? Is it, or is it not, your dad? Answer me that."

"Of course it's dad."

"Then there's no use bothering with that Chicago bunch of also-rans. We must work on your governor. Spur," he wound up triumphantly, "we must give him a psychological impulse."

"Psychological rats!" I answered, but interested all the same. "What are you driving at?"

Told Me I was a Slave

"This one's on me," he answered, yelling for the waiter and reaching across and wringing my reluctant hand at the same moment. "We've got the governor stung, Spur. Now listen. We're going to give your dad absent treatment for hardness of the heart. We're going to make the tear of pity start unbidden in his eye. We're going to push him into a corner and tell him to behave. See? It's a grand, a sublime idea, and it's got Dowie backed off the map."

"Go on," I put in, beginning to warm up.

"Well, it's this way," Jim continued. "When I want to make people buy a new soap, what do I do? Do I plead with them, beg them, try to persuade them with tears that cost from one to five dollars a pearly, agate tear, to buy that soap? Nit, not, no. That used to be the gag, when an advertiser wanted to give Mr. Purchaser a psychological impulse toward his soap. Do we do it now? Not on your tintype. We give him the direct command, and he buys it like a little child."

"The direct command!" I broke in. "Say, Jamie boy, do you need a flashlight to see what would happen to any one who gave the governor the direct command, or the polite request, or any other old thing?"

"Oh, bosh! I knew you'd say that. They all do when I spring it on 'em for the first time. But let me show you how it works. I buy space in one of these million a month magazines where space is as valuable as corner lots in Heaven, and every word a solitaire in a Tiffany setting. You don't use that kind of language to trifle with the affections of people, or to put them to sleep. No, sir. You start off with a simple, manly statement to the effect that Soper's Soap is the purest, the most cleansing, the most emollient, the most antiseptic, the most satisfying and the most durable soap on the market; and you wind up short and crisp: 'Take home a cake to-night.' Does he take home a cake that night? Certainly not. He just says 'Rats,' and buys the same old inferior article. But every morning when he opens his daily, and every week when he dips into his weekly, and every month when he looks into his monthly he gets that direct command, 'Take home a cake to-night.' And one night, when he's in a hurry and isn't thinking just what he's doing, he rushes slam-bang into a drug-store and yells: 'Gimme a cake of Soper's Soap.' He hasn't had a thing to do with it. The direct command has simply gotten in its deadly work, and given him a psychological impulse, and, by jings! you've made a customer! Now, do you see, you lunkhead?"

It certainly did sound pretty reasonable, and you know me, unkie, on getting into a game that has a fair sporting element about it. In a minute I was asking what the ante was.

"Let's see," said Jim; "you've got ten, haven't you? And you've got to cough up two of that for the paper which your foolish old Chicago friend holds. That leaves eight. Then, in case you have to stand a siege, you'd better hold out another. For while I can promise to bring down your dad, I can't promise to make him forgive you for it in a hurry. That leaves seven. Seven—ahem! It might be done for seven, though it would be a near thing. Ye-es, I reckon we could fetch him for seven."

We broke away then, to meet for dinner at Jim's club, where we were to lay out our plan of campaign. "You see," said Jim as he left me, "the whole game is to get the command into a short, crisp phrase that your dad will understand, but that outsiders won't tumble to. If we do it thorough, we're bound to stir up a lot of talk and excite curiosity, but I'll put everything through our office, so that no one but us two and your dad need know what it all means.

"The papers won't bother with it, because they're so blamed wise they'll think some one is trying to play up a book he's going to spring, or some other stale gag like that. But to be on the safe side, and to keep any reporter from getting after you about your part in that Chicago racket, I'll fix it with Tom Carothers to put you up for a week or two."

It took us a few days to hit on a satisfactory form of the direct command, and to think out enough different ways of conveying it. Jim began at six sharp, one Monday morning, by calling the governor to the telephone and shooting into his ear the direct command: "Stop that strike, dad." He cussed so fierce that Jim backed away without hanging up. I had fixed it with the butler by giving him ten, and when the eggs were brought to father at breakfast, he saw, neatly lettered on each shell: "Stop that strike, dad." The butler managed to explain it and keep his job, but he told me afterward that, much as he liked me, never again. We had taken a whole page in the governor's pet paper, and as soon as he opened it he saw in enormous black letters, "Stop that strike, dad!" The direct command stared at him from every billboard along the Sixth Avenue L as he went to his office; greeted him in his mail; was delivered by messengers; sent in telegrams; and finally flashed all night long on the sky, where he couldn't miss it whenever he looked out of a window. It was simply great!

"Never Mind All That, Jack"

"Of course, I couldn't see how it was working, but on the second day I began to get plenty of indirect testimony. The telephone in the house was disconnected; messenger boys refused to take notes to father's office, even when offered five-dollar tips; and letters that bore all the marks of being sacredly confidential were opened by a secretary. On the third, influence had been brought to bear so that the newspaper refused our ads, and the governor drove to the office in a closed carriage. But every time he checked us in one direction, Jim sprang a new one on him. You never saw any one so resourceful and happy as that boy. He was simply tireless in my interests, hardly taking time to eat and sleep.

On the fourth morning, Jim came bustling in, all of a glow. "She's working fine, Spur," he cried as soon as he saw me. "Your dad has had the ads traced to my office, and last night his lawyer called at the house to threaten me. Says he's going to send me up for twenty years for conspiracy, attempted blackmail, and ingrowing toe-nails. I don't believe the governor can last the week out. We're giving him the psychological impulse of the century!"

"A psychological impulse to lick me on sight," I grumbled, for my private advices about the governor represented him as being in an absolutely bloodthirsty mood, and traveling at the rate of a mile a minute away from the right answer to the direct command. But Jim reassured me and proved that the governor's rage was a hopeful sign. It was simply a scientific impossibility for him to hold out, Jim maintained, and by noon we were both at it harder than ever, though working separately.

When I got back to my rooms I was so dogged tired that I thought I would stretch out for a little snooze, but I had hardly assumed the first position for taking a well-earned rest when Horton, the governor's private secretary, burst in on me.

"Oh! Mr. Jack!" he cried when he saw me on the couch. "You must come with me to the house at once."

"What is it?" I asked, sitting up and feeling good and scared. A picture of the governor falling in a fit and sending for me, that he might bestow a dying blessing, had flashed through my brain. "What is it? Has anything happened to father?"

"Mr. Spurlock is well, though a trifle—er—er—irritated. But a very distressing complication, that calls for your presence at once, has arisen in the unfortunate—er—er—differences between you and your father. But I'll answer any further questions as we go along."

Once in the motor, I turned to the secretary and said: "Now, Horton, tell me; what's all this about?"

"Oh! Mr. Jack," he answered reproachfully, "how can you ask?"

"How can I find out if I don't ask, idiot?" I answered, beginning to feel a little irritated myself.

"It's about the reporters. Oh! Mr. Jack, your father thought you had too much pride to air family differences in the columns of the newspapers!"

"Well, so I have, confound you; what about the reporters? I don't know a blame thing about them."

He saw from my manner that I meant it. "That's very remarkable; very remarkable," he commented. "When your father got home this evening, there were six reporters in the library waiting for him, and each sent up a sealed letter, addressed to him in the handwriting of the—er—gentleman who has been so prominent in your recent—ah—ah—activities. When he broke the seals, he found that each envelope contained a sheet of paper, bearing the single sentence——"

"'Stop that strike, dad,'" I finished.

"Exactly. And, as your father had inferred that you were connected with the—er—unfortunate publicity which has been given to that phrase, he, not unnaturally, connected you with the notes and thought he'd

(Continued on Page 24)

"We Must Give Him a Psychological Impulse"

THE WASTE OF A GREAT CITY

When New York Transferred its Rubbish to the Beach at Coney Island by Dumping it at Sea

The New Alchemy That Transmutes Refuse into Heat, Light, Power and Property

BY JOHN McGAW WOODBURY

Ex-Commissioner of Street-Cleaning of New York City

The Beach at Coney Island Under the New System of Converting Waste into Heat and Light

THE term waste, while apparently a statement of fact, is entirely inaccurate, for there is no such thing as waste. Matter may change its form, but it never can be destroyed, and while the usefulness of these materials may not be recognized immediately, yet the possibilities of further service remain; whether as to retention in unaltered form for remanufacture, as in paper, or in the changed form of heat, power and light, they all hold values which are recoverable.

Up to the year 1902 it was the custom in New York City finally to dispose of the rubbish and ashes mixed together by dumping them into the sea. This was an absolute waste of these materials. The separated household or table refuse was recovered in the reduction plant at Barren Island. At present writing, the oils and fats are recovered from the garbage at this reduction plant and the residue made into a fertilizer; while the ashes, separated again, are placed upon the outlying lowlands near the city, and the rubbish which can be recovered for remanufacture is sold and the remainder in part burned, by which burning the Williamsburg Bridge and the adjacent plazas are lighted, the waiting-rooms heated and the air-compressors for work upon the structure driven.

We are the most wantonly extravagant nation in the world, and throw away with both hands much that the care or thrift of many European communities save and use. For instance, few of the foreign cities have any food waste that is thrown upon the collection of the public scavenger; Paris has none. The food wastes of the larger hotels and greater restaurants are carefully sorted and either recooked and served at some of the cheaper eating-houses, or else the careful cook in the private dwelling makes them the basis of the soup stock.

Strange as it may seem, Paris, Berlin and Vienna have practically no so-called garbage; and here let me divide and describe the characters of these wastes in New York.

First, the material classified as garbage, consisting of the wastes derivable from the preparation of food, together with condemned vegetables, meats, fish, bones, fat and fruit.

Second, the ashes, sawdust, floor sweepings, street-sweepings, bottles, broken glass, broken crockery, tin cans and oyster and clam shells in small quantities from private dwellings.

Third, the rubbish, which includes paper, pasteboard, etc., rags, mattresses, carpets, old furniture, oilcloths, old shoes, flower stems, leather and leather scrap, tobacco stems, straw and excelsior from householders only.

Certainly, as useless as all these materials are when indiscriminately mixed, as soon as they are separated each becomes immediately valuable along its own line.

What I have to say about the Continental cities in reference to their garbage is true to a higher degree only of their rubbish wastes. They long ago discovered its value as fuel, and in the preparation of food and the heating of the dwelling these materials are used by the careful housekeeper. This leaves but the ashes, street-sweepings, broken glass, crockery and so on of our general ash collection to be disposed of in those cities, and it is mainly handled in making land fills. Hamburg, however, has some of the material we term garbage, which is mixed with the ashes and what rubbish and light waste may be found, and then burned. This is "simple destruction," there being no return in heat, light or power from this burning; and, in fact, a small amount of coal of a low quality is used to assist combustion.

In Great Britain, however, the refuse material is collected in a mixed condition, ashes, garbage, street-sweepings and rubbish being indiscriminately dumped into the so-called "dust bins" of the houses, where the ash, acting as an absorbent of what liquid matters may be mixed with the garbage, decreases its moisture per cent. markedly. In the city of London, the process of simple destruction of this material by burning is carried on, all of the material being burned together, as there is a possible twenty per cent. of caloric value unexhausted remaining in the household ash, which, together with the rubbish, acts as a sufficient fuel to evaporate what water may be in the garbage and to destroy its residue.

The best of these plants and the newest is located at Bradford, where the use of some of the heat for the purpose of lighting has been attempted, not altogether successfully, on account of the irregularity of the supply, both in bulk and quality.

The municipality of Glasgow, which has been so much discussed in many of the papers, does not burn its garbage, as we define it—that is, material derivable from the preparation of foods. That is collected and carted out of the city and fed to animals. But it does burn its rubbish, which they describe as garbage, in admixture with the ash. This reburning produces a little power, and its residue of ash is used again for filling lands. But it must be borne in mind by any student of this subject that even British garbage is of a very much lower per cent. of water, there being a very small amount of green vegetable waste, nothing to compare with the thousands of tons of watermelons or of green corn, or damaged fruits, which we are compelled to handle in this city; and no direct comparison can be made between the wastes of the city of New York and those of Great Britain or any of the Continental nations, because the material in these countries varies so greatly, both in amount and quality.

In Montreal the ashes, rubbish and garbage are collected together. These materials are hauled to a burning plant, where the fine ash, having taken up what liquid materials it will absorb, is sifted in rotary screens from the residue, which is burned, the mixture of rubbish with unexpended coal wastes being sufficient to consume slowly the material.

In Duluth and Minneapolis these materials, which mainly consist of rubbish and garbage—householders in both these cities being small consumers of coal—are placed in an arrangement of grates and destroyed by burning, the added fuel being slabs and edgings from the great sawmills close at hand; but there is no attempt at the development of any power or heat.

We separate the wastes, for the sake of handling, into three characters of material, as already described—garbage, ashes and rubbish—and taking up these three materials in the order in which they are named, we will discuss what is being done with them in New York and what the possibilities of future handling are along these lines.

First, the garbage. This material, if left, soon undergoes a chemical change of a fermentative order, which renders it exceedingly obnoxious to any one, and its prompt and efficient removal from its surroundings must be accomplished certainly every twenty-four hours. This is particularly true during the summer months. This material is collected in water-tight steel carts from the galvanized sheet-iron cans in which the householder is required to place it, taken to the water-front and loaded upon scows, which are towed to Barren Island.

When it lands on the scow the contractor's employees trim the material, and also cull such refuse as may be harmful to the machinery, such as cans, metal, broken dishes, etc. The scows leave the dock immediately on loading and are towed an average distance of twenty-five miles and a half to Barren Island, located a mile and a half within the entrance to Jamaica Bay. The factory is located on the northernmost end of the island, with a water-front of about 500 feet, which is necessary not only for the handling of the material, but for the receipt of coal and the shipment of fertilizer, filler and grease. The greater part of the fertilizer or tankage goes to Southern points, where it is mixed with phosphate for use in the cotton belt, as it seems to be particularly adapted to the soil in that portion of the country.

It is shipped in bags which are placed on board schooners in about 500-ton lots. The grease is barreled at the plant and shipped generally to Europe, where it is refined and utilized. This garbage grease is called common soap grease and brown grease in the trades, and is sold on a sliding scale, which is governed by the price of tallow.

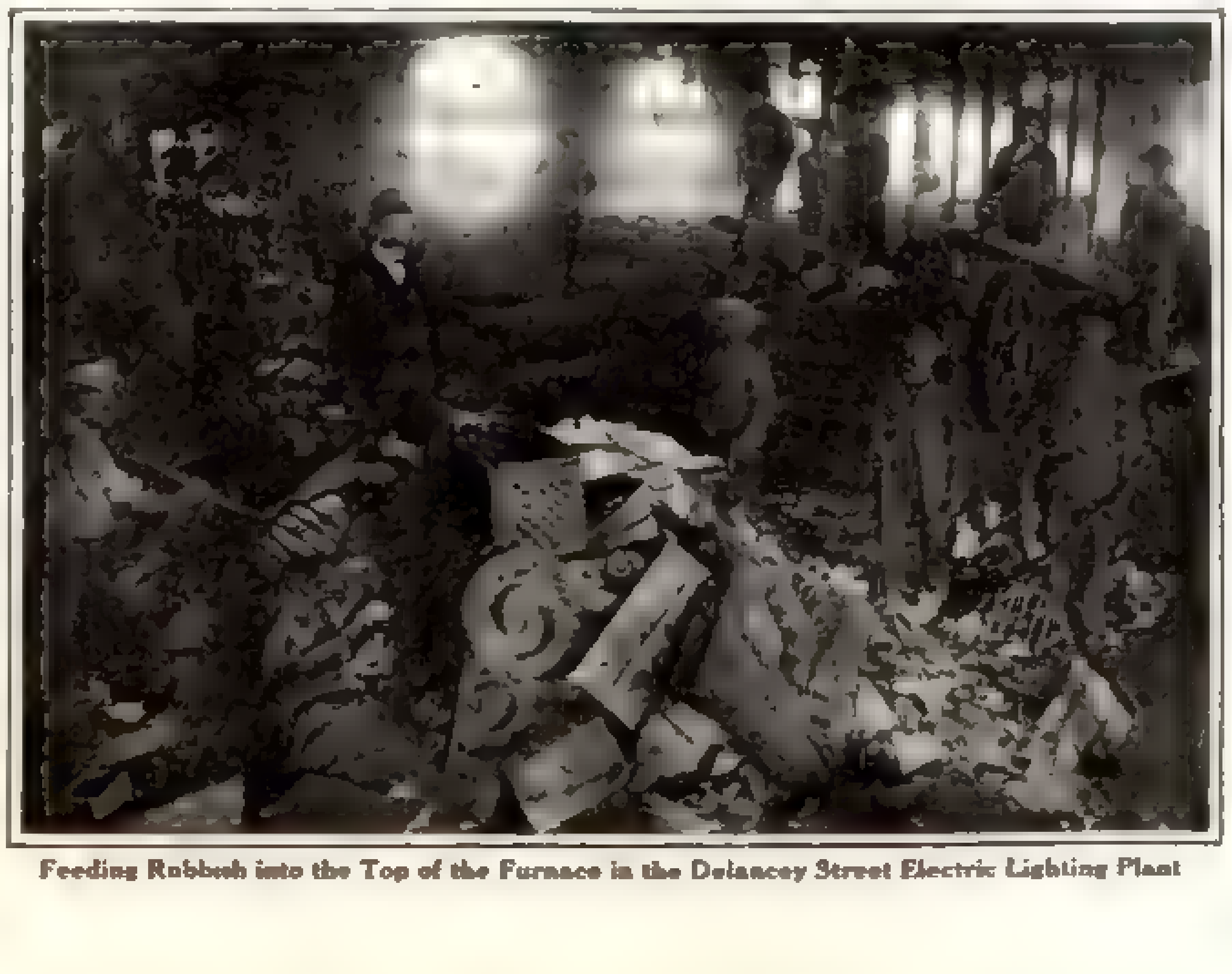
The method of reduction is roughly that of treating this material in large retorts or digesters, with live steam, for about eighteen or twenty hours. This is sufficient to break up the cellular structure in animal or vegetable tissue enough to permit the fats and oils to escape. The entirely liquid material is then run off into tanks and the more solid portion subjected to pressure. The oils and fats rise to the top and are skimmed off and recovered. The residue or tankage with the compressed cake is made into fertilizer.

The amount handled in the various boroughs of the city in 1902 was 291,890 cartloads, or 451,430 cubic yards. This has risen so that in 1905 it amounted to 351,070 cartloads, or 543,270 cubic yards, for which work, including the towing and unloading, the city of New York pays annually $216,990. This expense has been decreased from $297,000 during the last year.

There has been a great deal of discussion about the possibility of burning this material, but, as it sometimes runs as high as ninety per cent. of water, every pound of which must be evaporated before the residue can be consumed, I fear that any one trying to create heat and light from this form of material would be in serious difficulty.

In many of the smaller cities the method of final disposition is to collect these materials in admixture and, hauling them outside of the town, bury them.

A very strange peculiarity of the handling of the garbage wastes is the material found in admixture—straw, rags, forks, knives and spoons appearing in surprising quantities, often clogging valves and preventing the tight-closing of gaskets; and, strange as it may seem, the sifter of the drying screens was once almost stopped by hairpins.



Feeding Rubbish into the Top of the Furnace in the Delancey Street Electric Lighting Plant

Sorting the Refuse in the Delancey Street Electric Lighting Plant

An interesting fact in connection with the handling of this material is that the city of New York disposes of about fifty tons of condemned fruits of varying character per day. This material contains no grease and no values that are recoverable by this process of reduction, but it does contain alcohols, flavoring extracts, citric and tartaric acid, etc., which are of great value. A very large chemical house is at work at present upon a method of distillation, which will make use of and recover these products. This simply means a further separation and utilization, the tendency being to resolve into its component parts this type of material, so that the values in each of its units may be recovered.

The ashes and rubbish of the city, mixed together, were all, practically, towed to sea and dumped up to May, 1902, the ash and the heavier material helping to foul the harbor and shoal the channel, while the rubbish and lighter wastes floated in to decorate the beaches. This was a great nuisance to sea-bathers every summer. In 1902 this sea-dumping was stopped and it has never been returned to, with the exception of a short period in 1906, when the destruction of the only existing plant at Barren Island by fire rendered it necessary to tow the garbage wastes to sea and there dispose of them for lack of any other method of final disposition. Nothing of the waste of New York City is now thrown into the sea. It is well known that ashes make the best land fill upon mud flats or any soft bottom. They form a mattress, which does not sink through the mud, as is the tendency of heavier material, and create no mud wave such as follows the dumping of cellar dirt or rock.

All the ashes, rubbish and street sweepings are disposed of upon land fill, the material from Manhattan and The Bronx being hauled to the water-front, and towed in scows from the dumps to Riker's Island and to various other points where it has been placed upon fills behind bulkheads. Land has been made in this way at Newtown Creek, Tremley Point, Shooter's Island, Staten Island, Weehawken, Cromwell's Creek, Newark and Maurer, N. J.

The places for the reception of this material are the public dumps along the water-front in the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx, and at the stations of the American Railway Traffic Company in the borough of Brooklyn.

There have been deposited at Riker's Island of ashes and street-sweepings:

In 1902	378,881 cubic yards
In 1903	1,260,558 cubic yards
In 1904	1,418,893 cubic yards
In 1905	1,726,352 cubic yards

This has practically finished the fill of sixty-three acres on the westerly side of the island. The new fill on the easterly side, preparations for which are being made by the Department of Docks and Ferries, will create 140 acres of new land. Thus, Riker's Island, which is city property, has already been raised to an area of 152 acres, which will accommodate the eleemosynary and correctional institutions of the city, leaving Blackwell's Island to be used for a public park.

In addition to Riker's Island there were 2,924,084 cubic yards placed in fills behind bulkheads for private individuals during the years 1902-1905, as follows: In 1902, 963,933 cubic yards were placed in about eighteen fills, the most important being located at Newark, N. J., Newtown Creek, Tremley Point, Shooter's Island and Jersey Avenue. In 1903, 785,148 cubic yards were placed in about eighteen fills, the most important being located at Staten Island, Weehawken, Cromwell's Creek, Newark and Maurer, N. J. The fill at Cromwell's Creek is possibly the most important one made within the city limits in many years, as it has been finished as a public park and athletic field underneath and to both sides of the northerly approach of the Macomb's Dam Bridge, extending along the water-front for the foundation and yardage of the boathouses upon the Harlem River, thus transforming what at low tide was an unsightly mud flat into a public recreation ground.

The well-known value to the commerce of the city of New York of the stoppage of sea-dumping, which was all too surely filling and fouling the harbor, it is not necessary to discuss, while the placing of the ashes, street-sweepings and rubbish behind cribs for land fill has produced eighty acres of land owned by the city and a large amount of land owned by private individuals.

The possibilities of this reclamation are boundless. The lowlands on Jamaica Bay afford an unlimited supply of dumping ground. This fill, in connection with the dredging for the proper channels, would produce thousands of acres of land with dock frontage, whose value would be millions of dollars.

Prior to 1904 the ashes, street-sweepings and rubbish of the borough of Brooklyn were collected and hauled to what were known as land dumps, except in one instance, where they were hauled to the river-front at the foot of Gold Street and loaded on a scow. The land dumps were scattered on the periphery on the land side of the borough of Brooklyn. It was recognized by the Department of Final Disposition several years before that the land dumps were rapidly disappearing and that it would be but a comparatively short time before all the available dumps (that is, available for wagon haul) would be filled up, and the city would be put to an enormous expense in increased haul, number of carts, horses, drivers, stable accommodations, etc., in order to continue the land-dump system. A further extension of the scow system was not practicable, as the water-front in Brooklyn is owned by private parties and not by the city, and it was found impracticable to secure a sufficient number of dumping boards.

On the twenty-eighth of July, 1903, a five-year contract was entered into with the American Railway Traffic Company for the final disposition of all rubbish, ashes and street-sweepings collected in the borough of Brooklyn. Through the operation of this contract all this waste is hauled by the electrical trolley system. This material is collected from the houses by carts and delivered to various stations upon the trolley lines.

In order to determine the location of the receiving stations, the populated portion of Brooklyn was divided so as to be covered by thirteen circles each of a mile radius and the collection station was located as near the centre of this circle as was practicable.

These stations are of two types. The one at Thirty-eighth Street and Fourth Avenue and the East New York station are what is known as the hopper type. The character of the ground at these points permits the carts to drive into an upper story of the building and dump the loads into hoppers which are sunken in the floor. The entire upper portion of this building is inclosed to prevent the escape of dust. Patent dumping-cars are run under these hoppers and the cars loaded by releasing the bottom of the hopper. These cars are then run out over the trolley lines of the city to the lowlands near Coney Island.

The remaining eleven stations are of the bin type. The carts drive in from the street on a level and dump into steel bins, which are practically seven-foot cubes and have a capacity of nine and one-quarter cubic yards. The weight of one of these bins will run when loaded from five to eight tons, depending upon the character of material. After being loaded upon the cars the bins are covered with a close-fitting canvas cover to prevent the escape of dust and refuse. The car is then taken over the trolley lines to the dumping ground.

In order to avoid annoyance in the neighborhood the stations are as tightly closed in as is practicable, and except in freezing weather the loads of ashes are sprinkled by a jet spray while the load is being dumped.

The average haul of the trolley cars from the receiving stations to the dump is ten miles, making the round trip for the car twenty miles. The magnitude of the work can better be understood by the statement that the railway company is each year transporting 1,000,000 yards of material an average of ten miles.

During the time this method of removal of refuse material has been in operation, about eighty-five acres of sunken land have been raised to the grade of the surrounding country and made good taxable area, whereas before it was of little or no value, except as a mosquito-breeding ground.

By this arrangement the borough of Brooklyn has been given a daily collection instead of a bi-weekly collection and is placed on the same footing as the borough of Manhattan.

In the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx the city yearly collects and disposes of about 1,640,000 cubic yards of light refuse or rubbish, all of which is burnable and has about the fuel value for steam purposes of green sawdust. It consists of every describable article of household waste. This material was formerly loaded on scows, mixed with ashes and dumped into the sea, where, being light, it easily floated in, on to the beaches along the Long Island and New Jersey shores, where its presence in past years caused great complaint. In 1902 the simple destruction of this material was begun at an incinerator located at Forty-seventh Street and the North River. This simple destruction is satisfactory from both a financial and a sanitary point of view. Very soon an attempt was made to utilize the heat derived from this combustion for purposes of steaming, and, in 1903, a small electrical plant was installed for the lighting of one of the stables of the department and of the docks and piers in that vicinity.

In 1905, the idea of economically using the rubbish wastes to light municipal structures and buildings being beyond the experimental stage, a plant was constructed beneath the Williamsburg Bridge, where daily 1050 cubic yards of light refuse are destroyed. During the night the heat is used to generate electricity to light the Williamsburg Bridge and approaches, and in these hours 350 indicated horse-power can be developed per hour. The material handled at the Delancey Street plant is about one-fifth of the total output of the boroughs of Manhattan and The Bronx.

When all the lamps are carried by the plant and are in active use there are 180 2000-candle-power arc lamps, of which 163 are on the structure and the remainder in the buildings. There are also about 767 16-candle-power incandescent lamps, three electric motors and about twenty electric heaters.

The possibilities of the extension of this system of using the rubbish wastes of the city for power, light and heat are very great. In connection with the Department of Bridges calculations have been made which determine the amount of electricity necessary to light and turn the drawbridges over the Harlem River. There are six of these

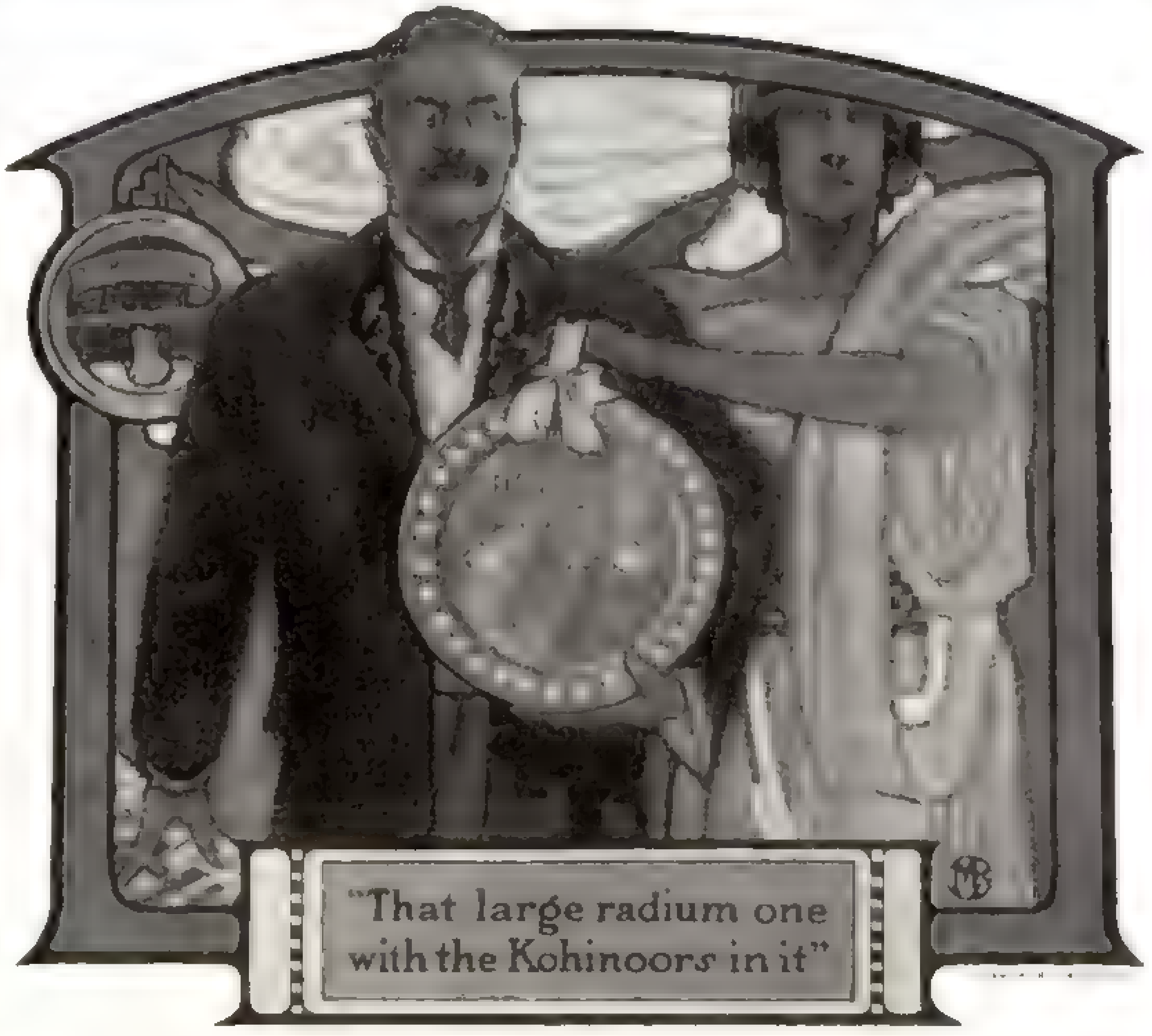
(Concluded on Page [illegible])

Face of the Ash Fill at Riker's Island, Showing Belt Conveyor in Operation

Transporting Material Over Submerged Land on Riker's Island

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great


"That large radium one with the Kohinoors in it"

The Soft-Pedal Man

WHEN the day comes to hand out the medals to the Self Made Men who have done the best job of personal architecture, a medium-sized chap, with pompadour hair the only relic of that once popular cut now in public life—and a general air of being time-locked and all clocks stopped, will step forward and say: "Give me that large radium one with the Kohinoors in it, please."

And he'll get it, too, for he will be George Bruce Cortelyou, now Postmaster-General, formerly Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and to be Secretary of the Treasury as soon as they present the transfer-slip to Leslie M. Shaw and tell him to take the next car to his bank at Denison, Iowa, which will occur at high noon on March 4, 1907, if not before.

Cabinet members live in history, mainly, in the recapitulations in the almanacs under the general heading: "Those Who Have Previously Held the Office," and by means of smudgy oil paintings of themselves, executed by artists who made faces with try-squares, that hang on the walls of the departments where they officiated for a time, drew their salaries, signed their names, and let it go at that. George B. Cortelyou has most of these estimable, but forgotten, gentlemen lashed to the mast and screaming for mercy. He will live in the almanacs and on canvas, but he will do better than that. His ultimate destiny is to figure as the Great Example for the American youth. One can hear the schoolmaster of a hundred years from now, after the primary class in electricity has recited and the second grade has described the workings of the airship, calling up the boys who are studying history: "Now, boys, as I have often said, this country holds out magnificent possibilities to those who study hard and lead correct lives. I need but call your attention to George Bruce Cortelyou, who, beginning as a stenographer in those days of written speech, rose to many of the highest places in the service of the country through the force of his own ability and by his own endeavors. Johnnie, you may tell us the main facts of his life."

And Johnnie will begin: stenographer—private secretary—stenographer at the White House—assistant secretary to the President—secretary to the President—Cabinet member—chairman of the Republican National Committee—Presi—— But, hold on! this prophecy is dated one hundred years from now—no less.

Still, there is a fascination about Cortelyou speculation. Perhaps—only perhaps, mind you—they are training him for a future field of usefulness that will absolve the country from many difficulties. After March 4, next, he will have served in three Cabinet places, or will have begun to serve in his third after serving in two others. Then, in the two remaining years of President Roosevelt's administration there are boundless opportunities for him to serve in all the other Cabinet positions. Whenever the President hasn't anything else on his mind he shifts the Cabinet around a bit. He is so expert at this diverting practice that he can make four Cabinet shifts between courses at dinner and never miss the trend of his argument. The opportunity for Cortelyou is there, and he knows all about the Presidency, for he was near-President for several years.

Now, perhaps, this is the plot: Are they going to put Cortelyou in every Cabinet position, make him familiar with all the great departments of the Government and, after that, make him President and then insist he shall be his own Cabinet, fill all the nine places and call himself to order whenever he needs advice and comfort? Economy is the watchword, and this would save the tidy sum of $72,000 a year which this generous Government now allows Cabinet members, thus paying a portion of their house rent and giving them full opportunity to get the money to live on wherever they can. Of course, the saving would be much more than that, for there would be only one set of the henchmen who now surround Cabinet members, instead of nine.

Who can tell? It looks feasible. Cortelyou wouldn't object. He loves to work. Anything that tends to relaxation is viewed by him with a suspicious, not to say a cold, a 'way-below-zero eye. Work? Why, if some person in authority were to say to Cortelyou: "Now, George, you must take a few days off. I insist, I really insist. You must run down to the seashore, for you are all run down yourself—ha, ha!" Cortelyou would go. He obeys orders. But he would sneak a hundred pounds or so of documents into his suit-case, and instead of communing with the sad sea waves would commune with the documents on the train and in his room at the hotel.

Cortelyou has everything systematized, and he has Cortelyou systematized more perfectly than anything. His personal system is the Soft-Pedal System, and he is our most conspicuous example thereof. It is related of him that when a boy the motto in his copybook over which he lingered longest was: "Silence is golden." You hear no loud exclamations, no shouts and breathings of what is to be from him. He may say a few words now and then, but always with the soft pedal on. When you talk with Cortelyou—that is, when you talk to Cortelyou or at Cortelyou, for talking *with* him is a mere figment of the imagination—your words batter against a cold, bleak wall of reserve and fall back in shattered fragments at your feet. "Yes" is a long sentence for Cortelyou, and "I think that may be so" is the positive limit of loquaciousness. Not that he isn't kindly; he is. Not that he isn't sympathetic; he is. Not that he isn't square-toed, manly and efficient beyond compare; he is. But he has the soft pedal on, always the soft pedal.

"Do you understand the duties of a private secretary?" asked Secretary Foster, of the Treasury, when he was hiring Robert J. Wynne, now consul-general to London, for that position.

"I do," said Wynne.

"What are they?"

"To say nothing and give you all the credit for the good things and to take the blame for the poor things myself."

Cortelyou came up through that atmosphere. He was trained in the gigantic art of listening to everybody and talking to nobody, except when something was to be gained by talking. For years and years patriots have battered at his ears, but have heard no answering sally from his lips. Possibly, in his early days, there was temptation to come back, to reply, to argue; but not for long. He learned the value of the soft pedal, and he put it on and has kept it there. So far as reserve is concerned, he could give the Sphinx six easy lessons by mail that would make that somewhat silent creation think herself hitherto a phonograph.

Whereupon comes the value of Cortelyou and whereupon comes his rise. The personages with whom he was associated came to know that this silent, efficient man was worthy of esteem. They came to know that the ability to maintain a continual soft pedal in his position in life was sufficiently great to take to other and higher pursuits, figuring that the application that had been so successful in the White House would be more successful elsewhere. President Roosevelt did what President McKinley probably would have done, and put Cortelyou in the Cabinet. Having put him in, the President is now engaged in the pleasing pastime of putting him through, and Cortelyou passes along from post to post, pianissimo—imis—imus or words to that effect.

Throwing overboard the grappling-hooks and fishing for a moral, there comes to light that ancient one, that was gray and hoary when the Wyoming fossils sported in the mere: "Say nothing and saw wood." If a grateful country has the right idea, it will put that sentence on the Cortelyou monument, and if he is to be taken at his full worth as the Great Example to coming youth, it will be held up as the actuating principle of his life. He has said nothing, and he has sawed wood, and he is about to take his third Cabinet position, with the vista of others—up to nine—stretching before him. Carpers may say that a vista composed of only six isn't much of a vista as vistas go, but there is an indulgent President behind him, and he has two years to serve. Besides that, he has a few ambitions of his own, and a most remarkable habit of getting what he wants.

What does he want? Who can tell? Nobody but Cortelyou, and he won't; he positively will not. But bear this in mind: He started as a stenographer a few years ago and he will soon be Secretary of the Treasury, with two other Cabinet notches in the handle of his pen. He is young. He is a politician. He understands the machinery of the Government down to the last gear. He doesn't bother about money—who can, and remain in the service of a Government that spends a billion a year and pays the men who spend it but a few thousands? He works incessantly. The covered veins of the future surely contain even better ore than the uncovered veins of the past. He is a digger who is always digging.

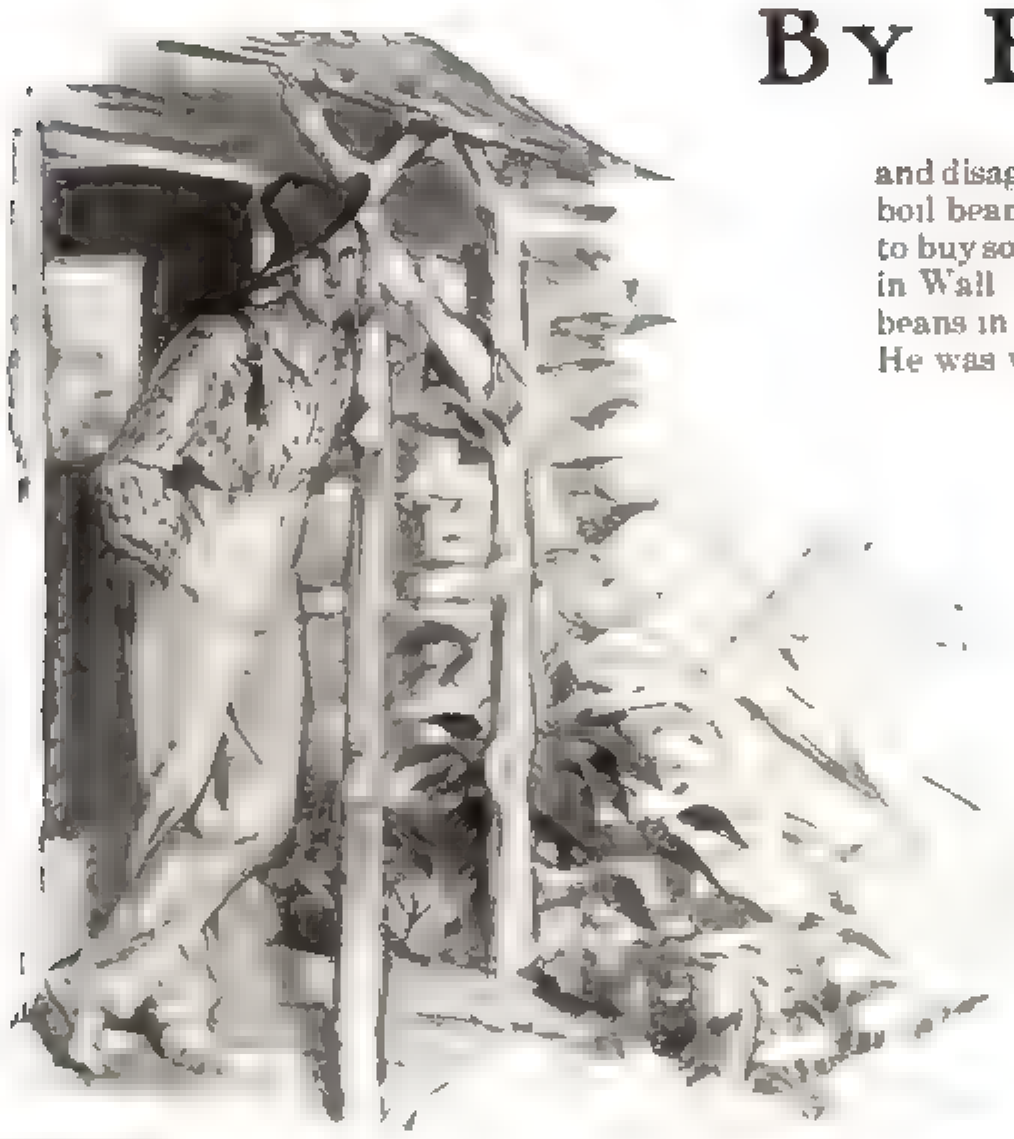
Always digging? Well, that may be modified. He plays the piano for relaxation sometimes, but always with the soft pedal on, always with the soft pedal.

Post Master General
Sec'y of the Navy
Sec'y of the Interior
Sec'y of Agriculture
Sec'y of State
Sec'y of the Treasury
Sec'y of War
Attorney General
Sec'y of Commerce and Labor

Portraits of a Future Cabinet — Perhaps

Sampson Rock of Wall Street

By EDWIN LEFÈVRE



They Had Cherished Such Hopes Since the War

XV—(Continued)

UNTIL a late hour they sat that night, Darrell asking questions and Fletcher answering them unhesitatingly, studying analyses of ores and reports of the company's mineral and timber lands, poring over the statistics of cost, production and sales, until Darrell said:

"It's all right, Sam, provided the railroad will do its share. At present it has neither motive-power nor rolling-stock enough to handle any increase in our business here."

At Darrell's assumption that they were already in control, Fletcher's hopes became solid. In the process of metamorphosis whereby the hopes took on the shape of coins, the manager's alert mind began to throw out the grappling-irons of sundry other profitable schemes, a luxury he had not hitherto permitted himself, as being beyond even the dreaming stage. Profit piled itself on profit automatically, and the golden mountain-top dented the rosy clouds. He must do all in his power to secure control of the Austin Iron Company to these Heaven-sent friends. Much of the stock was held by people who would have sold out in disgust long before but for Fletcher's earnest entreaties and promises of much better returns in the future. In now advising the same people to sell out, he must undo his own work. How many shares he could get he did not know even approximately, but, as he thought about it, the number grew, for this opportunity wore golden spurs and he felt the prick of them in his soul. In order to discourage over-optimistic holders whose annoying faith in Austin's future had been strengthened by that year's unfortunate dividend, it was obvious that the company must make a bad showing—that there might be no ill-feeling, no more dividends, no more desire to hold the stock. Mathematics is one of the exact sciences. So is greed.

"Don't you worry about the railroad," Fletcher told Sam. "Of course, they'll do better by us when we have more tonnage to give and are prompter in paying our bills. We've never had working capital enough and we've often had to close down for repairs in the middle of a busy season. All I am worrying about is to get the stock you want for the price you are willing to pay."

"It's a good price," said Darrell shortly.

"The ore lands alone are worth ten times more, and there are 1800 acres more that never have been prospected," retorted Fletcher loyally. "I've got the best ——"

"I know," said Darrell. "But what about the stock?"

"I think, if anybody can get it, I can."

Sam looked as if he were about to say something, but changed his mind and was silent. Fletcher assumed that young Mr. Rock doubted his ability to make a majority of the stockholders dispose of their shares, and he went on: "I can make them sell. My report must be turned in next week. You know the annual meeting will be held in Richmond early next month. I have an idea that, after reading it, they will fall all over themselves in the scramble to get out." He did not look particularly villainous, nor, indeed, over-complacent. He was very much in earnest.

Sam, who again had been visioning to himself a great and good work here, was hurled to the earth of the ticker and disagreeably jolted. A Spanish proverb came to him: "People boil beans the world over." When business consisted of wanting to buy something that other people had to sell, the buyers, whether in Wall Street or Virginia, instinctively boiled the same kind of beans in the same kind of water, and the water boiled at 212° F. He was willing to pay a fair price, more than the market price, and it was not a manipulated nor fictitious market price. Yet there must be deceit. It filled him with a sort of impatient disgust.

"Mr. Fletcher," he said, "I don't care to ——"

"Why, you ought not only to get the stock, but to make a nice little thing out of it," put in Darrell very quickly. Sam was certain his friend had spoken in order to check words that conceivably might have made the deal impossible; for Fletcher, if angered, had merely to tell the stockholders that Sampson Rock's son wanted to buy the control. Dynamite wouldn't budge them after that, unless it was the kind that his father used, which was the kind Sam did not like. This deal meant work to come, good work, big work. The Austin Iron Company had to be bought. Too much depended on it.

Fletcher answered Darrell:

"I don't expect to make anything on the options. Some of the stock will cost less, but some will cost more. I'll consider myself lucky if the block you need averages under forty-two. And I was not thinking of my commission. I want you to get the control of this company because I feel my future will be safe in your hands, and, therefore, I'll see that you get the stock."—He leered ingratiatingly at the New Yorkers.

The leer, with its suggestion of a summer-hotel waiter's confidence in a well-served patron's generosity, exasperated Sam even more than the willingness to do dirty work for money had done. Indifferent to what it meant for the deal to miscarry at this stage, he said angrily:

"You might as well understand right now and here that I won't do business that way."

"Oh!" smiled Fletcher, still misunderstanding Sam's youthful impatience. "I've studied men, and I know I won't suffer if I leave the value of my services to you."

"Mr. Fletcher," said Sam decisively, "I wouldn't give you a cent ——"

"Not one cent over the half million for the sixty per cent. and $25,000 commission for you," interjected Darrell quickly, as though he were finishing Sam's sentence. "It's enough. You can take it or leave it."

"Jack," Sam turned to Darrell with a frown, "you must not ——"

"No," said Darrell to Fletcher, "that's the limit. Now let me look again at these blue-prints of the proposed ——"

As the manager rose quickly to comply with Darrell's request, the Westerner whispered to Sam fiercely:

"Hold your horses, will you?"

And Sampson Rock, Junior, held his horses—that is, his tongue. He was annoyed at being forced to control his feelings by the importance of this deal, not in its financial aspect, but in its bearing on his future manner of life. Rather than self-disgust it was a sort of irritation. But he would not tolerate any underhanded methods, nevertheless.

It is the first step that is difficult. But when it is downstairs it seldom strains the leg muscles.

"Mr. Rock," said Fletcher, laying before Darrell the blue-prints of the projected record-breaking blast furnaces—another dream of his which he had elaborated to the point of complete plans and specifications—"I'll treble the value of this plant with a little capital. Nothing but the boom in the trade enabled us to pay that two per cent. dividend last January. Now, if I report the truth, and nothing but the truth, which is all I am supposed to do, it will make them shiver when they realize how precarious the dividends are. I don't have to lie. I wouldn't do it, not for the presidency of the Steel Trust. I've told them what I've told you dozens of times till they dodge when they see me coming. I won't tell them any more."

"Were you going to tell the truth in the report?"

"I was going to tell them that, if I had had my way, they wouldn't have received that two per cent. dividend. I wanted the money for improvements. But the company had money in the bank and owed little, and they went crazy when they saw a profit after so many hungry years. If I hadn't given in to the clamor for a dividend I'd have lost my job."

"And now you've decided on complete and detailed veracity because ——" The slight sneer on Sam's lips was as a subtle solace to his own stifled virtue.

"Because now, if you will do as you say, it will be possible to do the work that ought to be done here. Austin iron is the best foundry-iron in the world, and it ought to be known as such, and it ought to bring a corresponding price. With enough working capital, we can sell all we can make and we can deliver when and as we promise. If the present stockholders won't do it they must step out of the way and let somebody else try. It's got to be done sooner or later; and the sooner the better, for I'm not growing any younger. That's the way I feel."

Sampson Rock's argument! The sincerity that rang in the little manager's voice impressed Sam, but before he could say anything, Darrell and Fletcher were at it again until, at midnight, Darrell rose and said: "We'll advance you $2500 for preliminary expenses. Of the total 20,000 shares you must get options on at least 12,000. We won't buy a share outright until we are sure we can get the majority. It's against my principles to bid up prices on myself. Moreover, we have to consider the additional capital that must be raised. Don't use a brass band while you are getting the options, and keep our names out of it."

Sam said nothing.

"And my commission ——"

"Twenty-five thousand dollars cash as soon as you have the options safe; the difference in the price you pay and the one we offer you will be your additional profit. But don't be a hog. Get the stock. We'll let you in for a block of whatever new securities we may issue at the same price we pay and we'll carry it for you for two years, at six per cent. interest. Don't have to take it if you don't wish to. Your future salary and position we shall leave for future discussion, after we are in control. If this isn't satisfactory, say so now. We don't want to waste any more time."

"It's satisfactory," said Fletcher, after a pause. It was not, quite. Reality seldom equals vague anticipation. There were one or two things he had neglected to mention, as, for instance, that the cost of materials had gone up since he made his estimates on the cost of the improvements. But that was the New Yorkers' lookout. Mr. Fletcher was looking out for Mr. Fletcher. Therefore, Mr. Fletcher asked for some written trifle, a memorandum, to avoid misunderstandings later.

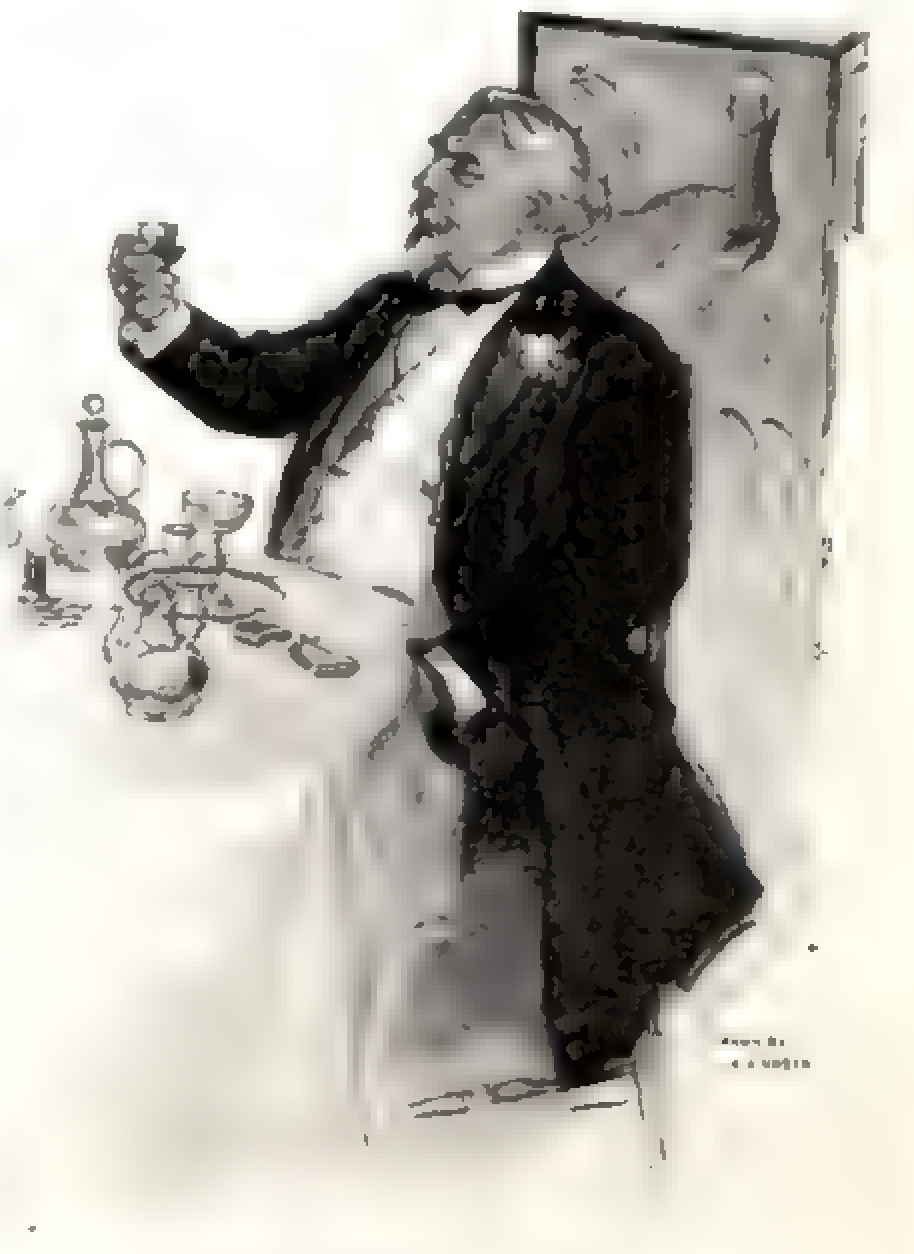
"You'll get it to-morrow. In the mean time, Sam, give Mr. Fletcher $2500."

Sam silently took the money from his wallet and handed it to the little manager. Fletcher, ostentatiously not counting it, carelessly put it in his vest-pocket. Then he extended his hand to Sam. Sam took it and smiled, when the manager said:

"I hope you'll find this a profitable venture, Mr. Rock. I know you will."

"I hope so," answered Sam quietly. "Good-night, Mr. Fletcher."

Early the next day Darrell and Fletcher again went over sundry details and the little manager received his written



"Let Us Irrigate, Mr. Darrell, Sir"

trifle—an agreement to pay $500,000 for 12,000 shares of Austin Iron Company stock, $50,000 on receiving the options and the balance ninety days later, Mr. Fletcher's commission to be $25,000. Then Darrell and Sam went to look at coal-lands. The Austin Iron Company's coal-mines were more than enough for its wants, but Darrell thought it well to pick up any other bargains there might be in the neighborhood. He told Sam:

"We can form a subsidiary company with a capital stock big enough to ——"

"You ought to stay in Wall Street!" laughed Sam.

But when they casually broached the subject of options on coal-lands to the owners thereof, they learned that a Mr. Morson, a Northern gentleman of nice manners, resistless energy and some ready cash, had, a few days before, secured long options on the principal undeveloped tracts in the county as well as on most of the producing mines. He was a very fine gentleman and the people had hopes that something would happen. They had cherished such hopes since the war — Sam again saw a Rip Van Winkle population—and their hopes had withered. But now the hopes were greening anew. If Northern capital came down to this blessed country they would all prosper.

"That's the Old Man," laughed Sam, and Darrell nodded admiringly. Anything that his father could do to make these people acquire the habit of work, if not the love of it, to make them prosper, would be in the nature of a miracle. To galvanize into life a land asleep, to increase the wealth of the country, to fight, to overcome obstacles . . .

"We will pay Mr. Morson the compliment of assuming that he has overlooked nothing bigger than a five-cent piece," said Darrell. "I think you had better hypnotize Robinson pretty quick, or your father will leave nothing to you except a glow of unselfish joy, Sammy."

And Sam, who saw the goal near now and more alluring than ever, replied happily:

"On to Richmond!"

It is the first step which is difficult. But when it is downstairs . . .

XVI

THEY had letters of introduction to several people in Richmond, but the first man they called on was Joseph Leigh, first vice-president of the Roanoke and Western. Mr. Leigh was as nice as he could possibly be to the only son of the Roanoke's master.

"Your father wrote me you were coming and would travel over the entire system. We've been expecting you, Mr. Rock. Captain Rogers, superintendent of our Western division, will be very glad to place himself at your disposal, and in two weeks you'll know the road as well as he does, or better; almost as well as your father. Anything in the way of a special train, and so forth, you have only to let us know what you wish to do, Mr. Rock. Captain Rogers will see to it."

"Thank you. I haven't fully decided. I think we'll stay in Richmond a few days," said Sam.

"I'm too busy myself" — Leigh spoke regretfully, but at the same time with an air of exclusive devotion to the railroad—"to have much time for social pleasures, and I'm really almost as much of a stranger here as you. But I'll have Judge Abercrombie put you up at the Dominion Club. He is a great admirer of your father's. He is the Roanoke's confidential attorney ——"

"Is he generally known as such here?"

"No, indeed!" laughed Mr. Leigh. "He is one of our political leaders, with Senatorial ambitions, and it would not do to be a corporation man. He knows everybody worth knowing in Virginia and is a very able and discreet man. As for myself, I need not say my time is entirely yours, Mr. Rock, at any and all times. Excuse me half a second."—And he turned to a clerk who had just come in with some documents. The vice-president read them over very quickly, perhaps not displeased to work in the sight of the only son, and gave short, sharp instructions to the waiting clerk with a decisive air almost military.

Sam could not help being impressed by the atmosphere of this office and the manner of these men in contrast with the happy-go-lucky methods of what Virginia Central officials had come to his observation. Here the machinery ran smoothly, like machinery under control of an efficient engineer. He turned to Darrell, and the Westerner, divining what was in the youngster's mind, smiled acquiescingly: This was Sampson Rock's office and Sam was Sampson Rock's son. The thought gave Sam a vague sense of ownership, and it stimulated his desire to take an active part in his father's business.

Shortly afterward they left Mr. Leigh to call on Judge Abercrombie, Mr. Leigh volunteering to inform the Judge by telephone of their intended visit.

The confidential legal adviser of the Roanoke, who knew everybody in Virginia worth knowing and all the politicians to boot, was delighted to meet young Mr. Rock and his friend. He showed it facially. To make sure, he also said it twice. He would consider it an honor and a pleasure to have them make his office their office and his home their home during their stay. He was a handsome man, well preserved, with a tendency toward dignified oratory.

Sam thanked him and explained that their movements would be too uncertain for them to think of trespassing upon his hospitality.

"I'm sorry," said Judge Abercrombie, with the simplicity of real tragedy.

"And we, naturally, even more," Sam assured him. He was again impressed by the persistence of his father's far-reaching influence. As in the office of the Roanoke's vice-president, there was in this room, with its walls one solid mass of lawbooks and lawyer's tin boxes, a subtle atmosphere that told of Sampson Rock's power. Sam felt almost as if his father were present in the flesh. These men displayed not so much deference, but attentiveness; they were soldiers listening to the general-in-chief who would tell them what position they should take in the battlefield. Always when this phase of Sampson Rock's business came before him, Sam felt that there was inspiration in the work itself. There was no time to lose. Sam said:

"Judge Abercrombie, I'm here on a little business trip with Mr. Darrell. We have just come from Austin."

"Oh, yes."

"Have you seen Mr. Morson lately?"

"I had that pleasure last week," answered the lawyer cordially. "He is a very interesting man, Mr. Rock, and very devoted to your father."

Sam smiled. His father's lieutenants were so loyal that each spoke well of the other. How did the Old Man manage to do it? Surely, not alone by paying big fees! Half at random he said:

"You probably know what he has been doing in Austin County?"

Judge Abercrombie permitted himself a non-committal smile, and, in a rather careful manner, carelessly said nothing. There was, of course, nothing to say—both if Sam were informed and if he were not.

"At all events, I wish you would look after the legal end of a little matter that I may or may not carry through," went on Sam. "But this is not a Roanoke affair, nor one in which my father is interested officially." The selection of these particular words came easy. Sam knew what he wished to do.

The lawyer bowed a trifle formally and said: "I am at your service, Mr. Rock." The salvation of the South would come from Northern capital. The salvation of Southern gentlemen of the learned professions would come from Northern captains of industry of enterprising habits. This made him smile cordially as he added:

"If I may ask ——"

"I hope to be ready in a few days.—By the way, sir, do you happen to know Colonel Robinson, of the Virginia Central?"—Leigh had said the lawyer was able and discreet.

"Very well," replied Judge Abercrombie; "very well indeed." The plot thickened. The deal might grow. If it did, the fee similarly would take on weight. These Northern capitalists were very curious; very frank one moment, exasperatingly reserved the next. In due time he would know more.

"Mr. Darrell and I would like to meet him."

"Whenever you wish. He is in town now."

"The sooner the better." The very great interest with which his words were heard gave to Sam a feeling of confidence. That interest he owed to his father. That confidence made him feel that he would be able to go through life without ever having to sacrifice directness in his business dealings in order to attain his ends. It was not the Sampson Rock of the ticker, but the Sampson Rock who did things, who was his father now.

"Colonel Robinson and your father, Mr. Rock ——" began the lawyer, with a sort of deferential regret.

"If it embarrasses you in the slightest to introduce me to the Colonel, Mr. Darrell not being my father's son, perhaps ——" He paused. Here was another obstacle.

"Not at all," denied Judge Abercrombie, looking very brave and very loyal. "I consider it an honor to be included among your father's friends. I regard him as one of the greatest men we have to-day in this country, and I've known many distinguished Americans in my time, Mr. Rock. I would there were more like him." The lawyer managed to look both affectionate and strictly judicial.

"I'm naturally glad to have you think so, Judge Abercrombie," said Sam with a grateful smile. A fleeting glimpse of his father beside the ticker flashed across his mind. The stock market was merely an incident; it was the man at work, improving railroads, establishing efficiency, the fighter of the modern battle of business, the man who commanded thousands of other men. Sam said briskly:

"At all events, it would be just as well to have Darrell meet the Colonel first."

"The fewer people who know that Mr. Sampson Rock's son is here the better," put in Darrell. "Above all, beware of the reporters." He smiled, but Sam saw that he was in earnest. That made him frown. His father's reputation helped, but it also was inconvenient, at times. The name on a hotel-register could interfere with important plans.

"You must let me put you up at the club, gentlemen," said the Judge. "Colonel Robinson is there every night. But you must not misunderstand me, Mr. Rock, and thereby do an injustice to Colonel Robinson. He is a gentleman by birth and breeding and a very charming man socially. But his railroad interests have clashed at times with those of your—of the Roanoke." He looked as if it were not so much poor Robinson's fault, but the Virginia Central's.

"I understand perfectly," Sam assured him.

"Suppose we dine at the club to-night?" suggested Judge Abercrombie.

"You are very good. We should be delighted." No time was being wasted. To see what manner of man Robinson was and then to act: this was pleasing. The lawyer, who was watching him attentively, felt certain young Rock must be in his father's confidence and marveled never to have heard Sampson Rock speak of his son. A fine-looking young fellow who looked kindly, as all young men should to whom the cost of kindliness cannot be prohibitive. He would ask Leigh about young Rock. For reasons of his own—and, no doubt, supremely wise—Sampson Rock did not choose to appear directly in this new and mysterious, but probably very important, deal. For one thing, the cost of getting what he wanted would obviously be much cheaper; but he had sent his own son instead of an agent. The lawyer was even then looking into the titles of the coal-properties and Morson had also enjoined the utmost discretion.

"By the way, Judge, are you familiar with the Austin Iron Company's property?" asked Sam.

"Ye-es," replied the Judge meditatively. "It is owned practically by local capitalists. I know all of them. It has never fulfilled their expectations. Why it is not a success I do not know."

"Do you know Mr. Fletcher, the manager?"

"No; but I can easily learn all about him."

Darrell began to fidget.

"Well, he thinks he can get the majority of its stock for us. Mr. Darrell, who is an expert, thinks the property would pay well with a better plant, and I do too. We'll take it—Mr. Darrell and I—jointly, if we can get it now at our own price. But Fletcher may find it a little difficult to get as much as we want and I think we shall have to ask your help. But we shall discuss this later."

Darrell, who had been staring at a corner of the room, biting his lips from time to time, turned to Sam and said calmly:

"I think it would be well to have Judge Abercrombie see the company's charter. We really don't know whether it is possible to issue bonds to provide for new working capital." He looked at Sam meaningly.

"I shall examine it at once," said the lawyer.

"Telegraph Fletcher to make haste, Jack. I don't want to stay in Richmond forever.—If you don't mind, we shall write Fletcher to address his letters to us in your care, Judge."

"Consider this your office, Mr. Rock."

"Thank you. We've taken up enough of your time.—Oh, yes, we have!—To-night at the club; about seven?"

"At your pleasure. I shall be there from five o'clock on."

"*Au revoir*, then, Judge."

As soon as they were in the street Darrell turned to Sam and asked, with much solemnity: "Will you kindly tell me in words of one syllable why you had to tell Abercrombie that we were after the Austin Iron Company?"

Sam looked at his friend a moment and then laughed:

"To tell you the truth, Jack, it came out of itself."

"Oh, I thought you liked the Judge so much you wished to buy stock from him—the same stock he will proceed to buy as soon as your back is turned. I'm glad it wasn't an irresistible burst of generosity." Darrell nodded to himself as if in relief.

"But it struck me immediately afterward that it would be better if he thought we were after coal and iron than after the railroad itself. Our trip to Austin right after Morson began to look too devilish mysterious."

Darrell looked at Sam with interest. Then he asked: "And you thought that all by yourself? Well, now!"

"That's all right," retorted Sam confidently. "It's better for him to make a few dollars out of Austin than to interfere with the real article. We probably will need legal advice and by talking about it now we show we have perfect confidence in him. I tell you, he's worked for my father. Now he'll work for me."

"Look here, Sam; you mustn't imagine you are the ninth wonder. Your father's name helps you more than anything else short of millions in cold cash would."

"I know. And it makes it difficult, if I want to get anything for my own self."

"Precisely. You let me handle Robinson ——"

"I want to deal fair ——"

"If he needs a wet-nurse, he's no business to be president of a railroad. His place is in an asylum for the feeble-minded. What are you going to tell him—that you want to buy the control of his blooming streaks of rust at any figure he'll name? I see him marking down the price to sixteen cents a yard."

"I don't know what I'll say, but ——"

"The first thing he will ask himself is why you should want to buy Virginia Central stock at all. Being Sampson Rock's only son, he will suspect at once ——"

"Yes," frowned Sam. He saw no beautiful, direct plan of dealing.

"The only decent excuse you could have is for me—*my* coal and iron syndicate—to have an interest in the road upon which our prosperity depends. But for Sampson Rock to buy one share of Virginia Central stock means absorption by the Roanoke. He'd succumb to that argument like a thousand of brick, I don't think!"

"We'll have to get it." Sam spoke determinedly. He frowned, staring groundward, thinking of ways and means to buy Robinson's stock honestly, fairly, decently. The work itself, the doing of it: that was the thing. "We'll have to get it," he repeated, "somehow!"

"By business methods or by real pleasant ladylike loquacity?" Darrell asked it with a tinge of malice.

"We'll get it," replied Sam without a smile, "like gentlemen."

XVII

AT DINNER that evening Judge Abercrombie told them that Colonel Robinson was greatly interested in the development of suburban real estate and needed money—needed it, he had heard it whispered, quite urgently. But, the lawyer added with sudden caution, he had many friends and quite a "following."

"He always needs money. He is in a million schemes and none of them does as well as it ought to because he always lacks sufficient capital. He seldom loses heavily, but he never makes much. Usually other people take it off his hands at cost or a little below, and they make a good thing out of it. He is one of God's optimists. He sees the future all sunshine. His eyes look so intently upon his latest hope gleaming in the distance, made real by his imagination and his optimism, that he does not see the rough road up which he must walk before he can grasp his glittering desire. One of God's own optimists, sir; and he imparts his optimism to many people!"

Judge Abercrombie seemed pleased. Sam concluded it must be with his rhetoric, which Sam thought was really very nice. He knew some men who were just like Colonel Robinson. Doubtless this was one of the dogs-in-the-manger, one of the incompetents that exasperated Sampson Rock. Sam was forced to admit that such exasperation was not strange. But the strong should be merciful. At the worst, Colonel Robinson was but a child at play beside men at work. He asked:

"Which is the latest, glittering desire, Judge Abercrombie? The Virginia Central, or his suburban properties?" It seemed to him a man should have a definite aim and stick to one thing. A diversity of desire was demoralizing, according to Sampson Rock; and Sam now agreed with him.

"He has talked of nothing else but Capital Park these past six weeks. He wished me to have an interest in the company."

"And you?"

"I did not, Mr. Rock," smiled the Judge. "I am a poor man."

Sam felt vaguely this was a hint. The Judge was a nice chap. Sam was well disposed toward him. He said:

"So am I. We'll have to see if we can't stop being that—together, Judge, eh?" To name the exact date and the figures would have been poor taste. The use of the plural conveyed the promise nicely. The implied partnership showed personal affection. Sam really had not thought of all this, but after the words were out he was rather pleased at the effect on the lawyer, who replied:

"My dear young man, I should feel much easier for my family if I thought you would really keep in mind a poor old Southern lawyer in your deals." Judge Abercrombie said it quizzically, subtly intimate, with a humorous smile—and yet there was an undercurrent of earnestness in the voice. In his eyes, for all their would-be whimsical expression of gratitude, there smouldered an irrepressible hope. And Sam perceived the gleam and his own importance to this gray-haired lawyer. For the way the thoughts ran in the gray-haired lawyer's mind was this: Sampson Rock, Junior; that is to say, Sampson Rock, Senior; that is to say, money; that is to say, gratified ambitions—perhaps even the United States Senate. The United States Senate—that is to say, reasoning backward, gratified ambitions; that is to say, money. It ended there—in money. He was not "mercenary," because money means one thing to one man, and to another something else. Dollar-signs can spell so many kinds of words—epithalamiums, for instance, and fierce war-chants and political orations and grateful truths also lies. Mere money hoarders are few. Sampson Rock, who had it, did not sigh for more money—only for more time; there were so many things to do and life was so short. To his son money was barely commencing to take on a meaning. But already there was a different hue to his thoughts, a glitter faintly metallic.

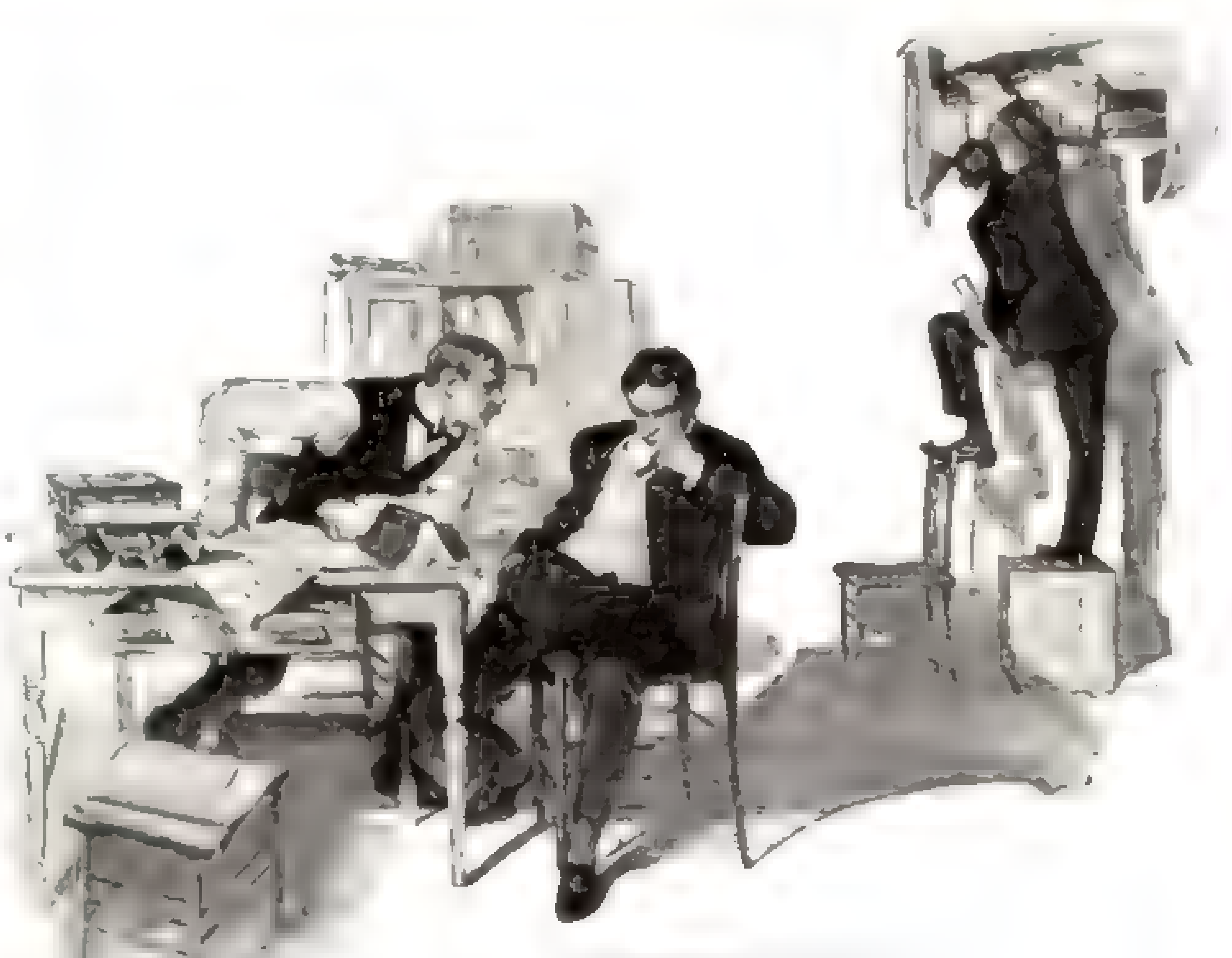
Therefore Judge Abercrombie loved the young man. That was no exaggeration; it was merely a reflex action; for he loved himself and his family and his laudable ambitions, and was an optimist; also sixty-eight years of age.

They were at their coffee when one of the waiters told the Judge that Colonel Robinson had arrived at the club. Shortly afterward the Judge took Darrell with him and sought the Colonel.

"Good-evening, Colonel; I trust I see you well?"

"You may safely trust your sight, your Honor. How is my learned brother?"

Colonel Robinson smiled, evidently pleased with himself, his digestion, his finances, his friends, the Judge's appearance and his own witty way of speaking. He was a tall, straight, handsome man, with a florid complexion, snow-white hair and "imperial," and clear, clean, blue eyes. Over the left eyebrow he carried—almost you might say he wore—a sabre scar. It became him. He knew it. His military carriage was deliberately meant to match the scar—the autograph of the War God, he probably called it.



"Hold Your Horses, Will You?"

"I wish to present to you my very good friend, Mr. John Darrell, of New York, Colonel Robinson."

Colonel Robinson stood up, erect, impressive, a Southern gentleman, a soldier—and an optimist. He bowed very gracefully. Darrell's bow was not quite so graceful. Colonel Robinson said: "Mr. Darrell, when I say I am delighted, I do no justice to my feelings."

"I myself am more than glad to meet you, Colonel Robinson. And you must allow me to express the hope ——"

Colonel Robinson bowed again.

"Sir, consider it fulfilled, whatever it may be." He quickly extended his hand with a dignified cordiality that somehow imparted to his action a sort of sense of unusual favor, compelled by Darrell's winning ways. He looked straight into Darrell's eyes as Darrell shook the outstretched hand firmly.

"A very nice man!" thought Colonel Robinson.

"Funny old cuss!" thought Darrell.

"Mr. Darrell, sir, in the classic language of His Excellence of South Carolina ——" And Colonel Robinson looked anxiously at Darrell. Would Mr. Darrell blast all his hopes by a negative?

"I'm not proof against your eloquence," replied Darrell, with much seriousness. The Colonel beamed, his one ambition in life having been gratified.

"Waiter!" he said, snapping his fingers sharply. His very impatience was a subtle compliment to Darrell.

"I leave you in good hands, Mr. Darrell," said Judge Abercrombie, rising to go.

"And Colonel Robinson in better," said the Colonel. "But, surely, Judge, you ——"

"I have a friend in the dining-room ——"

"May I not be his friend also, Judge?"

"Thank you; we shall join you directly."

"I beg that you will give me that pleasure, Judge." He looked after Abercrombie lovingly.

"I have been traveling over your road lately, Colonel Robinson," began Darrell explanatorily.

"Then, sir, you have my sincere sympathy," said the Colonel with decision. Darrell smiled uncertainly, because Colonel Robinson looked so serious. The Westerner went on:

"I think it has a great future. It is my firm conviction that a new era of prosperity is dawning for the entire South." He was vaguely plagiarizing from some land-boomer's prospectus. "Some friends of mine have been thinking that there ought to be money in the Austin County coal and iron mines."

This was a pleasant surprise to the Colonel—his road tapped, or was supposed to tap, that section. It meant this man's money would help the road. But, if Mr. Darrell or his friends had capital to invest, there were other opportunities for them to do so. Colonel Robinson knew them, he was the president of other companies than the Virginia Central Railroad.

"Money?" almost sneered Colonel Robinson, as if a child had spoken of a half-dime in connection with four bushels of diamonds, Kohinoor size. "Money? Millions, sir! But ——" He would be frank, at any pecuniary cost to the president of the Virginia Central, who stood to win much from such an investment by Darrell and his friends—"but of course it is slow work, very slow, sir. Our people are not educated to the strenuous life of the North. Virginia, sir, to-day offers the grandest opportunities to capital and intelligent enterprise ever vouchsafed to man since the beginning of time, nor are the opportunities confined to one section. They are everywhere. In this very city, the capital of this grand old State, I can see magnificent returns to the investor—and at the same time, Mr. Darrell, absolutely beyond all risk and peradventure, ten thousand leagues beyond the least possibility of a loss."

Colonel Robinson was frowning, almost as though he had caught Darrell doing a great wrong to Darrell's best friends by being willfully blind to the contents of the Richmond golconda, above the open door of which anybody with half an eye could read the huge placard: "Help yourself.—T. Robinson."

"I may say to you, Colonel Robinson, confidentially of course ——"

"*Of* course," assented Colonel Robinson tranquilizingly.

"That I am seeking opportunities for investment. But I don't want little things. I'd like something worth while, something big."

"Cer-tain-ly!" acquiesced Colonel Robinson. His manner showed that he had known that much from the first merely by looking at Darrell's face, and also that he himself never bothered with small affairs. In his own section Colonel Robinson was a big man. He represented, to his poorer fellow-Virginians, the Money-Power—capital and enterprise. But often, when he read in the New York papers about the latest Northern captains of industry and the stock-market magnates and their deals and their winnings, he felt his own insignificance with a vague regret. His people thought him a money-maker. He allowed them to think so, but in his heart of hearts he knew he was not. His ideas were good, but the results were never commensurate with his hopes nor with the hopes of his associates. But his soul, for all that, was ever a hotbed of hope. How the hopes grew!

"But," continued Darrell, "to be perfectly frank ——"

"Let us irrigate, Mr. Darrell, sir." The Colonel's quick but ingenuous interruption made Darrell smile slightly. Irrigation meant good temper, and that might make perfect frankness almost palatable, which unirrigated frankness not always was. The Colonel held up his glass and said, with an affectionate respect:

"To your very good health, sir! And now," he went on, with the air of resuming the conversation where he and none other had left off, "though there is much profit to be found in the development of iron and coal properties—much money, Mr. Darrell ——" Colonel Robinson conceded at least one hundred millions readily and impressively—"yet there is the element of time to consider. It is well that one should reap the rewards of one's labors instead of one's grandchildren doing it after one is cold clay. And, moreover, you have the instability of the iron trade to consider. As the great Carnegie, of library fame,

(Continued on Page 29)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A. D. 1728
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 TO 427 ARCH STREET
GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 15, 1906

Æsthetics in the Pawn-Shop

WE OBSERVE in the real-estate news that a pawnbroker has purchased a choice Broadway corner whereon he will erect a temple, befitting the environment, for the purpose of his trade, thus providing an additional and much-needed facility for living up to the standard of taste that obtains on Manhattan Island. There is now scarcely any fancy or want—from dining to getting a haircut or buying a shoe-lace—that the simple citizens of Gotham are not able to satisfy in an Italian palace or a French château, only far larger and nobbier, more bepainted and begilt than anything in those comparatively poverty-stricken countries. But the metropolis is still open to the reproach that, having eaten a sandwich in ducal magnificence, one must produce the price by "hocking" his watch in a shop with plain wood doors and scarcely even a Corot on the walls.

This will now be remedied. When father goes to pledge the family clock and mother to make the customary spring raise on her furs, grave and richly-liveried attendants will courteously usher them across marble floors to a mother-of-pearl counter where they can perform their act of domestic economy in a manner and amid surroundings which will not affront their proper passion to do everything in the swellest possible way. Probably there will be very little change coming to them after the operation is over; but he who would not rather pawn his ulster on Broadway, though he got nothing whatever for it, than put it up for real money on a side street, has fallen hopelessly short of catching the true metropolitan spirit.

Wages and Dividends

THE Pennsylvania Railroad has raised wages ten per cent. The increase, we are told, applies to 185,000 employees and will amount to about $12,000,000 a year, which is equal to four per cent. on a capital of $300,000,000. The week before, the Pennsylvania advanced the dividend rate on its $300,000,000 capital stock by one per cent. a year. A large part of the additional disbursements on dividend account will undoubtedly go to persons whose scale of living will not be affected thereby, because they already enjoy incomes in excess of their wants. The first reason given by the directors for raising wages is increased cost of living, and nearly all the additional disbursements on account of wages will undoubtedly affect the scale of living of the recipients. Other roads will follow the Pennsylvania lead, as they did in September, 1902, when it raised wages ten per cent. for the same reason; and it is obvious enough that to enlarge the purchasing power of some hundreds of thousands of families by ten per cent. gives the best assurance that could be had of the continuance of increased dividend. Increases in dividends have very little significance to most of us; but if wages are going up generally we may overlook such little incidents as sixteen per cent. for call money and consider that the business prospect is pretty satisfactory.

The Pullman Car Melon

SUPPOSE you had, eight years ago, a share of Pullman Company stock for which you paid in the full face value of one hundred dollars. You would then have received an extra cash dividend of twenty per cent., reducing your investment to eighty dollars. Also you would have received, gratis, a half share of new stock. Thereafter you would have drawn in regular cash dividends twelve dollars a year, or fifteen per cent. on the investment. This year you would receive gratis another half share of new stock, so you would have, for your eighty dollars, two shares of stock drawing sixteen dollars a year in dividends, or twenty per cent.

It is by such agreeable processes that the capital of the Pullman Company has been expanded to its present proportions of one hundred million dollars, valued in the market at two hundred millions. The greater part of this huge value is pure capitalized graft. The railroads farm out to the Pullman Company—as they do to the express companies—a function which they should perform themselves, and at reasonable rates. They hold up their passengers for the benefit of the sleeping-car monopoly. We see by the last report that company earnings, since 1903, have increased about thirty per cent., and the average yearly wage of each employee at Pullman from $689.39 to $698.60—or a trifle over one per cent.

When a Dollar's Not a Dollar

AN HONORED justice of New York's Supreme Court announces his resignation, after twenty years on the bench, to engage in the practice of law. He feels, as he frankly explains, that before age impairs his energies he should make reasonable provision for his family and for his own declining years—which he cannot do on the bench for the salary is only $17,500 a year.

This will sound like a joke to many who live in places where a dollar is still the unit of the currency system and will buy something worth carrying home. They have not yet experienced that singular monetary mutability—one of the most important, certainly, of all the phenomena of currency, yet one which all learned writers on the subject ignore—whereby the unit shrinks about in proportion to the density of the population. Thus, the Posey County dollar becomes only eighty cents in Indianapolis and a half-dollar in Chicago, while in the glare of Broadway it contracts to the proportion of a dime—not really current for commercial purposes, but good only to give to the waiter. Out in the country, where money is still money, $17,500 a year looks like a fortune. The New York justice, an eminently good and wise man, finds that it means only board and lodging. This monetary law ought to be better understood. It would show that attractive "city job" in a true and less alluring light.

Too Many Kettles for One Cook

THOMAS F. RYAN, announcing that he has resigned from the directorates of a large number of railroad and other companies, observes: "My accumulating interests and responsibilities render it impossible for me to attend so many directors' meetings and properly discharge my obligations to the stockholders."

This is an extraordinary confession. The flattering assumption has been that the bigger a man was and the more business he had in his hands, the more he ought to have. And this assumption, too, had the strong moral support of many of the big men themselves. Mr. Ryan, who has enjoyed exceptional opportunities for finding out, has evidently come to the conclusion that there is a limit to the volume of affairs that one person can handle properly. His resignation suggests that it might be worth while to try the value of intensive talent, rather than extensive; that a man, though comparatively obscure, who knows a particular business thoroughly, may do better with it than a very eminent financier who naturally cannot know very much about it. We even suspect that the multifariously great financier, of whom Mr. Ryan was a type, is a good deal of a bluff. He has so much to do, he is so tremendously busy, that very likely he doesn't do anything as well as somebody else might. We are loth to suppose that the brain, even of a captain of industry, is constructed differently from the brains of other humans, and that it gives the best results when it is operated overtime. We should like to learn, for example, that Mr. Harriman had decided to go fishing every other day.

The Whole Loaf for Nobody

AN ARGUMENT for the preservation of Niagara Falls includes a statement that the land comprised in Central Park, New York, is worth $225,000,000. The statement is pleasing, but not true. For the saving fact is that no system has ever been devised—not even "The System's" system—which will come anywhere near to extracting all the value. Land abutting the park brings enormous prices just because the park is there. Put the park on the market, and those prices would greatly fall. This, of course, points to an inherent condition which several able gentlemen have struggled valiantly to overcome, but in vain. Nobody can get it all. As soon as your railroad earns about so much, you must raise wages and pay more for engines. If you get labor for nothing—under chattel slavery—it becomes inefficient and impossibly wasteful. If you will not make repairs, you cannot keep paying tenants. If you save on fertilizers, the crop is short. Every way around, you simply cannot walk off with the whole loaf. Not, of course, that you would want to; but nobody else can either, and it is pretty good to keep this in mind amid all disclosures of wrong and oppression. Central Park is not really worth $225,000,000; but it is useful, aside from its specific purpose, as a cheering object-lesson in inextractible values.

A Check to Wall Street Gambles

THE eminently safe and sane London Economist, discussing proposed currency reform here, observes: "The recent extreme stringency of money in New York probably never would have arisen if the banks, instead of preparing for the autumn demand, had not locked up their funds to far too great an extent in the financing of Wall Street." And a London money report says: "The Bank of France will part with gold only moderately, while its hostile attitude toward American finance bills (Wall Street loans) is occasioning increased offers of such bills here." That the speculative interests of the Street have borrowed enormously abroad, besides absorbing the surplus at home, is well known. In a Vienna journal of authority we find this: "New York is the corner whence anxiety and concern arise for Europe. The raising of the Bank of England rate to six per cent. is a warning signal to the world's speculation." There seems, in short, to be a pretty general unanimity of opinion abroad as to what is the matter with our financial system. Such little operations as those of the pools in Reading and Tennessee Coal (to mention only two), which put four per cent. stocks up to about $150 a share, absorb great amounts of capital, for they are all carried on with borrowed money. It is useless to blame the mere gamblers. The fault is with those who give them command of such vast credits.

If Standard Oil is a Trust, What?

AFTER sixteen years the Government has demanded a show-down. One need not apologize for the pokerish phrase under a "square deal" administration. The President has attacked the Standard Oil Company squarely on the issue of its being a trust in contravention of the Sherman Act. That the court will call it such a trust is very probable in view of the Northern Securities decision, when the device of a New Jersey holding company was brushed aside. The result would be an order for its dissolution.—What then?

The stocks of "industrials" dealt in at New York amount to about four billion dollars, against about five billions for railroads; and the listed "industrials" have grown to their present proportions from less than half a billion twenty years ago. A great part of these "industrials" are legally in exactly the position of the Standard Oil Company—comprising many units, once competitive, now bound together by a New Jersey holding company. It is not in human power at this time to resolve these combinations back into their original competing units. Original owners have died or sold out. Ownership, several and joint, has changed hands many times. Earlier anti-trust prosecutions drove the industrial combines to New Jersey. A judgment against the Standard Oil Company must, we think, drive them out of New Jersey—and into the United States, under a national incorporation act, with its necessary corollary of Government supervision.

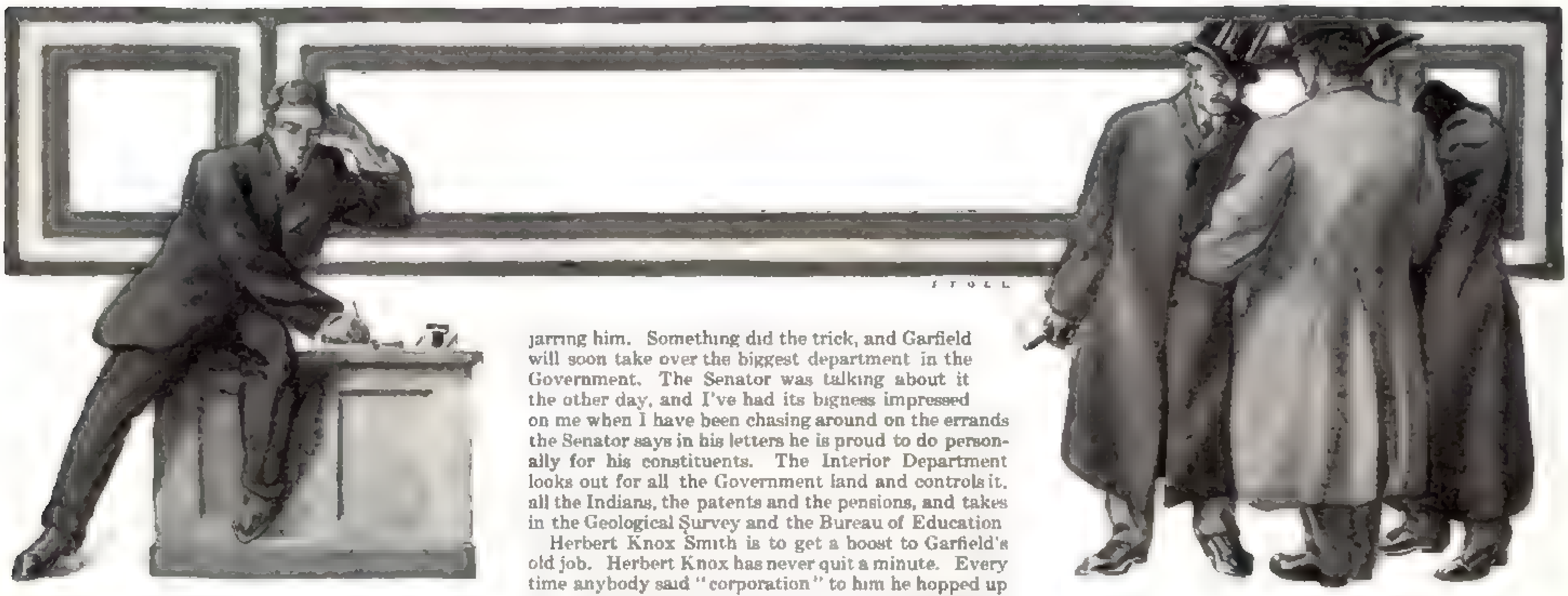
The Government's Idle Money

WE HAVE always been more successful than our Wall Street friends in restraining our enthusiasm for Congressman Fowler's elastic currency propaganda; but when he asks, before the American Bankers' Association, "Why should not the Government deposit its money with the national banks and get two per cent. interest on its daily balance?" he is on eminently practical ground.

The Government does deposit some of its surplus funds with national banks. It has $150,000,000 so deposited at this writing. But it doesn't get a penny of interest, while practically every other depositor gets at least two per cent. Through the Comptroller of the Currency the Government has complete supervision and a large corrective power over the banks. Hence, it stands before the public as, in a measure, the sponsor for them. Yet it will not deposit a cent of its own money with them except upon security of approved bonds. It issues $150,000,000 of bonds. The banks buy the bonds and turn them back, as security, to the Treasury Department, which then turns the purchase price back to the banks as deposits. The net result of the transaction is that the Government is paying the banks two per cent. interest on the bonds. But the banks will not pay interest on the Government deposit, because its fluctuations might leave them at times with their money in two per cent. bonds.

If the Government would, as Mr. Fowler suggests, simply deposit its surplus money from day to day, as everybody else does, it would gain two or three million dollars a year in interest. Also, we should then have an end of this disagreeable business of the Treasury Department coming to the relief of a pinched Wall Street.

THE SENATOR'S SECRETARY



SOMEBODY came into the Senator's committee-room the other day and said Senator Lodge had shaved off his whiskers. There wasn't much doing at the time, but I was there, filing some letters, because the Senator is conscientious about the money I get from the Government for acting as clerk to his committee and as his private secretary, and thinks I should be occupied all the time. Two or three statesmen had dropped in. They were talking with my chief about the late elections, but when the whisker story was told they all took immediate notice. I scouted out and found it was a false alarm, and things quieted down after I reported.

As nearly as I could make it out, the general trend of opinion was that if Lodge should shave off his whiskers it would be a serious breach of Senatorial courtesy, for the Senate views with alarm the possibility of having to look at the undraped face of Lodge all winter. Everybody there seems to think the elimination of those whiskers from the regular scenery of the Senate Chamber would be as iconoclastic as if Edward Everett Hale, the chaplain, got his hair cut, or Vice-President Fairbanks quit plastering over his bald spot those sparse but glossy locks that grow down by his left ear, and put on a toupee.

I have watched Lodge's whiskers for a long time. They remind me of one of those little pine trees the Japanese grow in a teacup—highly cultivated and perfect in form, but nourished by mighty little soil. And I get the same impression of Lodge. He's highly cultured—amazingly cultured—but he's growing in a teacup, just the same. The Senate writhes over Lodge. He gets up and reads the Senators academic lectures in a patronizing way that makes a lot of them go out to the marble room, set their watches three times, scowl at the weather map, and cuss a page.

Lodge hasn't had much of a chance this session, but pretty soon he will tell the Senate what his friend, the President, wants done. He grabbed the job of Executive mouthpiece as soon as President Roosevelt came in, and he's held it against all comers ever since, although he has had some stiff competition. I always go into the Senate Chamber when he is making one of his Executive-mouthpiece appearances just to watch the other Senators blow up. I like to see them lean across to their neighbors and whisper, and I know what they are saying, too—that is, I don't know the exact Senatorese of it, except that I am reasonably well acquainted with the idioms of my own chief, but in plain, private-secretary English it is: "Wouldn't that give you a pain?"

But Lodge hasn't any monopoly of the President's friendship. There's Jimmie Garfield—I suppose I ought to say James Rudolph Garfield now that he is going to be Secretary of the Interior; but, really, Jimmie fits better. He looks like Jimmie. After the President appointed him Commissioner of Corporations he haunted the White House. Every time anybody went up there Garfield was just going in or just coming out or was inside. He trotted across with his little leather portfolio of papers sixteen times a day.

There are a lot of people around the Capitol who are wondering how they pried Ethan Allen Hitchcock off his job. Hitchcock cemented himself to it, and they had previously tried everything up to dynamite without even jarring him. Something did the trick, and Garfield will soon take over the biggest department in the Government. The Senator was talking about it the other day, and I've had its bigness impressed on me when I have been chasing around on the errands the Senator says in his letters he is proud to do personally for his constituents. The Interior Department looks out for all the Government land and controls it, all the Indians, the patents and the pensions, and takes in the Geological Survey and the Bureau of Education

Herbert Knox Smith is to get a boost to Garfield's old job. Herbert Knox has never quit a minute. Every time anybody said "corporation" to him he hopped up and down and delivered an oration on the predatory trusts that sounded like the explosion of a bunch of firecrackers in the middle of a Brisbane editorial. Now he is Commissioner of Corporations, and they would better watch out.

Lawrence O. Murray—not Lawrence O'Murray; he's sensitive about that—hasn't been promoted yet, nor has Gifford Pinchot, who is the forester for the country and knows his work. They were talking about Pinchot, and one of the Senators said: "It's too bad Ambassador Durand didn't resign before the President left for Panama. If he had, probably the President would have saved Great Britain the trouble of picking out a new man by appointing Gifford Pinchot to the place."

Still, Pinchot may get his billet after a while. They will have a lively time jerking James Wilson off the foundations of the Department of Agriculture; but, after they got Hitchcock, they can get anybody. Wilson has been there so long he thinks there is a section in the Constitution that guarantees him his job. If they can disabuse his mind of this, Pinchot will fit in where Wilson is, but Wilson's mind is Scotch and will take a lot of disabusing; more, perhaps, than is in stock.

Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, happened through a corridor yesterday where several of our leading statesmen were discussing the exact way for a hen to lay an egg, or some other intricate problem of economics. He smiled genially at them, but they all shrank back against the wall as if they expected him to jump in with a bolo or something like and cut them up a bit.

LaFollette is the smilingest reformer I ever saw. Most reformers are as serious as a speech by Senator Bacon, and about as useful. LaFollette runs amuck and smiles a sweet, sad smile all the time. He has been out in the country during the summer, I hear, indulging in the pleasant pastime of soaking his fellow-Senators for their derelictions, and, usually, in the home towns of the Senators with the Senator sitting on the platform, comfortably dignified, after having introduced LaFollette with a few well-chosen remarks. He did that to Nelson, and Clapp, and Hemenway, and Long, and Fulton, and others. He is sore, of course. He put in a bushel of amendments to the railroad rate bill last session and the Republicans calmly voted against all of them, except one or two, in an endeavor to teach him his proper place.

As it was, LaFollette couldn't get back in the Senate, so he went out and got back before Chautauqua circles, sandwiching in his estimates of his colleagues between the periods of his justly celebrated lecture: "Was Hamlet Mad, or Simply Vexed?"

He has mischief in his eye this session and will probably rattle a few dry bones, and when you think of the skeletons around that chamber it is plain that LaFollette can do some rattling that will sound like a set of steam castanets; but there are others there who can rattle some themselves.

After the only Apostle who ever broke into the Senate Reed Smoot—introduced LaFollette to a Salt Lake audience LaFollette smote Smoot, and that amiable Mormon had to sit and take it. He couldn't throw LaFollette out of the hall, although he probably wanted to, and LaFollette jauntily skinned the hide off the Apostle and hung it on the first stage box in full view of the audience. Of course, he will do the same thing when the Smoot case gets well under way in the Senate.

The Senate is a wonder. The more I see of it the more I admire it as a compact, gentlemanly, handy institution, that does exactly what it wants to do—no more and no less. It decided to delay the Smoot case beyond a couple of general elections, and it delayed it, notwithstanding the outside screams. Now that it is ready, the Senate will discuss Mr. Smoot and the Mormon Church. The original plot was to lambaste the Mormon Church severely, but to let Smoot finish his term. In any event, the Mormon Church will be deprecated in many long speeches. The majority of the Senate has done about all the business it cares to do with the Mormon Church, anyhow; and it can be deprecated now with no injury to the immortal principles, or prospects, of the Republican party. It is a frightful scandal, the Mormon Church, but it takes time and deliberation to find it out. Now the elections are past and Smoot has been in the Senate all the time, according to the original agreement Mark Hanna made.

Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, has announced that he intends to make a crusade against child labor this winter. Meantime, the President said at Panama he would like to have one of his sons digging on the canal. If the President means it, Beveridge will undoubtedly add a section to his child-labor law excepting the sons of Presidents from its provisions.

Uncle Shelby Cullom came back from Illinois shouting for tariff revision in a sort of a colorado-maduro whisper. Uncle Shelby is our finest example of a noiseless statesman. He is entirely too far removed from the clatter of most of the patriots to be called gum shoe. He is more than that. He is rubber-tired and ball-bearing, and he can hear a murmur farther than most persons can hear an explosion in an arsenal.

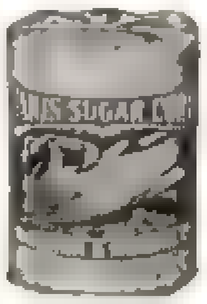
While he was compaigning this fall he cocked his ear toward the ground and the tariff-revision message he got caused him to put out a statement the day after election, saying, in his opinion, there should be a special session of Congress next spring to get the whole business of fixing up the tariff out of the way before the Presidential election in 1908. He knew there wouldn't be a special session, for there is a working agreement among all hands to do nothing with the tariff just now. The defeat of several standpatters for Congress has caused some of the leaders, I heard the Senator say, to move uneasily on the lid they are holding down. They haven't been jostled off yet and probably won't be, unless the President changes his mind and decides to cut loose on the tariff along with swollen fortunes and other things, most of which are the result of the very tariff the proletariat is trying to revise, but without the aid and consent of the tariff-makers.

Uncle Shelby is wise. He is coming back notwithstanding the cries of some people in Illinois that he is too antique. He is a nice, fatherly old chap, who doesn't put on any frills and has only one vanity, which is that he looks like Abraham Lincoln. He has a patent on that. Uncle Joe Cannon has tried to infringe several times, but Uncle Shelby has won out on points every time.

My Senator says looking like statesmen of former days is a trade that is rapidly dying out. I don't think the next generation will revive it, after sweeping an unprejudiced eye over the aggregation that is keeping the Republic off the rocks nowadays.

Pride in Production

Paris Sugar Corn

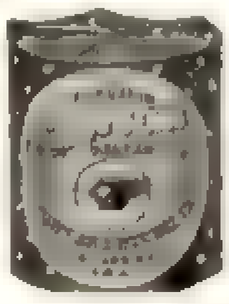


Always tender, sweet and creamy. Serve Paris Sugar Corn on your table and its superior character and flavor are at once evident. The cool Maine summers permit growing corn to retain all its goodness. Carefully harvested and put up immediately in hermetically sealed tins by the most modern and cleanly methods, Paris Sugar Corn has for many years been recognized as the highest standard of American Quality.

Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder

If you have ever enjoyed the gratifying goodness of a genuine Maine Chowder you have a good idea how delicious Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder is. Its rich, snappy flavor is imparted by the succulent white shell clam from the Maine Coast, and other fresh, appetizing materials. Scarboro Beach Clam Chowder makes every meal a success — every repast a meal.

Extra Quality Baked Beans



The irresistible "down East" flavor has made Extra Quality Baked Beans the choice of everyone who knows *good* baked beans. They are baked in New England after New England methods, and every bean is firm but soft and deliciously toothsome. A generous helping of sweet, prime, farm-raised pork gives snap to the flavor. With and without tomato sauce

Scarboro Beach Clam Juice

(Extract of Clams or Clam Bouillon)

This is pure extract of clams, unadulterated and without preservative of any sort. Makes delicious bouillon of the most nutritious and stimulating kind. Scarboro Beach Clam Juice comes from the choicest white shell Maine clams and is unequalled in quality and flavor. It should be used when positively pure clam extract is required

When you order Burnham & Morrill Co.'s canned foods from your grocer you assure yourself of [illegible] New England quality backed by modern canning methods. Absolutely free from adulterants, preservatives or impurities. **An interesting illustrated booklet, "Five Foods Ready To Serve," sent on Request.**

Burnham & Morrill Co.
Portland, Maine

SENSE AND NONSENSE

Whose Ox is Gored

I met a man with twisted leg,
And breaks and bruises seven.
"Aha!" I cried. "Hail, hero, hail!
And what is your eleven?"
"I never played the game," said he.
"Too rough it is, by far!
My auto these few scratches gave
The time I hit a car."

I met a man with ragged lip
And fingers shaped like S's.
"Are this year's rules all right?" I asked.
"You made your downs, my guess is."
"Not much!" he vowed. "I want no cuss
A-stamping on my face!
This lip you note was merely caused
By sliding to third base."

I met a man with bandaged scalp
And by a cane supported.
"A half-back you!" I smiled. "And by
The yelling side-lines courted!"
"Get out!" he said. "A brutal game;
Too tough on limbs and pates!
I simply fell the other day
While using roller skates."

I met a man whose countenance
Did quite obscure his vision.
"An Eckersall or Poe!" I cried.
"Is spoiled your leg-precision?"
"What, what!" he scowled. "That dreadful game
Of Eckersalls and Poes?
A golfer I — and some one's drive
Did chance to graze my nose."

I met a youth of gentle mien
And girlish cheeks and forehead.
"I full agree with you," I cooed,
"That football's brutal, horrid!"
He blushed; and blushing, slightly squirmed,
And voiced, in accents pale:
"Indeed? I'd hardly like to say.
I captained back at Yale."

— *Edwin L. Sabin.*

A Kid's Compositions — Mothers

A FELLERS mother is the best of everybody in the wirld every time, you bet. fathers is pretty good and sisters you can get along with if they aint two bossy and tattles when you have did rong. brothers is prety good to lick if you are biger than them. if they is littler than you you can make them mind you and not tattle like sisters whitch you cant lick they make two mutch fuss and holler and scrach like time. sumtimes little brothers tattle but not often becaus they know they will get licked. if they are two little to lick you must be more careful.

but mothers never lick you unless they have to and when they has to it hirts them wirse than it does you becaus it dont never hirt when they licks you becaus they dont never lay it on good and hard and you only holler becaus you want her to stop and you know it hirts her becaus she most always cries. so when it is over she goes off and sits down and dont say ennything for a long time and a feller jest hangs round and feels meen as time and wants to say he is sorry but sumthing wont let him say it and so he looks grumpy and goes off whisling out of tune and splits up sum kinlins and fills the wood box. then mothers always knows when a feller does that that he wants to say he is sorry and aint mad becaus she give him a licking. if a feller does this after his father has licked him his father only says i am glad you have come to your sences young man and you had aught to have did that before. but most always a feller is two bizzy rubing himself to go and fill a woodbox and he is two mad to do so and he aint sorry eether.

when a fellers mother licks him he is sorry he done it before she licks him and after she is done two and when his father licks him he is sorry he done it before he licks him but after he has got through he aint sorry a bit and he is mad enuf to do wirse things and he almost wishes his father was ded he is so mad. i never gnew a feller whitch wished his mother was ded and i gess they aint never been so meen a feller in this world.

when a feller wishes his father is ded he is sorry for it in a minit. one time when father licked me and sent me to bed and killed my best rooster becaus i fit him with Ed Toles and he licked Eds two whitch

"I am the Real Santa Claus"

"I am one of you — one of the Great American People."

"If you are in doubt about your Christmas presents let me give you my logic of Christmas buying."

"This year I am giving New England Watches because they combine the greatest amount of Christmas morning delight and genuine usefulness it is possible for me to buy."

"New England Watches cost much less than their appearance indicates but that's because every penny of their low price goes to buy only honest time-keeping value. You don't have to pay the extra cost of the Jewelry value of the ordinary expensive watch."

"They suit my purse and my practical disposition and are guaranteed to please my friends with every necessary watch merit — beauty — durability — and above all, accuracy."

No. 9681 10 Kt. Gold Filled. Price $7.50

No. 10175 10 Kt. Gold Filled Price $11 25, without monogram

New England

"The Watch for the Great American People."

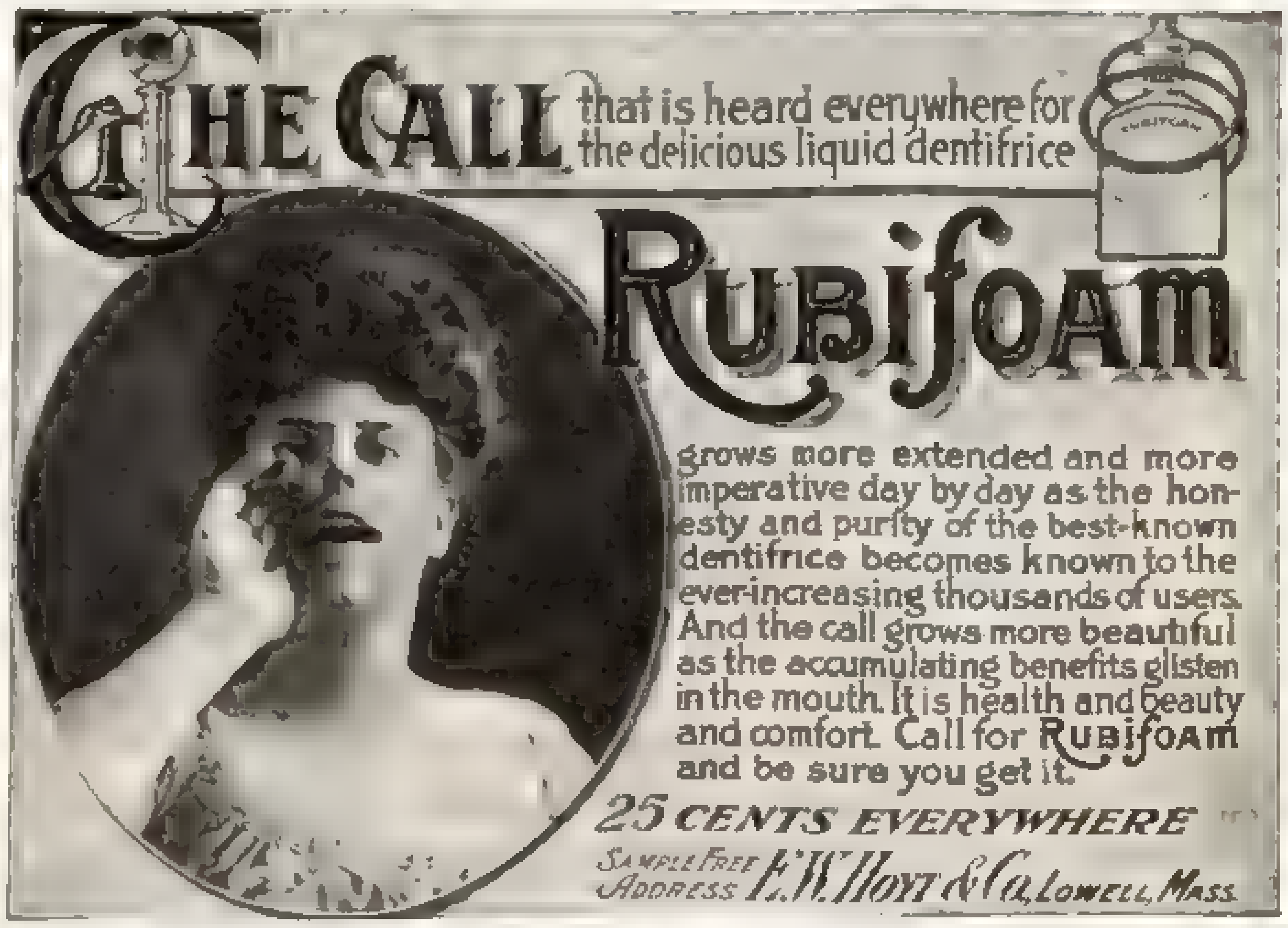
$5 to $36.

Every penny a New England Watch costs is *there* in time keeping qualities and [illegible] service.

New England Watches have [illegible] value at their low prices because for 26 years we have been [illegible] down [illegible] because a [illegible] output [illegible] means a low cost for each individual watch. Because we are specialists — our every energy — every facility going exclusively into the economical building of real watch service.

Ask your jeweler to show you New England Watches. If he doesn't keep them just give us his name and address and we will send you a free copy of a handsome and instructive book — the Blue Book of Watches for Ladies or [illegible] book of Watches for Men. Write us today for the book you want and we will make it easy for you to examine, test and if pleased to buy a New England Watch. Don't forget to give us your jeweler's name.

NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.,
32 Maiden Lane, NEW YORK



THE CALL that is heard everywhere for the delicious liquid dentifrice

RUBIFOAM

grows more extended and more imperative day by day as the honesty and purity of the best-known dentifrice becomes known to the ever-increasing thousands of users. And the call grows more beautiful as the accumulating benefits glisten in the mouth. It is health and beauty and comfort. Call for RUBIFOAM and be sure you get it.

25 CENTS EVERYWHERE

SAMPLE FREE ADDRESS E. W. HOYT & CO., LOWELL, MASS.

—Heating-Ventilating-Plumbing—

offer a practical field of work to the ambitious young man. In this day of the modern sky-scrapers the work is reduced to an exact science. Why [illegible] take the first step to a better paying position? Mention [illegible] and we [illegible] free our 200-page hand book describing our 60 courses.

ENGINEERING

Let us prove at our expense that we can help you.
American School of Correspondence, Chicago, Ill
— Mention Sat. Eve. Post, Dec. 15 —

Calling Cards as Gifts

are inexpensive, yet contain every element of refined taste and are always appreciated. Send $[illegible] with name [illegible] for 50 finest grade calling cards hand engraved from plate in script and neatly packed in [illegible] box. Or let us submit sample, with other styles.

The Mark of Elegant Quality

HOSKINS
ENGRAVING [illegible]
904 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia

Why Waste More Thought?
There is but one "best."
buy an
AUTOMATIC SELF-FILLING
MODERN FOUNTAIN PEN
and be content
Cleanly-Labor-saving-
Up-to-date to the minute.

Made by the Modern Makers A. A. WATERMAN & CO. of New York and for Sale by All Modern Dealers.
Selling Agent to the Trade – MODERN PEN CO – 22 Thames St., New York
If your dealer does not carry a [illegible] $2 to $5

Why Not Try a Made-to-Order Suit

Ours cost less than the ready-made kind and they are original and exclusive in design.

WE SEND FREE Our Winter Style Book showing the latest New York fashions and [illegible] of the newest materials and complete directions for taking your measurements correctly. You make your selections from our Style Book and samples and we make your garment exactly as you wish. ORDERS FILLED IN ONE WEEK

We guarantee to fit you and satisfy you in every way, or promptly refund your money

CLOAKS and SUITS MADE TO ORDER $6 to $25

Our Style Book Illustrates and Describes

VISITING COSTUMES . .	$6.00 to $20
TAILOR-MADE SUITS . .	$7.50 to $25
STYLISH SKIRTS . . .	$3.50 to $15
WINTER COATS	$6.50 to $25
ULSTERS and RAIN COATS .	$8.75 to $20

We PREPAY EXPRESS CHARGES to any part of the United States which means a big saving to you.

We Send Free to any part of [illegible] our Winter Book of New York Fashions, showing the latest styles [illegible] copyrighted Measurement Chart [illegible] Samples of [illegible]

WRITE TO DAY, you will receive them by return mail

National Cloak & Suit Co.
119 and 121 West 23d Street, New York
Mail Orders Only. No Agents or Branches. Est. 18 Yrs

A Dustless Sweep WITH PEROLIN

For Homes, Stores, Offices, Churches, Schools, Theaters, Hospitals and Public Buildings. Sweep without raising a particle of dust. Perolin absorbs ALL the dust from floors, carpets and rugs—

Kills Disease Germs

destroys moth, brightens and renews the life of rugs and carpets. Fine for cement floors. [illegible] A sample can of Perolin will **prove** its unique value to your complete satisfaction.

School Superintendents

should investigate its sanitary properties. Put up in 25c and 50c cans for home use, 10 [illegible] and 50 lb. drums for stores, schools [illegible] Made [illegible] formula by the Perolin Co. of America. If your dealer cannot supply you, send to us for samples and price list.

THE PEROLIN CO.,
Distributors,
Marshalltown,
Iowa.

KILLS ALL GERMS PURIFIES THE AIR

New Books Worth Having

Ventriloquism By Charles H. Olis

Although always a delightful form of entertainment, Ventriloquism is to most of us more or less of a mystery. It need be so no longer. This book exposes the secrets of the art completely, and shows how almost any one can learn to "throw the voice," both near and far. Directions for the construction of automatons are given, as well as good dialogue for their successful operation. Mr. Olis makes the subject a most fascinating one. Fully illustrated.

Journalism By Charles H. Olis

What is news? How is it obtained, how handled, and how can one become a Journalist? These questions are all answered, and [illegible] detailed instructions are given for [illegible] a position and writing up all kinds of "assignments." It shows what to avoid and what to cultivate and contains chapters on book reviewing, dramatic criticism, and proofreading. The aim throughout is to be practical. The book is as good as some years' actual experience in journalism.

Cloth binding, each, 50 Cents
Sold by all Booksellers, or mailed for the price
The Penn Publishing Company
921 Arch St., Philadelphia

had aught to have made a diference but it dident i wished he was ded and said it rite out to Ed. well the next day the trane run of the track that father was on and when we herd of it i was nearly crasy i was so scat and i thougt what i had said. well bimeby we herd that it only killed a horse and a wagon whitch was crosing the track and we felt better. it wasent the trane that father was on eether. eenyway it learnt me a lesson never to wish your father is ded.

when a feller is sick he dont holler for his father unless he wants to be carried up stairs but he hollers for his mother every time you bet. she holds a fellers head over the basin and if he spils on the floor she dont get mad but jest keeps on holding til he feels beter and if he is sick all nite she sits up in a chair and gets him things and rubs his head and dont fall asleep onct. and when he wakes up she is always ready to give him his medicin and sum gelly to take the taist out of his mouth and she gumps up to help him every time he wants to tern over and have a wet towil on his hed. sumtimes when a feller is dredful sick and your life is dispared of and a fellers mother has been up 3 nites in secession your father trys to set up and wach. so he sets in a big chair and every time you wake up he is aslepe in his chair and when you ask for a drink of water he wakes up sudden and most bobs his head of he is so slepy. and when he brings a feller a drink he most always spils it down a fellers neck, whitch is daingerus when a feller is dying of dizeeze.

when a feller is getting well he is cross as time and wants chicken broth and gelly and oranges and tost and his mother always makes it for him and lets the other fellers come in and see him and raps him up and sets him under a tree in the garden and reads to him. and when he goes back to school she helps him do his sums becaus he is behine in his class and dont get mad when a feller dont understand the ferst time. if a fellers father tries to help him in his sums he gits mad rite of and says aint you got enny branes at all i never see such a numhead in my life and then if you dont understand he gives you a bat on the head and says it aint enny use.

sum fellers is prety tuf but no feller will ever say ennything agenst another fellers mother. if he does enny other feller wood lam him and woodent never speak to him agen. they is a peace in the fifth reader whitch all the fellers like to read. they is a lot of old gnites whitch was drinking in helth of their ladies. eech one wood tell the name of his lady and then they wood all drink wine. bimeby they was a gnite whitch said his lady was one whitch loved him more than the other gnites ladies loved them. then the gnites got feerful mad and drawed there swords and said they wood lam the head of of him and dassed him to tell the name of his lady. then he said it was his mother and then they put up there swords and shook hands with the gnite and drank the helth of the gnites mother. that is the way all fellers had aught to feel about there mothers and i gess all of them do two.

—*Henry A. Shute.*

The Wrong Selection

As NICHOLAS DOUTY, the song-composer, was sitting in his studio in Philadelphia the other day, the telephone bell rang and, upon Mr. Douty's answering the call, a man whom he did not know asked:

"Will you be good enough to sing a solo of some appropriate sort at Mr. B——'s funeral at the —— church to-morrow morning at ten-thirty?"

Mr. Douty was no more acquainted with Mr. B—— than with the stranger who asked the favor, but he is an obliging man, and so said he would sing as requested, whereupon the stranger rang off.

The musician had just looked through his music and made a selection, when the 'phone again summoned him, and the same voice asked:

"By the way, Mr. Douty, do you mind telling me what it is that you have so kindly consented to sing to-morrow at the funeral?"

"Not at all," said Mr. Douty. "I have just looked over my music and decided to sing a very pretty setting which I have to Tennyson's Crossing the Bar."

There came an explosion from the friend of the deceased.

"Good Heavens!" cried the unknown. "Don't think of singing that! Didn't you know that Mr. B—— was a saloon-keeper?"

"Fancy Dress Card Parties"

YOU need no longer worry about entertaining. We will tell you how to entertain with Congress Cards in so many novel ways that the interest and enjoyment of each entertainment will never flag for a moment.

All we ask, in return, is that you will try Congress Cards.

For we know that if you do try Congress Cards you will never play with any others.

Congress Cards are not ordinary cards.

You find in them a quality, an exclusiveness, thoroughly in harmony with refined surroundings.

They have magnetic playing qualities which make them a most suitable basis for your entertaining.

That is why your guests, once seated with crisp new packs of Congress Cards, will entertain themselves.

And now for novelty in your entertainments we have published a book, "Entertaining with Cards."

Among the many entertainments fully described in this book are:

"Fancy Dress Card Parties"

(Historical Card Party, Shakespearean Card Party, Dickens Card Party, Masquerade Party.)

[illegible] Invitations for a Shakespearean Card Party may read:

[illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Richard Smith
greeting

"[illegible]" —*Hamlet*

[illegible] our house
I must appear in other ways than words
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.
—*Merchant of Venice*

"Say, what abridgment
Have you for this evening?"—*Midsummer Night's Dream*
"What will be the pastime — passing excellent."
—*Taming of the Shrew*

"If [illegible] you to come
[illegible]
April twenty [illegible] Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Brown

"Tally Cards may be decorated with pen or brush Stratford scenes, or with illustrations of scenes from Shakespeare's plays."

Prizes, favors, appropriate and inexpensive decorations, costumes, menus, etc., are easily arranged by following the directions in this book.

Under the same heading of "Fancy Dress Card Parties" the book describes celebrations in honor of our Presidents in rotation; Masquerade Card Parties, etc. The cards in keeping with the spirit of these entertainments are *Congress Cards* with *In Old Madrid, Parisian, George Washington, Chefoo, Minuet, Pocahontas,* and other fancy costume backs.

Congress Cards

The backs of Congress Cards are miniature art gems reproduced from exclusive paintings and so beautiful that they are often framed.

You have over one hundred designs, subjects and decorative schemes to choose from — all in the richest colors and gold.

The faces of Congress Cards are distinctly printed and the corner indexes are large — legible.

Congress Cards are perfectly uniform in size and thickness, edges smooth and even, and finished with pure burnished gold-leaf.

They are smooth, slippery and snappy, with a dealing and playing quality that puts vim into any card game.

They "feel" good to your hands and you appreciate their quality the minute you run them through your fingers.

Sample pack, prepaid, 50 cents, if your dealer will not supply the back you want. Send us three two-cent stamps to [illegible] expenses or the seal which fastens the outside wrapper of Congress Cards, and we will send book and illustrations of all Congress designs.

We will send you a handsome pack of cards if you will suggest any new and suitable form of card entertainment, or any novel feature for card parties not found in our book.

The U. S. Playing Card Co., Station W, Cincinnati, Ohio

Copyright, 1900-01-04-05-06, by The U. S. Playing Card Co.

WATER MARK **COUPON BOND** WATER MARK

Dear Mr. Hughes,-

You are right--medium is as forceful as matter. This letter, for example, would gain 50% in attractiveness if written on COUPON BOND paper. Yes, COUPON BOND costs more than common correspondence paper--and is worth it!

COUPON BOND is crisp and business-like; its strength is astonishing; you can tell it by the feel, before looking for the water-mark.

With kind regards, truly yours,
AMERICAN WRITING PAPER CO., HOLYOKE, MASS.

N. B. We want every business man to have a sample book showing weights and colors.

"Floating the Battery on the Line" is a term which means charging a battery while the battery is giving off current. **The Apple Ignition System** works on this principle. The Apple Battery Charger furnishes a current for charging storage batteries at the same time and rate that the batteries give off current, thus increasing the battery's efficiency, lengthening its life and saving charging expense incurred otherwise.

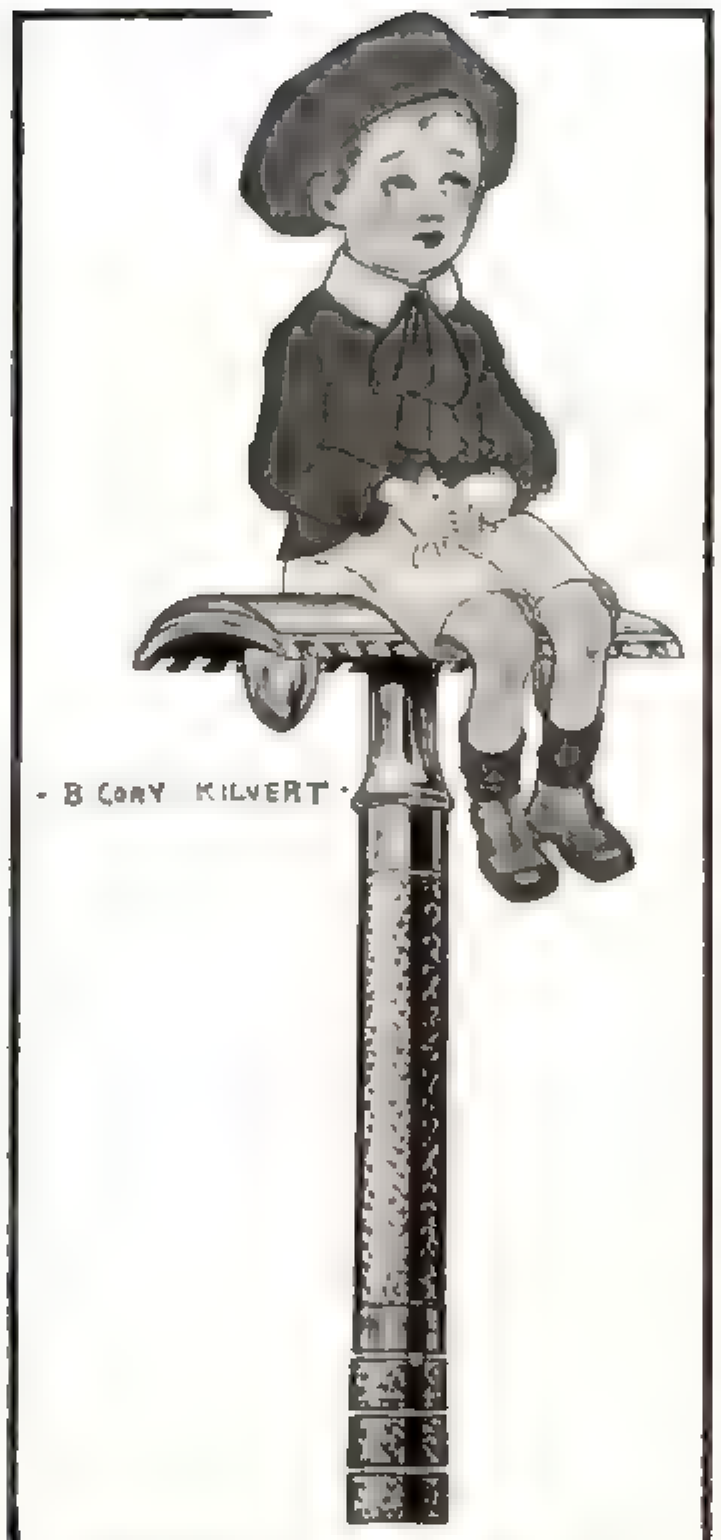
See us at both N. Y. Auto Shows

The Dayton Electrical Mfg. Co., 123 St. Clair St., Dayton, Ohio

4 HARDY EVERGREENS

To prove they are healthy and vigorous we'll give **Four Trees** 3 yrs. old to property owners. Mailing expense 5c. A postal will bring them and our catalog with 64 colored plates. Write today.

THE GARDNER NURSERY CO.,
Box 723, Osage, Iowa.



Have You a Little "Shaver" In Your Home?

We mean a

Gillette Safety Razor

of course —

(With apologies to FAIRY SOAP

No Stropping, No Honing — Just Lather and Shave!

THERE are a good many reasons why there should be a Gillette in your home. In the first place "he" ought to shave himself and you ought to see that he does. There are many reasons why — and none in favor of the barber shop habit except a mistaken feeling that it is easier that way. It used to be, possibly, but that was before the Gillette came.

A GILLETTE Safety Razor and the twelve double-edged blades that come with it will solve your shaving problem for months to come. Each blade will give from 20 to 40 clean shaves of comfort. When at last it commences to "pull" a little throw away the blade like an old pen, and slip in a new one. The razor itself will last a life time — extra blades cost about 2 cents a week — 50 cents for package of ten.

If your dealer doesn't keep them, send us $5 for standard "triple silver" plated set in handsome velvet-lined leather covered case. If after 30 days' trial you are not satisfied we will refund your money.

WE HAVE bought the entire edition of "Science of Shaving," a new work, the best text book ever written, we believe, on the care of the face and its relation to shaving. It is worth a good deal to every man who shaves or lets others shave him — no matter how much he thinks he knows about it already. Fully illustrated with photographs and drawings.

In the first thousand copies of the edition we have added some pages about the Gillette Safety Razor with pictures and prices of the different styles. While the first edition lasts, a postal card will bring you one free, with our compliments.

SCIENCE
of
SHAVING

Send for this Book To-day!

A copy will be mailed free to any man who cares for his face or his feelings or to any woman who cares for the face or the feelings of any man

GILLETTE SALES COMPANY
206 Times Bldg., New York

Getting Results

THE man who can get results is sure in a business way to succeed. In the strenuous competition of to-day hustling counts, but sometimes there is an ability higher and more important than hard work. Ideas yield better returns than misdirected activity or ceaseless effort along old lines. The evolution of business is marked by radical changes that have been wrought by geniuses with new ideas.

"It is never safe to continue too long in old, beaten pathways," said a shrewd business man. "Thousands meet their Waterloo annually on that road. Get out of the main line and strike out for something new. That is the life of business as it is the spice of life."

Then continuing in a reminiscent mood, the speaker gave this chapter from the book of his own life

"I got my present start in life from a hint dropped by a newspaper reporter. He had been a great friend of mine. One day I met him, and he greeted me with this information:

"'Gee! I'm up against it. I've got to hunt up ex-Congressman S—— and get an interview from him. I don't know whether he's in this country or Europe, and he's never given an interview in his life to a reporter.'

"'But how can you do it?' I gasped in sympathy.

"'Don't know, but I'll do it, or the old man will drop me. I'll have to invent a flying machine probably to find him, and then kidnap him to get the interview. But I'll do it!'

"And he did. I read the interview, and later learned the peculiar way in which he accomplished his task. He literally made circumstances to suit the emergency. It is unnecessary to go into the details, but the work made me think. I was up against it too. I had been out of a job for weeks and was pretty down in the mouth. I wanted work the worst way, and I wanted it with a good house where there was a chance of advancement. There was Williams & Snelling, who made the life of a successful salesman a pleasant dream. If I could make them believe in me I would be fixed for life.

"'Suppose now,' I reasoned to myself, 'I were a reporter, and I should be ordered by my chief to get a job from Williams & Snelling. How should I go about it?' I studied hard over the problem, and by the following morning had made up my mind that I would adopt a new plan.

"I called on the firm and demanded to see the senior partner. My business was important, and I would state it to no one else. It took a little bluffing to secure the interview, but finally I was ushered into an inner office. The senior partner of the big firm was a man of few words, but his keen eye seemed to take me in at a glance. I'm not sure but he suspected I might be a crank and carried concealed weapons. But I was neatly dressed, and not a bad-looking man.

"'Well?' was the query as I entered. 'What can I do for you?'

"'Nothing, Mr. Snelling,' I replied with a broad smile; 'I've come to do something for you.'

"The man's eyebrows were raised at this unsual announcement, and, without waiting for him to reply, I continued:

"'I've been examining some of the samples of your new cereal food which I understand has been placed on the market but has never been pushed. I don't understand why it hasn't sold better, for it is good — very good. I've tried it — eaten it for a week past. But the public doesn't know of its virtues. The grocers don't push it, and ——'

"'No, but if you're an advertising agent we don't care to take up the subject. We're not going to put any more money in it.'

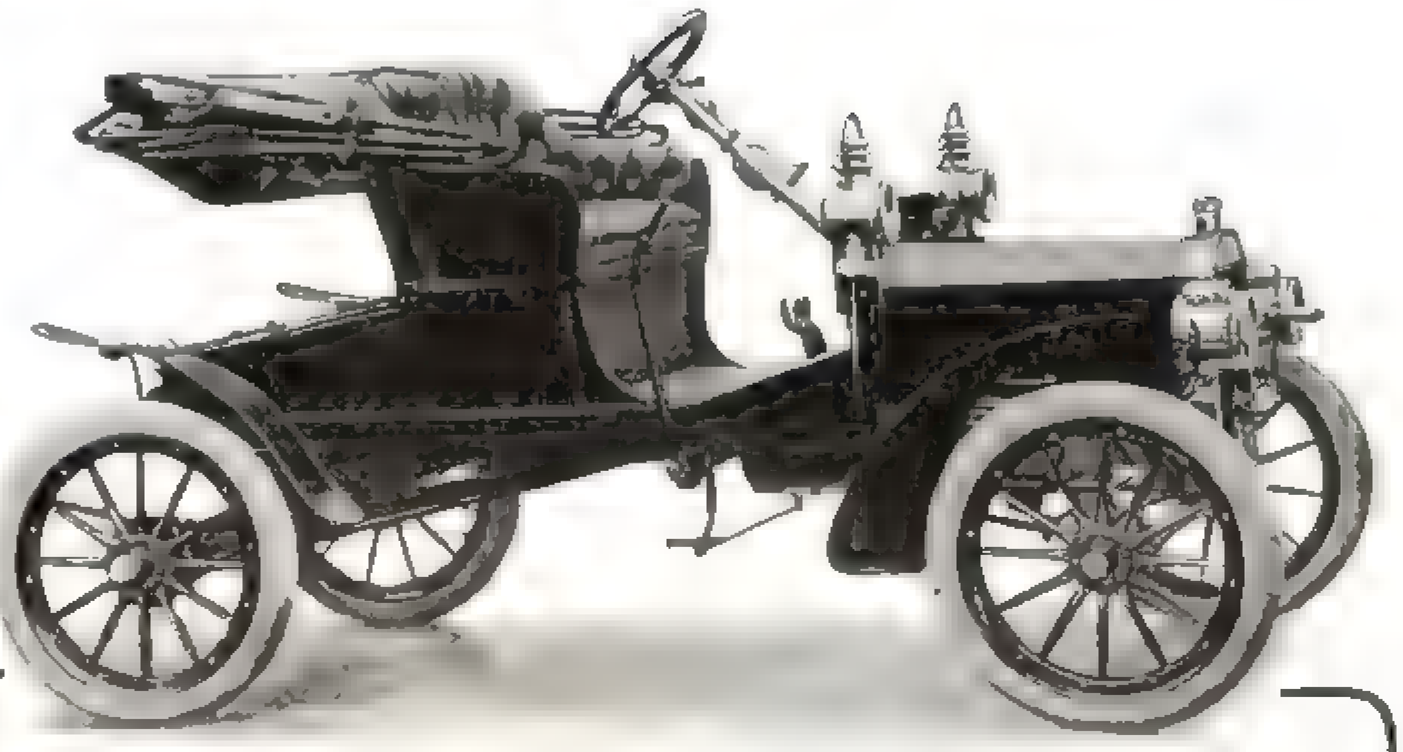
"There was an annoyed and impatient ring to the voice.

"'I'm not an advertising man,' I replied quietly, 'and I haven't come to ask favors. I only want to sell your patent cereal food.'

"'We've all the agents in the field we need,' was the next interruption.

"'Then you don't wish to take my orders?' I asked in surprise. 'You wish to turn down my customers?'

"The man was suddenly interested, and showed it in his face.



FORD FOUR-CYLINDER $500.00 Runabout

The Sensation of the Automobile World

DELIVERIES NOW

The Full Significance of the sensational move by the Ford Motor Company when its four-cylinder, 15 horse-power Runabout was projected, has only recently become known to the trade and buying public

The Price Created a Sensation the like of which was unprecedented in the automobile industry, and when the sample car was exhibited at last winter's shows, the company was deluged with orders sufficient to tax the capacity of the plant for several months

But the Quality of the Car as demonstrated in the hands of owners has set the automobile world by the ears. It had been said that at the price it could not be well made; would be too flimsy to withstand rough usage on country roads — that its own power would be too great for it. Ford's long and extensive experience was not sufficiently taken into account. Nor could his motive and ambition in turning out such a car at such a price be understood by others. Let's see: —

In Every Hill-Climbing Contest in which this wonderful car has been entered it has been the sensation of the meet — flying up grades on the high gear that 40 and 50 H. P. cars labored up on second. At Denver it was the only car to make the entire climb on high — cars of 40 H. P. failed in this test. At Rochester, N. Y., it "trimmed" everything in its class and then added to its triumphs by defeating ten cars ranging from 22 to 40 horse-power.

On the Race Track stock cars of this model have not only defeated but actually lapped every other car in its class — and it is yet to be defeated by any car of less than $1,000 or less than 22 horse-power

Cross Country Tours by private owners with new cars right out of the factory, ranging from 300 to 1,200 miles, have been made "without touching a wrench to the car or removing a spark plug."

Built for Hard Service and rough usage, its lightness is its greatest strength — because that lightness is obtained only by the use of the best materials procurable. It has strength, power and speed to meet all demands under any possible conditions. An ideal business man's or doctor's runabout or ladies' shopping car

---

Ford Model "N" Runabout — Four-cylinder, vertical motor under hood at front — water cooled — direct drive — all working parts enclosed, running in oil bath — 15 H. P. — weight 1,000 pounds — not a malleable casting used for any working part in the entire car — steel stampings, pressed steel and steel drop forgings; that's the secret of its weight (1,000 lbs.) and great strength — the price is made possible by the quantities — 10,000 cars now under way

We Can Accept Orders Now for immediate delivery — we cannot promise for next spring; indications are we will be in the same position in April and May as we were this season — swamped with orders for months in advance. That's your cue!

Wire your order — will deliver for Christmas

FORD MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Member American Motor Car Manufacturers' Association

BRANCHES

147-149-151-153 Columbus Ave., Boston; 1721-23 Broadway, New York; 727 Main St., Buffalo; Broad and Buttonwood Sts., Philadelphia; 1444 Michigan Ave., Chicago; 1913 S. E. Euclid Ave., Cleveland, and 318-320 E. 11th St., Kansas City

CANADIAN TRADE supplied by Ford Motor Company of Canada, Ltd., Walkerville, Ontario

Sure Profits!

You can start a business of your own—simple, certain and profitable in any locality, and with a trifling outlay for machinery!

Concrete Building Blocks are replacing brick, stone and lumber everywhere because more durable, ornamental and cheaper. May be manufactured *anywhere* at half the cost of brick, and yet pay the manufacturer a profit of one hundred per cent!

IDEAL

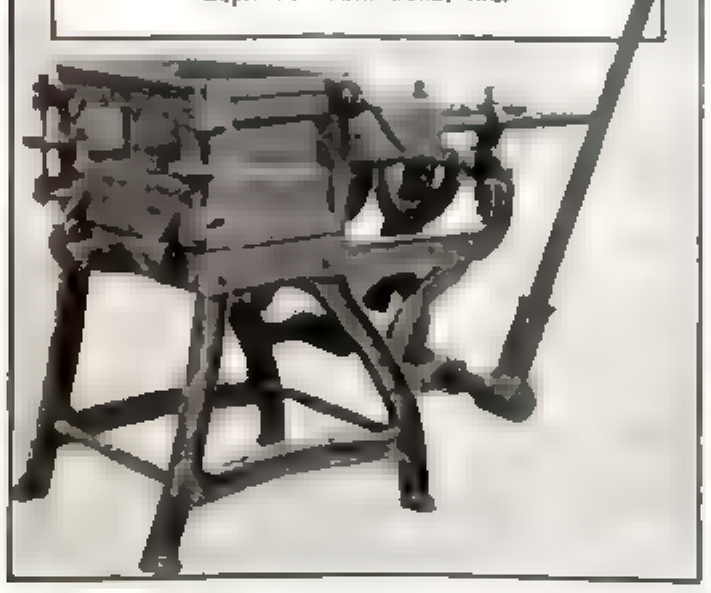
Concrete Machines

assure a business of wonderful profits to any man, without the necessity of previous experience. [illegible] starting [illegible] total, and [illegible] as desired.

The Ideal Concrete Machine is simple, [illegible] and adaptable. Has no cogs, [illegible], wheels or gears to wear out [illegible] post, very last a lifetime. Makes blocks with plain, tooled or ornamental face, or natural stone effect.

Write for catalogue and complete details of the [illegible] business for the man with [illegible] free [illegible]

Ideal Concrete Machinery Co.,
Dept. B. South Bend, Ind.



On Almost every GOOD Car
You'll see

PREST-O-LITE

Contains ready-generated Acetylene Gas ready for use at any time at the turn of the key

Forty hours light at the turn of a key.
Tanks last FOREVER.
No Bother. No Trouble.
No Carbide. No Water.
No Dust.
Just pure white light at the turn of a key.

[illegible]

THE PREST-O-LITE CO., Dept. 20, Indianapolis, Ind.

"'You wish to buy some of the cereal food?' he asked.

"'I wish to order some for my customers,' I answered. 'I have a list of twenty stores here—all good customers of mine, and with good credit. Inspect the list yourself.'

"I shoved a list of well-known grocers in the city before him. He glanced over it, and remarked:

"'Yes, they're customers of ours, but they've never shown a disposition to push this cereal food. They took one order six months ago, but they never renewed it.'

"'But they take what I recommend,' I added suavely. 'Your agents have not apparently approached them in the right way. Then you will fill these orders, allowing me the usual commission?'

"'Why, certainly. We try to oblige our customers; and you—you sell to them too?'

"'I not only sell to them,' I answered boldly, 'but I secure special window displays. This cereal food will be exhibited and pushed with energy. If you care to add an extra case for window display I will see that it is properly shown.'

"There was little more trouble in bringing the business to a close. Any house is willing and anxious to fill orders. Everything was satisfactorily arranged for the shipment of the goods, and, as the stores on my list had a good credit with Williams & Snelling, the usual thirty days' credit was given. I left the place after a warm shake of the senior partner's hands.

"When I walked from the store I was not particularly elated. I was more startled at my audacity than at my success, for the first step in the process was easier than the second. It is much simpler to order goods than to sell them. And I had ordered forty cases of cereal food without an order from my prospective purchasers.

"After that I did some quick work. I approached the first groceryman on my list with some trepidation. It was a first-class store, catering to an exclusive trade.

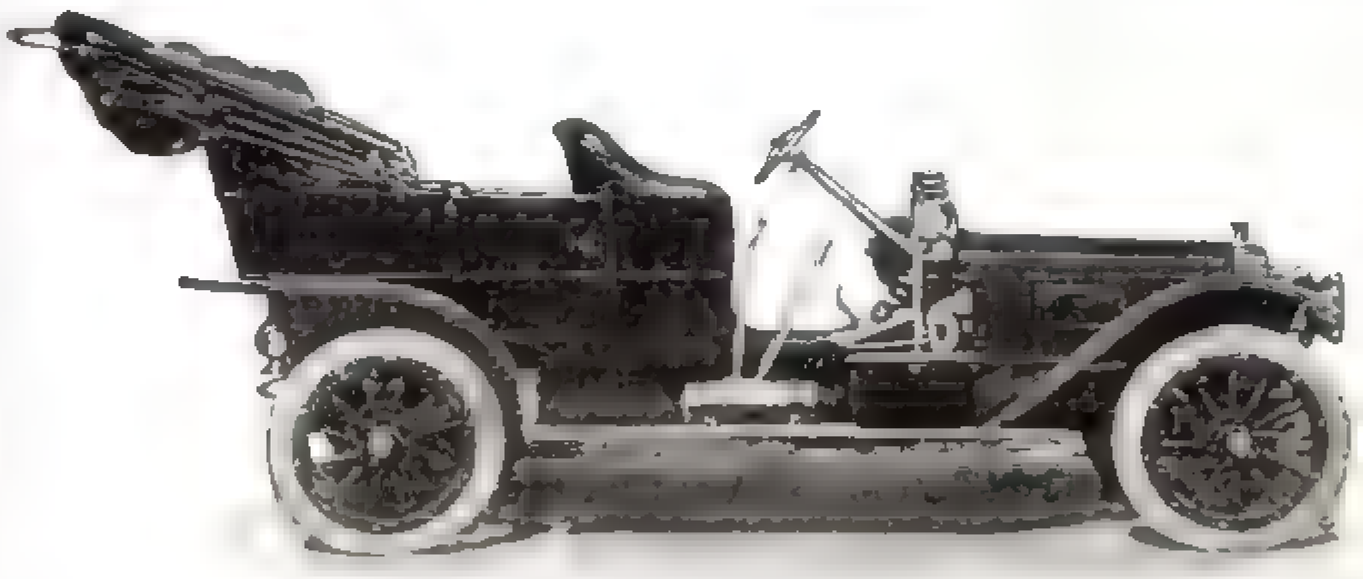
"'Mr. Smith,' I said, addressing the proprietor, 'I'm from Williams & Snelling, and they have selected you for making a window display of their new cereal food. Can I secure the rent of your show window for this purpose for $10 a week? They will ship two cases of the food here for exhibit. I must dress the window myself with the goods, and will pay you the $10 down. The bill will be shipped with the goods, with thirty days' credit, but after the end of that time they will deduct from it any amount left unsold.'

"There was no hesitancy on the part of Mr. Smith to accept this offer. The rent of the window was made, and I paid the $10 down. I found equally good results with the other stores. At the end of the day I was $200 out of pocket, but I had twenty prominent show windows at my disposal. I spent the next few days in dressing them up artistically. Then I spent twelve hours a day in the different stores demonstrating the value and delicacy of the new cereal food. I was not surprised to find that sales grew and quickly exhausted the two cases in each store. Before the week was half over two more cases for ten of the stores had to be ordered. At the end of the week I had nearly recovered my $200 in commissions. I was working for a reputation and not for a salary, and I did not hesitate to add twenty more stores to my list for the following week.

"The sales of the goods at the old stores fell off after the window display, but they continued nearly double what they were before. The food was a good one, and customers liked it. Most of them came back for more, and this induced the grocers to keep it prominently in front. I worked like a beaver every day, turning my $200 over and over. At the end of three months I had exhausted all the reliable stores in the city, but I had established a trade which was not likely to fall off right away.

"I was not surprised, then, to receive an offer to introduce the cereal food in other cities at a good salary. Since then I have made a specialty of this sort of thing, and I have been responsible for the introduction of more new foods on the market than any living man. I have had numerous flattering offers to go with other houses. But I have not stuck to those early ideas. No, changes are continually necessary in any business, and I merely recall this one idea which gave me a start in my present career. New ideas count, especially if they are good ones."

—*G. E. W.*



FORD 6-Cylinder

Touring Car—1907 Model "K"

1907 Will Be a 6-Cylinder Year. We made that assertion just a year ago—when the Ford six-cylinder model, now known as "the car which made the fame of sixes," was first announced.

The Basis of That Statement was the knowledge that in the six-cylinder motor with cranks set at 120 degrees was obtained the "mechanical ultimate" of automobile motor design. It was based, not on a hope—a "wish that was father to the thought"—but on the mechanical fact that in six-cylinders we obtain results that are impossible of realization in any other known form of gasolene engine; beyond six we gain nothing; in less than six we have imperfection.

That We Were Right in our prediction is proven by the fact that over half the makers of Europe have succumbed to the six-cylinder demand; at least ten American makers have followed the Ford lead in this direction, and those who are not doing so find it necessary to make excuses for not keeping up with the procession.

The Success of the House of Ford from the first was based on an abiding faith in the ability of the average man to get at the truth. Every move we have made has been sensational—because it was original—was ahead of the times. Wiseacres said we would find our public unready for us. They said it when Ford built "doubles" in the "one-lunger" days. It was repeated when we built a four-cylinder touring car at a reachable price (the others were all copying our "doubles" so we moved up a step)—then again when our four-cylinder $500 runabout was announced; and the changes are still being rung on that old fallacy in its application to "sixes."

The Supremacy of Sixes lies in the total absence of vibration—this type of motor is perfectly balanced both as to torque and mechanical parts. This perfect balance makes for noiselessness. Then the impulses overlapping each other as they do, make this the most flexible motor possible—it has excess power at slow as well as at high speeds. It is lighter than it is possible to make a four-cylinder car of the same power—very little dead fly-wheel weight, smaller cylinders and other parts. It combines the silence of the electric with the flexibility of a steam engine and the economy, simplicity and greater possibilities of the gas engine.

In High Class Cars—cars of more than 35 or 40 horse power—six cylinders are here to stay. More trouble for the maker perhaps—that much less for the user. The buyer of a six-cylinder Ford has the comfortable feeling—the satisfaction—of knowing he has the best.

We Believe it is Impossible to produce a more luxurious, a more serviceable or a better car in every respect than the Ford Model "K" at any price. 40 horse power—at the wheels. Weighs 2600 pounds. 34″ x 4″ tires; wheel base 120″, tread 56″. Speed up to sixty miles with full load—down to a crawl on high gear—by throttle control alone. Chrome nickel steel used throughout—frame, shafts, gears, and other working parts. Cylinders, pistons, crank-shafts and other motor parts ground to michrometrical exactness. Seats five liberally—seven comfortably.

We are the Largest makers of six-cylinder motor cars in the world—quantity production makes our prices possible—**$2800.00.**

FORD MOTOR CO., Detroit, Mich.

Members American Motor Car Manufacturers Association.

BRANCHES:

147-149-151-153 Columbus Ave., BOSTON
1721 23 Broadway, NEW YORK
727 Main St., BUFFALO
Broad and Buttonwood Sts., PHILADELPHIA
1444 Michigan Ave., CHICAGO
1913 S. E. Euclid Ave., CLEVELAND
318 320 E. Eleventh St., KANSAS CITY

Canadian Trade Supplied by FORD MOTOR CO. OF CANADA, Ltd., Walkerville, Ontario.

Bringing in the Christmas

JELL-O

No matter what else you decide to omit, be sure to serve **Jell-O** with your Christmas dinner.

Prepared instantly by dissolving contents of one package in a pint of boiling water. When cool it will jelly and may be served immediately.

Jell-O will add greatly to the enjoyment of any dinner, and your guests will thank you for serving it.

Jell-O comes in seven flavors. The tart, snappy Cherry flavor is particularly adapted for serving with roast turkey, fowls or meats.

Approved by Pure Food Commissioners, and so stamped.

Different and better than any dessert you have ever eaten.

At grocers everywhere **10 cts.** per package.

Illustrated Recipe Book Free

showing many ways of preparing dainty desserts easily and economically from **Jell-O.**

Highest Award, Gold Medal, St. Louis, 1904.
Highest Award, Gold Medal, Portland, 1905.

Leaflet in each package, telling how to get fancy Aluminum Jelly Molds at cost of postage and packing.

The Genesee Pure Food Co.
Le Roy, N. Y.

MASPERO'S

Extra Fine Lucca Olive Oil is the first dripping before the pressing, of the choicest selected ripe olives. For forty years C. Maspero has been a recognized food expert and his name has stood for absolute purity and unexcelled quality in food products.

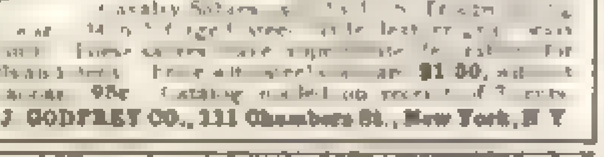
Pure Olive Oil

is nature's food and Maspero's Olive Oil is guaranteed absolutely pure and imported direct from the grower.

Tested at the United States Department of Agriculture, and by the Italian Government.

For sale by nearly all high class grocers. If your grocer does not have it, send his name and address and I will send you a sample bottle free.

C. MASPERO, IMPORTER
Dept. S, 333 Greenwich Street, New York
Pure Food Specialist and Government Expert.



HOLIDAY PRESENTS

U. S. Regulation Cavalry Sabres

These are the genuine U. S. Regulation Cavalry Sabres [illegible] $1.00, [illegible] 98c. Catalog mailed on receipt of 2 cents.

CHAS. J. GODFREY CO., 111 Chambers St., New York, N. Y.

Orient CLARK'S NINTH ANNUAL CRUISE
February 7, '07. 70 days, by chartered S. S. "Arabic," 16,000 tons.
FRANK C. CLARK, 96 BROADWAY, NEW YORK

HOW I LOST MY SAVINGS

Ten Shares Paid the Debt

OUR first nest-egg disappeared because the officers of the trust company were my personal friends. Every day I saw them, and, though there were rumors of danger, I felt the money would be safe, at least until I could buy a home.

Then one day, when Western investments which the trust company carried were found to be worthless, the house of cards fell, by direction of the bank examiner, and our money was gone.

We next tried our home building and loan association, the best plan in the world for a young couple trying to save, and in that way ten shares of stock paid the debt on our house in less than twelve years.

For two reasons the building and loan association, when conducted by honest men, offers the best chance for novices to save. First, the stockholder must lay aside a certain sum every month, and will cut down his cigars and other luxuries to enable him to make the payments. Second, he may withdraw all his money, or borrow an amount when he chooses, and keep on paying dues and interest until his stock matures.

The interest varies according to locality, it being higher in towns where money for building is in brisk demand.

—*E. L. McK.*

Restaurant Ate Up Profits

I WAS twenty-three and had eight hundred and fifty dollars saved by teaching a country school in winter and working on the farm in summer for five years, when, tiring of country life, I came to our county-seat, a city of 60,000 people, to try my luck. There I took my meals at a little restaurant which appeared very prosperous for a small place. It was crowded at noontime, and I found prices very reasonable indeed. When I became acquainted with the proprietor he offered to sell me the business for thirteen hundred and fifty dollars. He had a good lease and proved absolutely that he was clearing over one hundred and fifty dollars a month; but he wanted to go West to start a larger place.

Although I knew nothing of the restaurant business, I took him at his word, borrowed the five hundred dollars more I needed, and bought the place.

Right away things began to take on a different aspect. I had to pay good wages for a cook to do the work which this man's wife had done; I had to hire a night clerk to do the work his son had done, and, besides, I found that my employees stole from me and were wasteful. They did not have the same interest as did those working for my predecessor.

At the end of the first month I was glad to sell back to the man I had purchased from for a small part of what I had paid for the place. Later I learned that he sold that place several times each year.

—*A. L. A.*

Dividend-Paying Stock is Best

DURING the great real-estate boom in St. Paul I endeavored to save by subscribing for building and loan stock. The real-estate "madness" warped the judgment of the appraisal committees, and, later, property much shrunken in value was thrown back upon the association. I had to accept a piece of property at more than its value in payment for my stock.

In the mean time I had become inocculated with the "madness" and bought a lot which I have recently sold at about one-tenth of its cost.

My conclusions are that while building associations may be desirable in an old-established community, they are unsafe when there is a boom;

That the average member of a building and loan association is not competent to judge of realty values;

That unimproved real estate is a *speculation* and should not be confounded with property purchased for improvement.

To my mind now, the best way to save is to buy a few shares or even one share of dividend-paying industrial stock after learning all one can about the corporation and its managers—*especially its managers*—preferably a stock that is listed on the

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1907

Swift's Premium Calendar for 1907 represents three types of feminine loveliness, distinctly American.

The original pastel drawings are by J. R. Bryson, the famous colorist, and are faithfully reproduced through the employment of fifteen colors. Each panel is as near a duplicate of the original in every detail of color as is possible. The size of the Calendar is 12x35 in.

We will mail this calendar, postpaid, to any address, for 10 Wool Soap Wrappers; 1 metal cap from jar of Swift's Beef Extract, or for 10 cents in stamps or coin.

Art Plates—Three single Art Plates suitable for framing as holiday gifts, have been prepared with no advertising on them. The complete set of three will be sent postpaid for 50 cents.

Swift's Premium Hams and Bacon
Each piece branded on the rind.

Swift's Silver Leaf Lard
3, 5 and 10 pound air tight pails.

Address Swift & Company
Department 32
Stock Yards Station, Chicago, Ill.

A Christmas Gift

Which Comes Fifty-Two Times

Have you ever considered the value of a Christmas Gift that is a constant reminder of the giver for an entire year? Can you think of a present which at an expense of $1.50 will give more pleasure than a year's subscription to

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

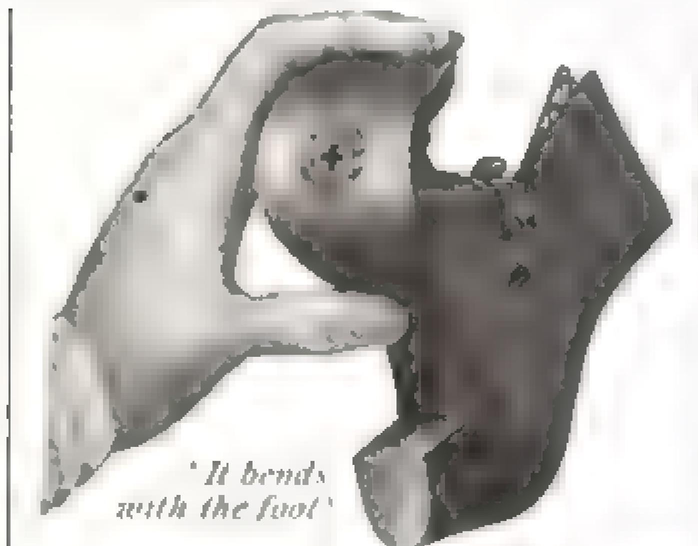
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
Philadelphia

Such a gift only COMMENCES on Christmas. It continues each week for an entire year—really fifty-two presents. To add to its attractiveness we have designed a beautiful Christmas card, printed in many colors, to be sent to each person for whom a subscription is so ordered. The card, of which this is a miniature reproduction, will bear the name of the giver and will be mailed so as to be received on December 25th. Be sure to give us your own name as well as that of the recipient.

Unless otherwise requested, the subscription will be commenced with the issue of Christmas week, but the order may be sent now, insuring prompt delivery. The card is not a premium. It is just an announcement, to be sent to persons for whom subscriptions are ordered as Christmas presents, and can be used only in that way.

The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia

"Most Comfortable Shoes I Ever Wore"


'It bends with the foot'

Women who have always suffered from their feet, women who have never been able to wear anything but thin-soled shoes and women who dreaded "breaking in" new shoes, wear

Red Cross Shoes

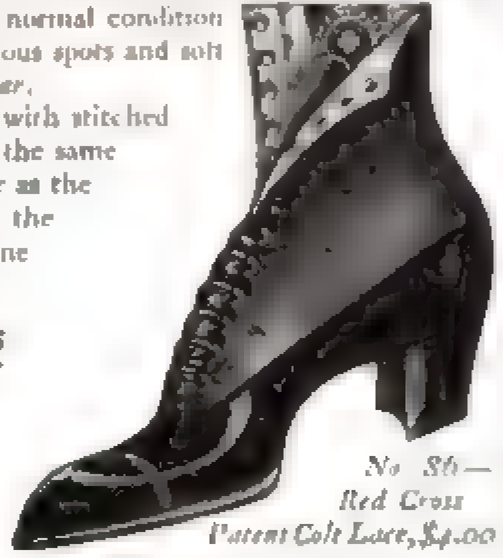
with perfect comfort *the first time they put them on.*

The sole of the Red Cross Shoe, though of regular walking thickness, is *flexible.*

Tanned by a process that takes months, it is so supple that you can *bend it double* when *new.* The Red Cross Shoe entirely prevents the burning and *aching* that other shoes cause. It instantly relieves the aching of corns, restores feet tortured with stiff soles to their normal condition—makes callous spots and soft corns *disappear.*

The heel, with stitched top, made of the same special leather as the sole, takes all the jar off the spine

Made in all styles all leathers


No. 86—Red Cross Patent Colt Lace, $4.00

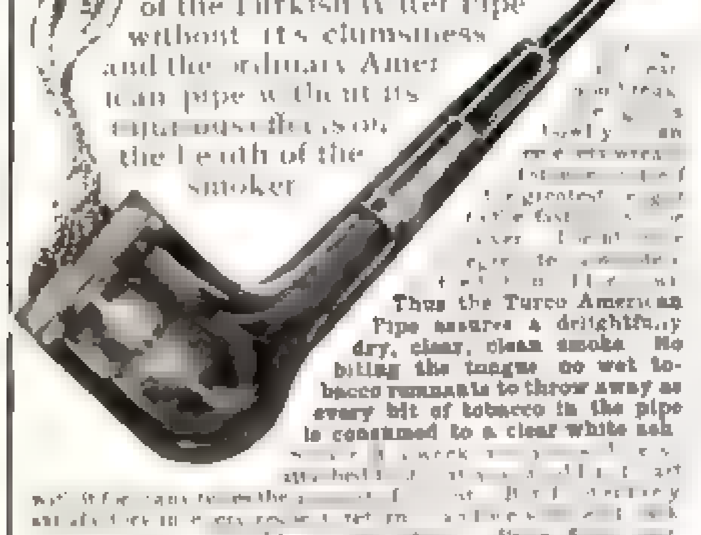
Our free book "Women To-Day," shows the importance of foot comfort to health. Write for it.

Leading dealers have the Red Cross. If yours hasn't, *don't accept a substitute.* [illegible] *name, Krohn, Fechheimer & Co.* stamped on the sole, *don't buy.* [illegible] you direct, [illegible] guaranteed. High Shoes $4.00 and $3.50, [illegible] $3.50

Krohn, Fechheimer Co.
829-839 Sycamore Street, Cincinnati

THE FAMOUS TURCO-AMERICAN GLASS PIPE

Will please any man for Christmas



It is the ideal combination of the Turkish Water Pipe without its clumsiness and the ordinary American pipe without its injurious effects on the health of the smoker [illegible]

Thus the Turco American Pipe assures a delightfully dry, clear, clean smoke. No biting the tongue, no wet tobacco remnants to throw away as every bit of tobacco in the pipe is consumed to a clear white ash [illegible] your money [illegible] paid in United States and [illegible] postage. Reference: National Bank of [illegible]

Booklet for the asking

The Turco-American Pipe Co., 241 South Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

CROOKED LEGS

appear straight when Alison Pneumatic [illegible] Light, easy, unnoticeable. Over [illegible] Booklet and testimonials free, sealed. [illegible]

THE ALISON CO., Dept. J, Buffalo, N. Y.

BIG MONEY IN POULTRY

Our big Poultry book [illegible] Tells how to start small and grow big. [illegible] Mailed for [illegible] postage

F. FOY, Box 38, Des Moines, Iowa

New York or Chicago Exchange, where its fluctuations may be watched from day to day. Any reputable broker and many banks will buy one share or more for a small commission.

When a few shares have been secured I borrow money on them at my bank and buy additional stock which will pay sufficient dividends to care for the interest on the loan. The debt is an incentive to save. By making payments on the loan I save the interest due the bank. There are several stocks such as I refer to which will net nearly seven per cent.

I make it a rule to be on hand to meet or care for my loan the day it falls due—*to establish a credit*—and the banker seems to be glad to lend me money. —*A. T.*

The Price of a Double Cross

AN AMBITION to gain by a "double-cross" method caused me to lose my savings.

I held a position as salesman for a house that sold office specialties, one of which was a device to receipt bills. This article was not patented, and I thought I might just as well reap these orders as my employers. Learning that a firm was about to place a big order for these machines I called and quoted them a high price from the house I was employed by, but later in the day had a friend call on them supposedly from an out-of-town firm who cut my price.

My friend received the order, and I began spending my savings to get out the machines. I had patent drawings made and papers filed, and resigned my position to give my time to writing up orders from the firms I had been formerly selling for my employers. I knew what prices they paid and was well acquainted with the buyers. I thus secured many orders at the cut figure I gave.

The crisis came when I began delivering machines. My former employer heard of the trick, and in every office where I had taken orders he offered to put in machines at less than cost. Without exception every order I had secured was canceled. Every cent I had in the world was wrapped up in those machines. I sought to scare my prospective customers into acceptance by threat of law, but they refused to take them. I secretly learned that my former employer stood ready to back them in any lawsuit started. So, as I was entirely out of funds, I was compelled to quit. All I had to show for my nine hundred dollars was a pile of worthless machines and a lesson. The patent papers, too, were rejected.

All in all, I don't regret the experience. It was a valuable lesson. —*A. P.*

The Best Man Wins

BLANK, a builder, who placed most of his real-estate business with a personal friend, Mr. W. J. Stewart, was completing a row of six houses to sell for six thousand dollars each. I was fortunate to put through a good real-estate trade for him, and I spoke to him about these new houses. Blank liked me and agreed finally to let me handle them in competition with Stewart. I watched the course of construction very closely, and one Saturday night placed a large sign before the houses, and ran a cut of the houses in a big display advertisement in every paper in town Sunday morning. Before Stewart knew it I had sold two of the houses.

But the very next morning, Monday, Blank 'phoned me that he had sold the remaining four houses. I hurried around to his office. There he told me that Stewart had just left him, after making a deposit of one hundred dollars on each of the remaining houses, said deposit to apply on purchase price, and the sale to be closed within forty-five days, or else the deposit to be forfeited. I saw through Stewart's scheme at once, but could do nothing to prevent it, and within fourteen days he sold all the remaining houses.

Since the above occurred I have tried Stewart's plan many times. And, though judgment has to be used, in order not to load up with unsalable property, I have been very successful. —*V. W. P.*

Victorias
Anna Held

What Makes Tobacco Good to Smoke?

Have you ever looked into this cigar question far enough to learn what makes tobacco good to smoke?

"Good tobacco" most smokers would probably say.

Good tobacco is necessary to begin with. But there is something more. Ripe tobacco could no more be smoked when it is cut from the plant than could a ripe cabbage leaf. Delicate, refining processes have to be employed to entirely convert the leaf and bring out the exquisite essential oils that give tobacco its aroma and savor. If these processes are left to careless or inexperienced hands the tobacco may be ruined.

An immense and exclusive system of "stemmeries" has been constructed by the American Cigar Co. to take the tobacco leaf at the point where under ordinary methods it is sent to the cigar-maker to be made into cigars. In the "stemmeries" every bit of leaf is subjected to new scientific processes of refining and blending which are entirely unknown to other manufacturers.

You can get a good idea of their importance to *you*, by comparing any product of these new methods [distinguished by the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark] with cigars at the same price made by any other manufacturer.

Chancellor
MERIT
MARK
Buck

The business of the American Cigar Co. has been based upon conscientious and painstaking effort to give the smokers of this country cigars made up not only of the finest tobacco, properly cured, aged and blended, but delivered to them in ideal condition.

To unmistakably identify all the product of its new, exclusive methods the American Cigar Company adopted this "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark. To be sure of getting satisfaction and the best value in all cigar purchases the smoker need attend to three simple details:

First—Look for the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark on the box whenever and wherever he buys.

Second—Be sure the dealer from whom he buys his cigars keeps them in proper condition.

Third—Study his own individual tastes by trying various brands among the many bearing the "▲" (Triangle A) merit mark until he finds what exactly suits him in shape, size, color, strength, aroma, flavor and price. When *his* brand has been found he may be sure that it will always be uniform in quality.

No one cigar is expected to suit all tastes.

Among the "Triangle A" Brands each smoker is sure to find the cigar he wants. The list is so long that only a few of the more prominent can be mentioned here:

The New Cremo (Victoria), Anna Held, George W. Childs (Cabinets), Buck, Spanaflora, Tarita, Stickney's New Tariff, Cubanola. The Continental (10c and 4 for 25c), Chancellor (10c), Caswell Club (10c), Orlando (10c), Royal Bengals (Little Cigars, 10 for 15c). The Unico, Benefactor, Captain Marryat, Roxboro, General Braddock. And the Palma de Cuba and Isle of Pines.

Book of Complete Cigar Information Sent Free

Every smoker should be thoroughly informed concerning cigar qualities and cigar values for his own protection. Our booklet "A Square Deal for Every Cigar Smoker" gives facts you'll be glad to know—information that is worth money to you. A postal request will bring you a copy. Send for it today.

Dept. "B"
American Cigar Co.
111 Fifth Avenue
New York

Benefactor
Continental

Getting the right perspective is vital. If you decide against buying OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND for your correspondence, because the quantity of letterheads you use seems to demand a cheaper paper, you have lost the perspective.

It's the man who receives the letter, rather than the one sending it, who must be considered. He sees but ONE of the many, and in that one is contained the story of yourself and your business. That's why you ought to use

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND

"Look for the Water Mark"

OLD HAMPSHIRE BOND is "made a little better than seems necessary" and is used to carry earnest, sincere messages from men who take pride in themselves and their business. A handsome specimen book showing the paper may be had by writing us on your letterhead

Hampshire Paper Company

The only paper makers in the world making bond paper exclusively

South Hadley Falls, Massachusetts

Old Hampshire Bond

In a few years a pen-and-ink bill or statement will be as great a curiosity as a long-hand business letter is today.

The New Tri-Chrome Smith Premier Typewriter

which writes purple, black or red as desired, is putting this detail of bookkeeping on a business basis in all modern offices.

The price is the same as that of all Smith Premier Models

The
Smith Premier Typewriter Co.
Syracuse, N. Y.
Branch Stores Everywhere.

A REAL GIFT FOR HIM

Gold metal **suspenders** [illegible] buckles finished in gold with raised initials. $1.00 will pay for the suspenders appropriately boxed for Xmas. Our catalogue of high grade Men's Wear for the asking

R. W. BENNETT & CO.
1009 Broadway Brooklyn, N. Y.

Letters to Unsuccessful Men

(Continued from Page 9)

better find out how much you'd said before he saw any reporters."

My, but that Jim is the fly boy, unkie! I saw in a flash what he'd been up to, and what I didn't see he told me afterward. Of course, he knew about the governor's horror of publicity, and of my determination not to let anything about our differences creep into the papers. More than all else, father would have hated to have had it come out that his own son was a *bona-fide* member of a union. Of course, if I went back to Chicago and tried to help the strikers, he took a certain risk, but I reckon he'd figured it out that Rawden had so thoroughly discredited me with them, that I could never get near enough to a union man to explain, or to make him believe me if I did. But he knew that I wouldn't have any trouble about getting a hearing in a New York newspaper. Jim had figured this all out and had dropped in on half a dozen different newspaper men, told each of them that Con. Spurlock had a big financial story which was about ripe, and had given each a "special letter" that would help him get the goods. I shouldn't have let Jim do this if I'd known it, but so long as he had done it, I thought it best to lay low and see what would happen. So I explained, rather chestily, to Horton:

"Of course, I didn't send those notes; but it was done by one of my authorized agents."

The motor was run into the stable, and I was smuggled into the house through the back way. The governor was upstairs simmering, and blowing off steam at intervals. Without even a "Good-evening," or a "How are you?" he got right down to business, but I noticed that he no longer handled himself as if he were talking to a small boy.

"What have you told those reporters?"

"Nothing—yet." I shouldn't have added that yet; for I wouldn't have told those reporters a word if I'd lost the game a thousand times over, but it was dog-eat-dog with both of us.

"Will you agree not to tell them anything; not to tell any one the truth about this Chicago affair; and not to deny that you were acting as my representative when you stirred up the strike; and will you promise to stop hounding me if ——"

"By Jove, sir, that's going altogether too far—to force me to brand myself a sneak, a cur, a yellow dog like that Rawden!"

"That Rawden, as you call him, is a good and faithful servant of the house which employs him. You were a traitor to it. But that is all beside the point. Will you agree to these terms and call off your reporters?"

"And if I do?"

"I'll ring up Rawden on the long-distance and tell him to reinstate the strikers on the old basis."

"Done," I answered, starting to turn away. I felt a little choky, unkie, and wanted to get out. I wasn't very proud of myself or of my victory, and I wasn't very proud of father, either; yet if he'd shown just a glimmer of feeling for me in his eyes I'd have given in without terms. But his voice was hard as ever, as he called after me:

"One moment; I should like the reporters to see us together."

I silently acquiesced. Side by side and smiling, we entered the library where the reporters were waiting

"Good-evening, gentlemen," began the governor, all urbanity. "My son, Jack," and he nodded toward me. "Now, what's all this about?"

The reporters had been talking together, and evidently they had begun to entertain doubts as to what it was all about themselves, but their spokesman led off with:

"Why, we understand, Mr. Spurlock, that you have an important piece of news to give out ——"

The governor broke into a hearty laugh. "I'm afraid that some one has been playing a practical joke on you, gentlemen. I have absolutely nothing to say that could be of the slightest interest to the public."

"Perhaps your son," another reporter ventured, scenting a chance for something, "can tell us more about his experiences during the strike in Chicago?"

"I'm sorry," I answered, "but there's nothing of the slightest interest that I can

Road of a Thousand Wonders
through California and Oregon
over the Southern Pacific

These same living Big Trees were a thousand, may be two thousand years old at the time of the first Christmas.

Visible at the Railway Station—on the Coast Line—Shasta Route. 300 feet high, 100 feet in circumference, oldest and most marvelous of living things.

Road of a Thousand Wonders [illegible] Los Angeles [illegible] San Luis Obispo, Paso Robles Hot Springs, Del Monte, Santa Cruz Big Trees, San Jose, San Francisco, Sacramento, Shasta Resorts, Rogue River and Willamette Valleys to Portland, Oregon [illegible] Passenger Traffic Manager, Dept. [illegible] Southern Pacific Co., Union Ferry Building, San Francisco, California

5% A SUITABLE CHRISTMAS GIFT 5%

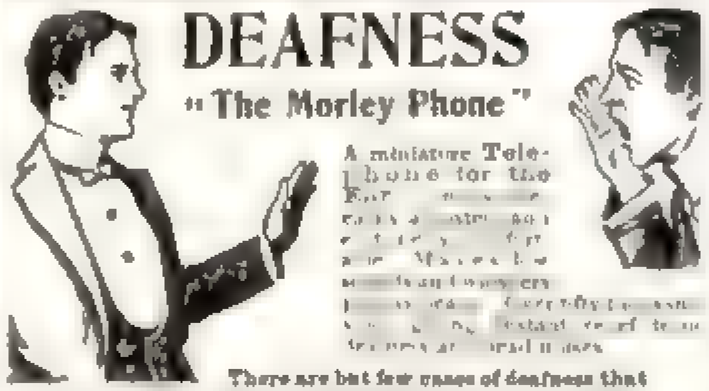
The perplexing question, "What shall I give for Christmas?" [illegible] answered [illegible] people [illegible] have adopted the method of presenting

A SAVINGS ACCOUNT

[illegible] friends, relatives and friends [illegible] on Christmas Day

SEND FOR BOOKLET "J" BANKING BY MAIL

OWENSBORO SAVINGS BANK & TRUST COMPANY,
OWENSBORO, KY.



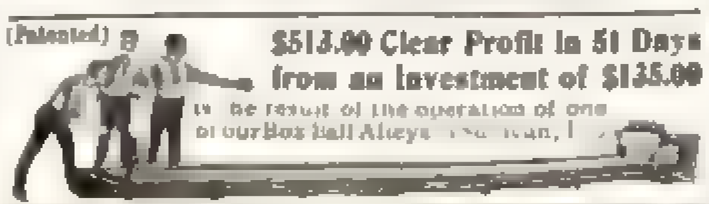
DEAFNESS

"The Morley Phone"

A miniature Telephone for the Ear [illegible]

There are but few cases of deafness that cannot be benefited. Write for booklet and testimonials.

THE MORLEY COMPANY, Department T
31 South 16th Street, Philadelphia



(Patented)

$513.00 Clear Profit in 51 Days from an Investment of $135.00

is the result of the operation of one of our Box Ball Alleys [illegible]

Here is your opportunity to start a PAYING BUSINESS with [illegible]

AMERICAN BOX BALL COMPANY, 1300 Van Buren St., Indianapolis, Ind.

6% PAID ON SAVINGS BY MAIL

Upon receipt of $1.00 or more, we [illegible] a pass book and mail it with the giver's card enclosed in a handsome envelope, so that it will be delivered on Christmas Day

EQUITABLE BANKING AND LOAN CO. MACON, GA.

SEND FOR BOOKLET A TODAY

Earning MONEY

Any one—man, woman, boy, girl—can do it and no experience is necessary. THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL and THE SATURDAY EVENING POST have made it sure. All you need is faith in yourself. If you think you're going to amount to something, write to

**The Curtis Publishing Company
Philadelphia**

and get your start now.

Young Man—This Is The Profession For You

Learn to be a chauffeur and drive a high-priced high-powered car [illegible] you for a responsible position at a good salary within a short time [illegible] for our descriptive 16 page booklet

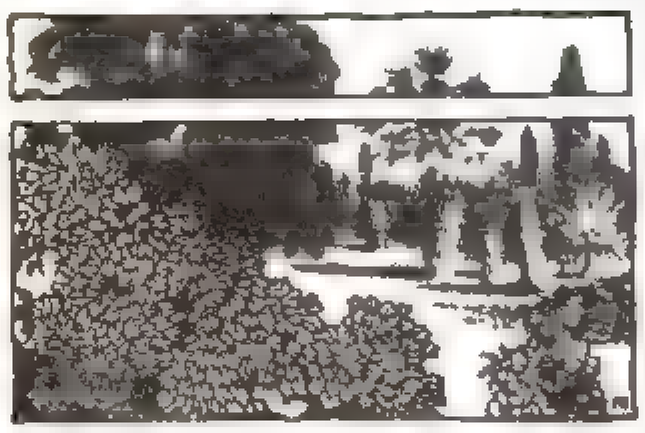
Special Home Study Course

[illegible] Write for our illustrated Home Study Booklet free

NEW YORK SCHOOL OF AUTOMOBILE ENGINEERS
140 West 56th Street, New York

"SAVE-THE-HORSE" SPAVIN CURE.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. **Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone** (except low), **Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness.** [illegible] *or Express Paid.* Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N. Y.



Golden State Limited ∘∘∘ to California

The time spent on this royal train en route to the Golden State is ever so short, delightful and interesting

There is something new to see in every mile — there is a pleasure in every minute.

The Golden State Limited is equipped entirely new this season. Drawing-room and Compartment Pullmans, Buffet-Library-Observation Car and new Mission-style Diner. Barber, library, stock market reports by wire, magazines and daily papers.

Commencing early in December it runs daily from Chicago, St. Louis and Kansas City to Los Angeles, Santa Barbara and San Francisco over the Southern, lowest altitude route.

Send name and address for beautiful descriptive booklet of the train

JOHN SEBASTIAN
Passenger Traffic Manager
CHICAGO

Rock Island

Your Photo on a Cushion Top

[illegible] prettier or more acceptable for a **Christmas Gift** [illegible] enlarged on [illegible] Cushion Top for a Sofa Cushion? [illegible] Silk Faced Satin, [illegible] fifteen years. For further particulars write for our free booklet.

The Jap Photo Cushion Co.
294 St. Clair Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

"Hangs the Wrinkles Out"

The Tourist Coat Hanger keeps your coat like new, and [illegible]

SHAPED LIKE THE HUMAN SHOULDER

It does not pull or stretch coat out of shape. Fits [illegible] snugly, naturally [illegible] The Beatty Stamping Co. Cleveland, O

Study Law at Home

The original school. Instruction by mail adapted to every one. Recognized by courts and educators. Experienced and competent instructors. [illegible] Prepares for practice. Will better your condition and prospects in business. Students and graduates everywhere. Full particulars and special offer free.

The Sprague Correspondence School of Law
284 Majestic Building
Detroit, Mich.

add to what has already been published. My father tells me that the whole thing will probably be settled in a day or two, as he has instructed his manager to offer the men their old places on the old terms."

"It never having been my wish or intention," the governor concluded, "to work a hardship on the men; but simply to assert my unalterable conviction that the American manufacturer must be left free to run his own business, and the American workman allowed to make his own terms with his employer, without outside interference or dictation. Good-evening, gentlemen."

As the last reporter filed out, the governor wiped the smile from his face and turned to me. "I forgot to say," he began, as I picked up my hat, "that, while I have promised to take back all the men, I must make one exception."

"Myself?"

"Yourself!" and the governor bowed me out. Yours, JACK.

P. S. Say, unkie, if any one should ever ask you to join the union, soak him one for me.

The Lost Princess

(Continued from Page 7)

chuckling laugh, and still, from the first, make our hearts sink with the realization of her love for the little great man of her world? Could any one else make us smile over her naive recognition of the fact that she is not in his class? Or could any one else avoid so completely the craftsman's swagger of authority, and give those hackneyed situations the zest, the purity, that we so inadequately call childlike?

The Lost Princess is an old story and we think back to it with the indulgent smile of reminiscence. But imagine Haskell sitting in his kitchen-chair and seeing it all for the first time. Think what it was he was seeing!

You remember how the first act ended. She has learned her great secret, and she knows that Florizel, with all his easy superiority, is half in love with her. And, in the last scene, she tries, with every resource of innocent coquetry, to help his love defeat his vanity. She fails, and he goes away, to be a lesser great man in a greater world, and to try to forget her. She is too much in love with him to call him back and tell him who she is.

Oh, a cheap, theatrical little situation, no doubt! But to Haskell! She had had her will with him from the first moment. She had done more than make him smile and cry; she had made him happy and sad at once. Every subtlety in the color of her voice, and in the pose of her body, had gone to the quick. And to him that last scene was a parable; she was a lost princess, indeed.

She came, after the first curtain, directly to where he sat. At her approach he got to his feet, but leaned back a little against the brick wall behind him. There was a defiant sparkle in her eyes.

"Was it good?" she demanded. "Good for a little model, or good for anybody?"

Gusty tempests of applause were breaking out in the house, and she could give him no time to answer; but, after she had nodded her bright acknowledgments again and again, they let her go at last, and she came straight back to him. He had his answer ready.

He still leaned back a little for the touch of the brick wall behind him, and he was rather white, but, when he spoke, there was nothing of the half-savage bewilderment that had marked his manner in the morning. His voice had the gentleness of mastery in it.

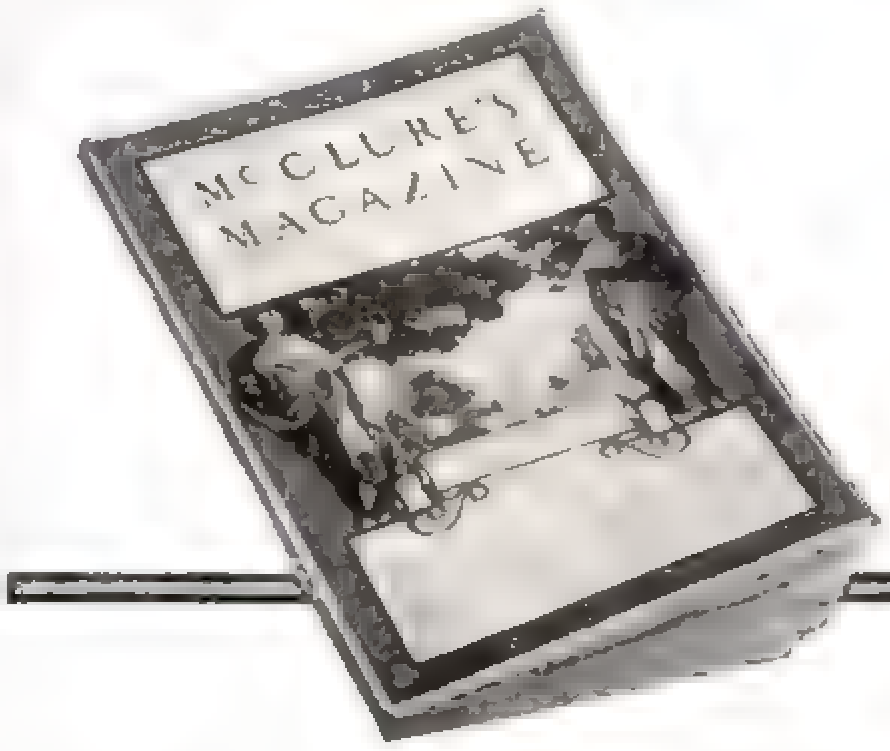
"I shall never forget to be thankful that I came to-night. I didn't mean to come. The lesson seemed complete this morning, it was a hard lesson, and it hurt. I was ashamed to owe you so much—this morning. But now—and always—I'll be proud of it. And the princess—the lost princess ——"

He did not finish the sentence but stood looking down at her in silence, his old smile bending his lips in gentle self-mockery, his eyes half shut. Then he held out both hands to her:

"I'm going to say good-by, Miss Graham."

A stage-hand was steering a huge, tottering flat past them, and she stepped a little nearer him to be out of the way of it.

"There's a second act, you know," she said, half under her breath.



McClure's in 1907

If you want to spend one dollar of your money for reading matter in 1907 in the way that will bring you the greatest pleasure, the best reading matter, the freshest information and the most entertaining fiction, send that dollar to us and secure McCLURE'S MAGAZINE for one year.

The Life of Mary Baker Glover Eddy

One of the most important, certainly the most interesting, contribution to McCLURE'S in 1907 will be the life of Mrs. Mary Baker Glover Eddy, head of the Christian Science Church. She is the richest woman in the United States who got her money by her own efforts, the most powerful American woman by all odds, easily the most famous, yet no one has before ever written the true story of her life. She is 85 years old, has been three times married, at 55 she was unknown and a dependent, and yet she has built up a fortune which must be more than $3,000,000. As a church head she approaches nearest to absolute authority of any leader of the western world.

The whole story of her life is a romance. McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is going to tell the story for the first time. Never was a series of articles in any magazine more carefully prepared than this. Georgine Milmine, the author, has worked on it steadily for more than two years, gathering data, and five of the members of the McCLURE staff have helped to confirm and fill out her results. It is not an attack on Christian Science. It is the history of a remarkable woman and movement

Glance over the list we print here of contributors to McCLURE'S for 1907

The reporting of the nation, past and present, will be in capable and well tried hands.

Carl Schurz contributes the second portion of his reminiscences [illegible]

George Kennan the great traveler, explorer and sociologist, has been added to McCLURE'S staff of national reporters. Everyone remembers Mr. Kennan's remarkable series on Siberia and Russia's terrible exile system. He has the seeing eye and the ability to describe what he sees. He will write regularly for McCLURE'S, presenting the results of his investigations regarding social conditions of timely importance

Burton J. Hendrick "The only articles out of the mass of stuff written about Life Insurance which have made the subject plain and interesting," writes a subscriber of the McCLURE series of articles by Burton J. Hendrick. This writer, who combines the historical faculty with an interesting style, will continue his studies of American life for McCLURE'S of 1907

George Kibbe Turner has begun his new work for McCLURE'S with a remarkable study of [illegible] "Galveston: a Business Corporation" [illegible] McCLURE kind.

Ray Stannard Baker has carried the story [illegible] home to the whole United States. This work will have a new significance in 1907 when the railroad question may be a political issue

William Allen White [illegible] present a fresh, unhackneyed, realistic [illegible] public man, will next contribute to McCLURE'S the story of President Roosevelt and his work

Ellen Terry the great English actress [illegible] will tell the women readers of McCLURE'S the story of her stage career of nearly fifty years [illegible] It is replete with anecdotes [illegible] the lovable, fascinating and charming [illegible] these men and women of genius

The work of amusing the readers of McCLURE'S with live and highly artistic fiction has been happily assigned to already loved entertainers. There will be plenty of those rarest of all rare literary products — good short stories

Myra Kelly again shows us Miss Bailey's school-room with a new comer, a little comic "Come out of Russia," and brings to this pathetically funny circle the dark tragedy of a race

Rex Beach whose remarkably expressive use of the language of the outdoor men of the Northwest makes his stories tremendously effective, even [illegible] will be a regular contributor

Mary Stewart Cutting will contribute a series of studies in domestic life. The first of these, [illegible] is a prominent feature of the Christmas number

Joseph Conrad the greatest living writer of stories of the sea, will furnish a new story in 1907 called "The Brute," which will also be of the sea

O. Henry equally at home upon the streets of New York and in South American republics, whose [illegible] is particularly and vitally American in quality, will be heard from many times during the year

Perceval Gibbon a brilliant, young Englishman, whose work is already well known to readers of McCLURE'S, will contribute more of his remarkable stories of South Africa from time to time during the year. The next in the series, "The Man Who Knew," tells the story of a prosperous Boer who was vouchsafed the terrible gift of prophecy

Willa Sibert Cather whose list of stories in McCLURE'S has been marked rather in proportion to its strength than its length, [illegible] another story to that list, "The Namesake." [illegible] It deals with the influence of a [illegible] on the career of a great artist

In addition to the work of such masters, McCLURE'S will offer as heretofore the best work of a number of newer writers, whose best is on a level with that of the masters. In strong stories by comparatively unknown writers McCLURE'S has always excelled.

When you realize that all this will cost you but one dollar for an entire year, can you possibly find any use for that dollar which will bring so much to you? Send your subscription direct to us, or leave it with any newsdealer. In any case, you will get the magazine promptly and regularly.

S. S. McCLURE COMPANY, 50 East 23d St., New York

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

Avoid the Dreary Days of Winter

Visit the Island of Perpetual Summer

United Fruit Company

[illegible] afford the most delightful salt water trip of the winter months. Within twenty-four hours after leaving you are in [illegible] of the Gulf Stream [illegible] equal the best New York Hotel [illegible]

Weekly [illegible] from Boston and Philadelphia: Round trip, [illegible] $40.00 [illegible] Steamers [illegible]

"A Happy Month in Jamaica"

is a fascinating booklet we send on request. [illegible]

United Fruit Company

F. S. JOPP G. P. A.

Long Wharf Boston
5 N. Wharves Philadelphia
104 East Pratt St. Baltimore
321 St. Charles St. New Orleans

A Clean Cutting Cigar Cutter

[illegible]

R. S. Cigar Cutter

$1.00 in Sterling Silver. A dainty, convenient pocket article. [illegible] never tears or spills the cigar. Holds its edge. One sixteenth of an inch thick. [illegible] postpaid on receipt of price.

F. H. DICKSON, 21A Maiden Lane, New York

A New Kind of Tack

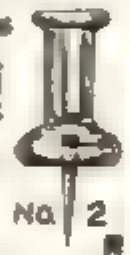
No. 1. *No Hammer Needed.*

Moore Push-Pins

GLASS heads, STEEL points

For fastening up 1907 CALENDARS, small pictures, posters, draperies, and numberless "little things," without disfiguring wood or plaster walls.

[illegible] 20c per box of one [illegible]



Moore Push-Pin Co., 122 S. 11th St., Phila., Pa.

Dainty Xmas Gifts

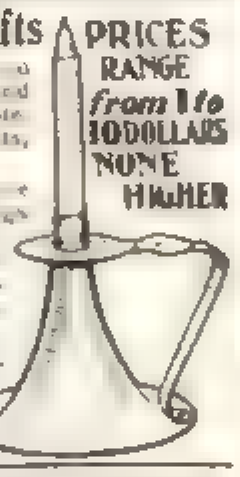
DIRECT from CRAFTSMEN To You at ONE PROFIT

PRICES RANGE from 1 to 10 DOLLARS NONE HIGHER

[illegible]

FREE [illegible]

Arts & Crafts Co.
304 Main St.
Buffalo,
N. Y.



TRICKS Oldest Conjuring Repository in the country. Established 1860. Everything for Professional Magicians' use. Special attention given to Amateurs' needs. New, Illustrated Catalogue.

YOST & CO., 903 Filbert Street, Philadelphia

He shook his head. "There has to be in a play, of course. But life isn't always so —" He tried to finish, but his lips could not compass the words. She let him have her hands. The touch seemed to steady him.

"Good-by," he said, and was gone.

There was no mistaking the step that came down the hall and halted at his studio-door; he opened it without giving her time to knock.

"I supposed you'd be far away by this time," he said.

She declined the chair he offered her. "Oh, we're only going to Milwaukee," she answered. "We don't have to start till noon."

"You've come back for another look at our lady in the frame, I suppose? She goes to the exhibition this afternoon, you know."

"No," she said slowly. "I didn't come for that. I guess you know I didn't. I came—I came to tell you about that second act. Do you want me to?"

He stood before her a little while without speaking. Then he stooped and took her hands.

"I don't know that I'd pretend even if I could," he said. "Anyway, I can't."

He pressed his lips to her palms. When he found her eyes again he shook his head.

"But, dearest," he said, "kindness and pity and charity—no, listen—not even charity like yours is good enough to patch up a second act with in the real world."

She withdrew her hands and went over to a chair. "Did you ever know," she asked, "that you were the first person I ever posed for? Oh, I told you I was an old model, of course, but it was a fib! I'd never known anybody like you, before. I was just a common, silly, little girl to you, and, of course, you never thought a thing about me, except as something to paint; but still you were nice to me, thoughtful and polite and all that, not because I was anybody, but because you were that sort. And you taught me that there was a kind of people I hadn't known anything about. I've met lots of people since then who were gentlemen, and some who were ladies, and a few of them were like you, but not many. I didn't know, till I met some of the other sort, how much it meant that I'd known you first." She paused there, smoothing out her gloves, and then rolling them into a ball. "So we won't talk about charity. When it comes to owing I can't see that you owe me very much. But what I owe you is—well, it's about the most that a girl like me could owe to anybody."

He squeezed his big hands tight together.

"That's gratitude," he said harshly. "That won't do even as well as charity."

She looked up at him as she had looked once before, smiling through her tears.

"You're very particular, I think," she said. "How much more are you going to make me tell you before you'll say—*anything?*"

Dodging a Discount

CANADIAN money that gets a hundred miles inland in this country is a nuisance. Yankees will not accept it away from the border cities, and banks discount it ten per cent. Yankee money passes freely in most parts of Canada, however, and the Canadians are under the impression that their currency is good with us. When a Canadian sends a small sum over the border he trustfully puts his own currency in with a letter, gives a lick and lets her go.

A good deal of Canadian currency was coming into a New York publishing house in the form of dollar and two-dollar bills for subscriptions. Some months there was as much as fifty dollars. The house couldn't enter into correspondence over these small remittances, so was compelled to deposit them at a discount, the bank clearing sometimes five dollars a month. This state of affairs had been going along for years until lately, when the house hired a Scotch-Canadian bookkeeper.

The new bookkeeper opened a banking-by-mail account with a bank in Montreal, and every Saturday the Canadian currency that had come in, bills and coin, was made up into a packet, registered and sent there by mail for deposit. By Tuesday the passbook would be back, showing that the currency was not only tucked away at par, but also at interest. Every two or three months the bookkeeper made a draft on this deposit sufficient to keep it down to a reasonable figure.

The Art of the Dessert

The choosing and planning of the dessert part of a meal is a difficult art which may be greatly simplified by the help of

NABISCO SUGAR WAFERS

Exquisite confections whose subtle qualities will wonderfully enhance the goodness of the simplest form of dessert. For example: with a dish of vanilla or chocolate cream, a lemon soufflé, an orange ice, a mint sherbet, serve Nabisco in their appropriate flavors.

A hundred delightful combinations will readily suggest themselves to the artist in desserts.

In ten and twenty-five cent tins.

FESTINO — An unusual confection with an almond shell which melts on the tongue and discloses a creamy kernel of unexpected delight.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Which Auto Tire is Really Best?

Read this PROOF and KNOW

Here is a statement from the last official reports of the Tire Association, showing the **percentage of replacements to output** by all the leading tire manufacturers for eleven months, beginning Sept. 1, 1905, and ending Aug. 1, 1906.

GOODYEAR	1.41
No. 2	2.33
No. 3	3.91
No. 4	9.10
No. 5	9.60
No. 6	18.43

Read this carefully. It tells its own story. It answers definitely and fully the heretofore open question — Which Automobile Tire is Really Best?

The above is **PROOF** absolute and positive, taken direct from the **actual books** of the defunct Tire Association, that the

Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire

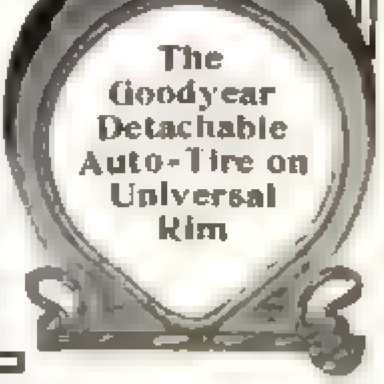
is the best tire any motorist can buy.

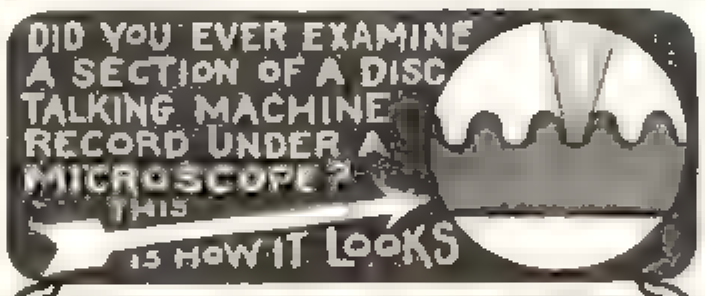
If you would know the details as to WHY it is better — more durable — more generally satisfactory every way — ask us to send you our book of information, "How to Select an Auto-Tire."

It's Free — and worth having — or step in at any branch and secure a demonstration. You may learn how to SAVE MONEY.

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Seneca Street, Akron, Ohio

BRANCHES: Boston, 261 Dartmouth St.; New York [illegible]


The Goodyear Detachable Auto-Tire on Universal Rim


DID YOU EVER EXAMINE A SECTION OF A DISC TALKING MACHINE RECORD UNDER A MICROSCOPE?
THIS IS HOW IT LOOKS

[illegible] one-half cent each [illegible]

RECORDITE

[illegible]

RECORDITE CO., Dept. 8, 1905 Park Ave., New York

240-EGG Incubator $11.75

120 Egg Size, $9.00
60 Egg Size, $7.50

[illegible] "Ideal" [illegible] the surest and easiest ever made. Why [illegible] $5 to $10? Get our big 128 page, illustrated [illegible] book FREE.

J. W. MILLER CO., Box 64, Freeport, Illinois

Let me sell Your Patent

My book based upon 15 years experience [illegible] Patent Sales [illegible] FREE. Patent sales exclusively. If you [illegible] Patent for sale call on or write

WILLIAM E. HOYT
Patent Sales Specialist
290 P Broadway N. Y. City

MAKE MONEY EXHIBITING MOTION PICTURES

EDISON KINETOSCOPES

[illegible] $75.00 up [illegible] Write for free information and Kinetoscope Catalog K.

EDISON MFG. CO., Orange, N. J., New York, Chicago, London.

6% Bonds

Based on the Ownership of New York Real Estate

CITY REAL ESTATE carried as an investment, not dabbled in as a short-time speculation, affords the surest protection and the most liberal returns of any investment in the world. The business of this Company is restricted by its Charter to investment in real estate, and its fixed policy still further confines its operations to New York real estate in the direct line of the City's greatest growth—the safest and most profitable investment in which money can be engaged. In the enlargement of this business in a field affording almost unlimited opportunities for further investment, we are offering our 6 per cent. Bonds in either of the following forms:

6% Coupon Bonds—for income investment purchasable at par in multiples of $100; interest payable semi-annually by coupons attached, maturing in [illegible] years and meanwhile [illegible] on interest payment dates after [illegible] years.

6% Accumulative Bonds—for income funding [illegible] 15 or 20 years and [illegible] the [illegible] [illegible] yearly payment rates per $ [illegible] are [illegible] 15 year term $40 [illegible] 20 year term, $25 [illegible]

OUR Bond issue enables small investors to share to the extent of 6 per cent. in the certain profit-earning power of New York real estate, without the risk and expenses incident to the individual buying and handling of property, and to obtain steady and fixed returns without waiting to sell or lease. By investing in our Bonds you are not only enabled to secure the full 6 per cent. return your money earns, without division with a middleman, but you enjoy the added advantage of knowing where and how your money is invested. A-R-E Six's are secured by Assets of $8,364,909.97, including Capital and Surplus of $1,285,047.03, accumulated during more than eighteen years of uninterrupted success.

IF you are interested in saving money or in investing money already saved, you owe it to yourself to thoroughly investigate these Bonds and the business upon which they are based. Write for our literature giving full information regarding A-R-E Six's, including map of New York City showing location of the properties upon which they are based, and giving other facts of interest.

American Real Estate Company
721 Dun Building, 290 Broadway, New York

Purity Books

"Ignorance is Vice."—[illegible]

SYLVANUS STALL, D.D.

The Self and Sex Series

[illegible]

Dr. Joseph Cook, Rev. Chas. M. Sheldon, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Dr. Theo. L. Cuyler, Dr. Francis E. Clark, Bishop Vincent, Wilbur Chapman, D.D., "Pansy," Frances E. Willard, Lady H. Somerset, Eminent Physicians and Hundreds of Others.

4 BOOKS TO MEN. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

What a Young Boy Ought to Know
What a Young Man Ought to Know
What a Young Husband Ought to Know
What a Man of 45 Ought to Know

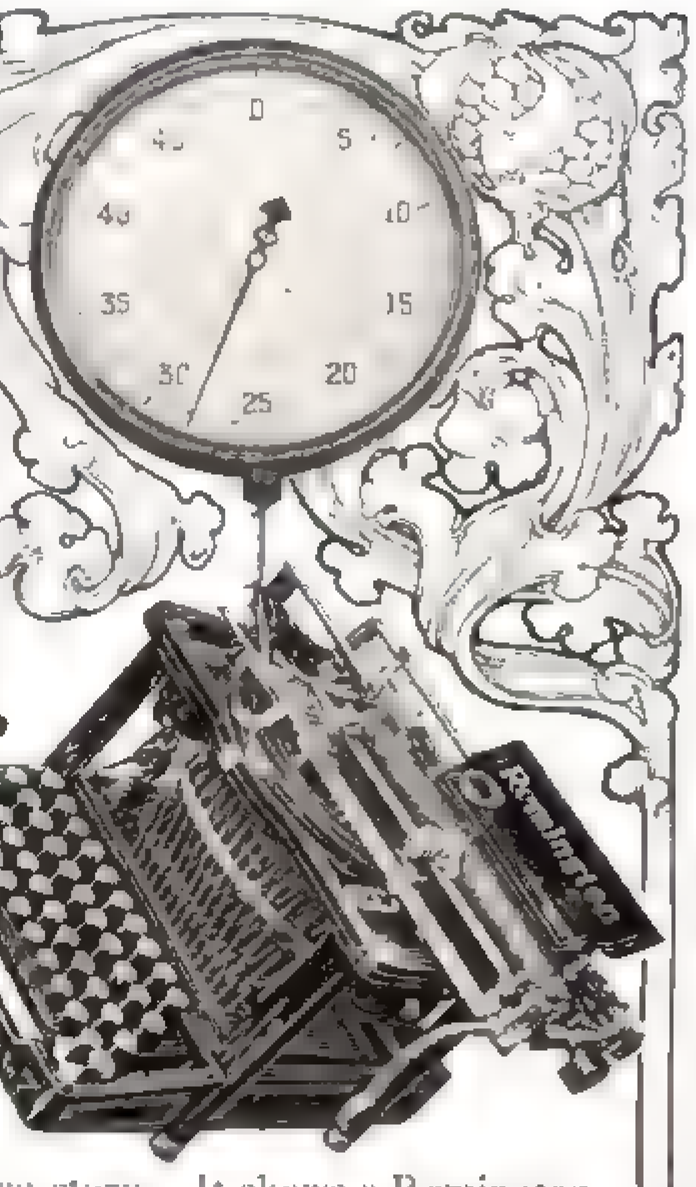
4 BOOKS TO WOMEN. By Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D.

What a Young Girl Ought to Know
What a Young Woman Ought to Know.
What a Young Wife Ought to Know
What a Woman of 45 Ought to Know

Price, $1.00 per copy, post free. Send for table of contents

Vir Publishing Co., 994 Land Title Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

Mute Evidence of Strength



It's an axiom in mechanics that no chain is stronger than its weakest link—that the strength of any piece of machinery is the strength of its weakest part.

The strength of a typewriter is the strength of its typebars. On the typebar and its bearings the chief wear comes—the chief strain comes—and the wearing out first comes. The strength of the typebar sets the limit to everything.

The picture shown herewith tells its own story. It shows a Remington Typewriter suspended in mid-air from a heavy four strand copper wire attached to the type on one of the typebars. The entire weight of the machine (28 pounds) is supported on this one bar—all without displacement either of the bar or its bearings. Think of it!

The Remington bar represents skill and care in manufacture carried to the absolute limit. There are THIRTY-THREE distinct processes in the manufacture of this single Remington part.

The result—a typebar which is incomparably stronger and more durable than the typebar of any other writing machine. No wonder the

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER

outworks, outwears and outlives all others.

REMINGTON TYPEWRITER COMPANY
New York and Everywhere

California

It is truly the unfolding of Nature's Wonderbook to pass through California—that land where glorious climate and rare scenic beauty hold every visitor under a spell of enchantment. This is the time to go; this is the way—The

Overland Limited on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway

The handsome new composite-observation cars are acknowledged to be the most beautiful ever placed in regular service. Sleeping and dining service so efficient and complete that there is nothing to be desired. Electric lighting throughout.

The Overland Limited leaves Union Passenger Station, Chicago, 8 P. M. [illegible] 10.25 P. M. Secure free literature by addressing F. A. Miller, G. P. A., Chicago.

Makes Your Room **Burglar Proof**

The Dayton Protection System Guarantees It

It insures **absolute** protection against burglars and criminals, and makes your room as safe, day or night, as if guarded by a file of soldiers.

Only $12 equips door and window of an average room with a locking equipment which [illegible] sawing, cutting or "jimmying," and [illegible] instant notification the moment an **attempt** to enter is made. Not [illegible] burglar [illegible] not [illegible] when the burglar has entered, but a mechanically perfect combination that [illegible] the burglar is **outside your room** and keeps him there. Goes on doors and windows without disturbing existing attachments, and can be fitted by anyone able to set an ordinary lock or door-bell.

Write for book "An Invincible Watch Dog," and for information concerning the application of this $12 installation to your needs. A postal will do. Address

Dayton Protection System Co.
443 to 447 East First Street, Dayton, Ohio

There's Nothing "Just as Good"

For use in Offices, Banks, Schools etc.

See that your papers are fastened together [illegible] Washburne's Patent Adjustable

"O.K." PAPER FASTENERS.

The "O. K." has the advantage of a tiny but mighty indestructible piercing point, which goes through every sheet, co-acting with [illegible] projecting sleeve to bind and hold with a bull-dog grip. No slipping. Handsome. Compact. Strong. Easily put on or taken off with the thumb and finger. Can be used repeatedly, and they always work. Made of brass. Three sizes. Put up in brass boxes of 100 Fasteners each. At all enterprising Stationers. Send 10c for sample box of 50, assorted sizes. Booklet free. Liberal discount to the trade.

James V. Washburne, Mfr., Syracuse, N. Y.

OUTER'S BOOK

FREE TO TRY FOR THREE MONTHS

We want to send you the Outer's Book (regular subscription price $1.00 a year) **free** for three months so you can see for yourself with what fidelity it pictures the wholesome, interesting life of America's great outdoors.

The Outer's Book

THE ONLY 10¢ MAGAZINE OF ITS KIND

vividly appeals to the sportsman, nature lover, and to the man or woman who longs for, or has memories of the genuine, unartificial life in the open.

Like a full-lunged breath of reviving outdoor air, the Outer's Book will come to you in such contrast to the monotonous activity of the city that it will restore, in a measure, the quiet and repose that comes from a long night's rest on fragrant balsam boughs in the open.

The spirit of the forest, of mountain and plain, of the glad, exhilarating days of outdoor recreation—that's the spirit of the OUTER'S BOOK.

But we want you to let The Outer's Book speak to you for itself. And not only will we send it to you **FREE FOR THREE MONTHS,** but on the day we receive the coupon, at the bottom of this advertisement, we will mail you three interesting pictures in colors, suitable for framing, also **FREE. AGENTS WANTED.**

"FREE TRIAL COUPON"

THE OUTER'S BOOK, Milwaukee, Wis.

Please send me the three art pictures FREE. Also enter my name to The Outer's Book for one year on [illegible] that I [illegible] free and [illegible] the magazine to [illegible] the entire subscription.

NAME

ADDRESS

THREE ART STUDIES FREE TO KEEP

David Cummings, [illegible] 1852

Why Suffer From Aching Feet?

The sole of your shoe largely determines whether you shall have foot comfort or [illegible] [illegible] I have [illegible] [illegible] know about.

The Worth Cushion Sole Shoe

The sole in this shoe is waterproof, making it unnecessary to wear [illegible] rubbers, and, best of all, the foot rests [illegible] pressure upon an insole which exactly conforms to the shape of the foot, insuring rest and comfort.

Men's $4.00, $4.50, $5.00
Women's $3.00, $3.50

If your dealer hasn't them, send us his name and ask for booklet. Send all orders and correspondence to

The Cummings Co., Dept. V, 406 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

A $300 CASH REGISTER $125.00

No agents' commissions or extravagant expense accounts are added to the price of the Hallwood. That is why we can sell Accurate, High Grade, Reliable Registers at about half the price of other makes. We sell through your jobber or direct from the factory. Soda and Cigar Registers as low as $60.00. Write for descriptive matter. Address

THE HALLWOOD CASH REGISTER CO
131 Yale Street Columbus, Ohio

The first Derby made in America was a C & K

Hats for Men

QUALITY DE LUXE

Knapp-Felt

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.

MADE OF CLEAR ARGENTINE NUTRIA

It pays to know who *made* your hat. This label marks the best. Six dollars everywhere.

Write for The Hatman

THE CROFUT & KNAPP CO.
840 Broadway, New York

FLEXIBLE FLYER
The Sled that Steers

The Swiftest, Safest, Strongest Sled Ever Invented.

SWIFTEST—[illegible] boys. The feet are not [illegible] "plow" in turning. [illegible] of coasting.

SAFEST—[illegible] steers [illegible] the steering bar curving the spring steel runners. The only sled a girl can properly control.

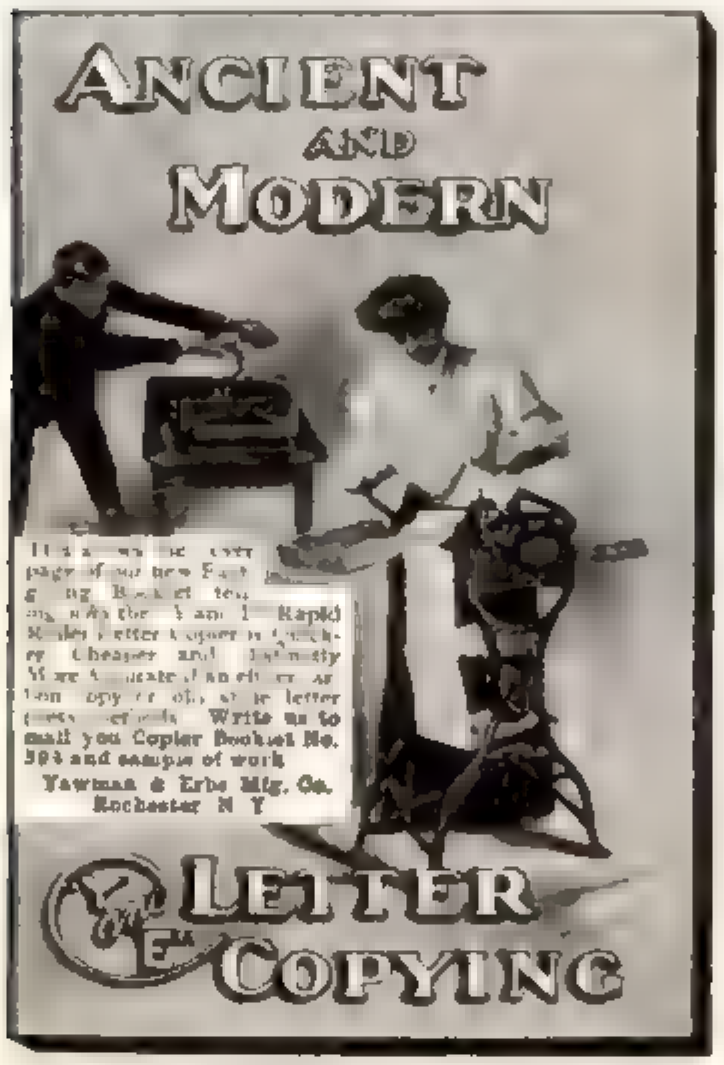
STRONGEST—Made of second-growth white ash and steel. Practically indestructible. Prevents wet feet and doctor's bills.

$500 Prize Contest for Boys and Girls Now on.
All who enter get a reward. Write for particulars.

MODEL SLED FREE.

Our cardboard model sled [illegible] how it works [illegible] illustrated booklet giving full information regarding sizes and prices.

S. L. ALLEN & CO., Box 1100 S, Philadelphia, Pa.
Patentees and Manufacturers



ANCIENT AND MODERN

It [illegible] every page of our new Free [illegible] Booklet telling why the Y and E Rapid Roller Letter Copier is Quicker, Cheaper and Infinitely More Accurate than either [illegible] copying [illegible] letter press methods. **Write us to mail you Copier Booklet No. 394 and sample of work.**

Yawman & Erbe Mfg. Co.
Rochester N.Y.

LETTER COPYING

YOUNG MAN—The Great RAILROADS WANT YOU

Learn telegraphy here. Situations furnished that lead to highest positions. **Good wages.** Many of our graduates are now **R. R. Supts.** Expenses very low. Can earn your board if desired. **40-page book** about it **Free.** Railroad wire in school.

Valentine's School of Telegraphy.
(Est. 34 years.) Janesville, Wis.

THE WASTE OF A GREAT CITY

(Concluded from Page 11)

which are movable, and one, the Washington, which is fixed. The production of this amount of power and light from the rubbish wastes is perfectly possible, and two designs of plant have been laid out—one idea that of a central station from which all of the bridges may be lighted and operated, and the other of several separate smaller plants. The difficulties of operating one large central plant are, first, the increased length of haul of the material to the plant, and second, the inability to enter upon the conduits which carry the electric light wires in New York City. Two hundred and fifty horse-power per hour is lost in simply burning rubbish at the plant at the foot of Forty-seventh Street, which readily could be used for lighting and heating the schools within three blocks.

There has also been designed for erection at the foot of Twenty-ninth Street and the East River a plant which would be capable of lighting and heating and supplying the power for elevators for the new Bellevue Hospital. This would practically make use of all of the rubbish of the Borough of Manhattan.

The operation of these plants and the use of this power would not only be a saving to the city of the amount of fuel necessary to produce the light and power, but also a saving of thirteen cents per cubic yard on every load of this material that was formerly thrown into the sea.

The sorting of the rubbish is a source of considerable revenue to the city, for valuable rubber, old garments, rags and various grades of paper are found in it. The sorting and removal of this material are let to a contractor who keeps a force of workmen constantly picking over the refuse, all that is available being removed and packed for shipment. With the earlier methods of refuse disposal the revenue from this form of salvage was not large on account of the impossibility of properly going through all of the material received, as it was dumped directly in cartloads from the docks into the scows; but with the installation of an apron conveyor at the Forty-seventh Street incinerator it was at once demonstrated that very large quantities of usable material can be sorted out when it is thus elevated slowly past the sorters, who are thereby enabled to examine carefully all of the refuse. By this method of sorting an average of sixty per cent. by volume of the entire receipts is removed by the trimming contractor, for which the city receives about $1.50 per ton.

The trimmers stand on four small platforms on either side of the conveyor adjacent to the division wall, where the conveyor is about ten to twelve feet above the floor. Between these platforms are light wooden bins into which the various classes of material are thrown and thus kept separate. The bins have openings at the bottom from which the sorted material is delivered to the floor for packing. The facilities for the trimming do not take up much room.

The furnaces at Forty-seventh Street and Delancey Street have proved satisfactory, the waste material burning rapidly and completely, with no smoke or offensive odor from the stacks. A high temperature is generated continuously in the furnaces, so that no trouble is experienced with the draft from the opening of the feed-holes—the draft, in fact, being in excess of the demands, on account of the tall stacks. The furnaces are periodically stoked by means of long bars, so as to turn over the burning material and sift out the ashes.

It is impossible, in the light of this experience, that the city of New York should ever return to the archaic method of disposing of these materials, which are not wastes in any true sense, by throwing them into the sea. The question of the burning of the rubbish wastes is one which comes widely before every city in this country that maintains a street-cleaning department. The cities which are supplied with an overhead trolley system can very well simplify the matter of collection of ashes, street-sweepings, garbage and rubbish by making the electrical trolley do the work where the haul becomes too long for a horse.

If the city should own the trolley line, instead of the trolley line owning the city, it would be perfectly possible to supply the fuel for this collecting and hauling, and thus make one hand wash the other.

Globe-Wernicke
"ELASTIC" BOOKCASES

The presentation of a set of Globe-Wernicke "Elastic" Bookcases performs a double service by extending a recognition to the intelligence of the recipient, while reflecting good judgment on the part of the giver. Both must naturally realize that no other article of furniture combines the elements of utility and beauty to so great an extent as these particular cases, which allow such free exercise of individual taste in their arrangement and which appeal to the best sentiments of home life by encouraging the care and cultivation of good books.

Discriminating buyers realize that the term "Globe-Wernicke" instantly identifies the best sectional book-case obtainable.

They are made in both dead and polish finish, Oak and Mahogany, and in three-quarter and full lengths. Prices uniform everywhere. Carried in stock by Agents in over 1100 cities. Where not represented we ship on approval, freight paid. Write for catalogue D 106, containing color supplement showing seven different finishes appropriate for libraries.

The Globe-Wernicke Co. CINCINNATI

BRANCH STORES: NEW YORK, 380-382 Broadway. CHICAGO, 224-228 Wabash Ave. BOSTON, 91-93 Federal St.

THE EDUCATOR WAY COMFORT ROOM FOR FIVE TOES

EDUCATOR SHOE RH

REGISTERED.

THE WRONG WAY DISCOMFORT-PINCHED TOES

FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY.

Made in the same uniform style for every member of the family in Russia Calf, Patent Calf and Vici Kid, with best Oak Tanned Soles

In all the world there's no shoe like this for solid comfort.

	SIZES	
INFANTS'	5 to 8,	$1.50
CHILD'S	8½ to 11,	$1.75
MISSES'	11½ to 2,	$2.00
WOMEN'S	2½ to 7,	$4.00
GIRLS'	2½ to 6,	$2.50
BOYS'	1 to 5,	$2.50
MEN'S	6 to 11,	$4.00 and $5.00

By mail 25 cents extra. Made by

RICE & HUTCHINS, Inc.,
17 High Street, Boston, Mass
World shoemakers for the whole family.

Our "Family Footwear" Catalogue, showing shoes for every requirement. 'Tis Free. Send for it to-day.

"Lets the foot grow as it should"

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

Oven Thermometer

Send Postal for Catalog No. 152.

We save you $5 to $40 on a Kalamazoo stove or range, shipped prepaid, direct from factory at lowest factory price. Over 250 styles and sizes, each as good as can be made, all blackened, polished and ready for use. No trouble to set up. We are actual manufacturers, not merely mail order dealers. You pay only **one** profit. No Middlemen,—Jobbers, Dealers, Agents or Salesmen,—get any part of the price you pay for a "**Kalamazoo**." Our 360 Days Approval Test is backed by a $20,000 bank bond. More than 60,000 satisfied customers in 14,000 towns have saved money on our 30 Day Free Trial Direct-from-Factory Selling Plan. Some are in your town. Shall we send you their names?

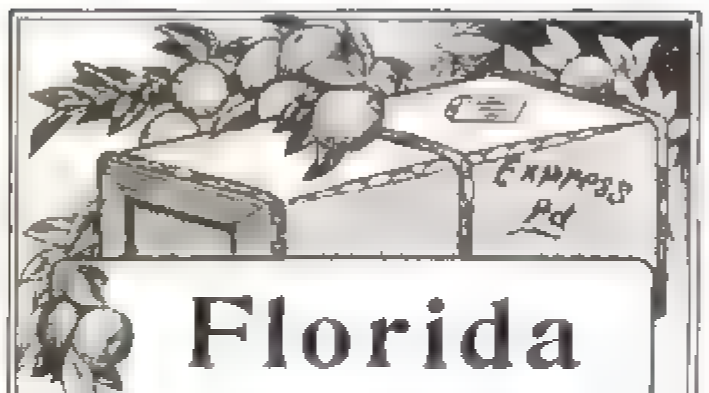
KALAMAZOO STOVE COMPANY, Manufacturers—Not Dealers. **Kalamazoo, Mich.**
All our Ranges and Cook Stoves are fitted with patent oven thermometer—saves fuel—makes baking easy

TYPEWRITERS ALL MAKES

[illegible] SOLD OR RENTED ANYWHERE at Half Manufacturers' Prices allowing rental to apply on price. Shipped with privilege of examination. Write for Catalog [illegible]

Typewriter Emporium, 202 LaSalle St., Chicago

Commonwealth Casualty Co.
PHILADELPHIA.
Accident and Health Insurance
Send postal for circular.



Florida Oranges

Direct from the Groves to your home, fully ripe and deliciously fresh

The only way to enjoy the exquisite flavor which made those Indian River Oranges famous is to allow them to ripen on the trees, attaining their highest perfection in development and sweetness, then to eat them while they are fresh. This can only be accomplished by mail order and fast express.

We ship them express prepaid, guaranteeing good condition of fruit. Prices, one 12 x 12 x 24 inch box, containing 96 to 250 oranges, $5. Same size box Grape Fruit, 36 to 96, $6. Box of Tangerines, $[illegible]. Box of assorted fruit $6. Cash with orders. Write immediately as the crops this year are especially fine.

Southern Fruit Co.

Main Offices Jacksonville, Fla.

References: Any Jacksonville Bank — Capital Stock $50,000

JONES THE FARM DAIRY FARM SAUSAGES

Good, pure, old fashioned sausage made right on this farm from dairy fed little pig pork, pure spices and salt only — absolutely nothing else. It's the kind of sausage every one wants and but comparatively few have known where to get heretofore. Where dealers cannot supply I make you this special trial offer

4 Pounds, $1.00, Express Paid
Money Back If You Want It

I will send you, upon receipt of $1.00, 4 lbs. of my famous Dairy Farm Sausage, express paid east of [illegible], and with the privilege of having your money back if you are not satisfied. Or send for my circular and price list. It tells the story of my [illegible] etc., all prepared at

Jones' Dairy Farm, Box 605, Fort Atkinson, Wis.

CALDER'S
25¢ 50¢
DENTINE

Teeth

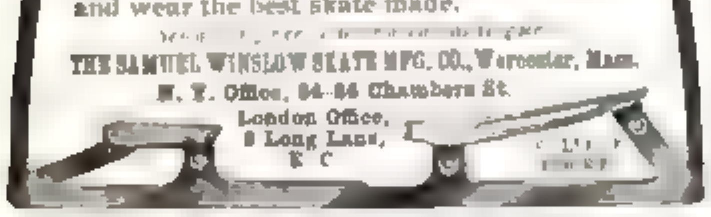
CALDER'S
Saponaceous
DENTINE

Used daily neutralizes the acid secretions of the mouth, keeping teeth and gums in a normal condition.

At Shops. Sample Travelers' Size, 10 Cents

ALBERT L. CALDER CO., Providence, R. I.

Calder's Nail Polish



WINSLOW'S Skates

Best skates made when your father was a boy — best now. Try the College Hockey and wear the best skate made.

[illegible]

THE SAMUEL WINSLOW SKATE MFG. CO., Worcester, Mass.
N. Y. Office, 84-86 Chambers St.
London Office, 8 Long Lane, E. C.

GRASP
HOME
LAW
SCHOOL
SERIES

The LAW at Home as LINCOLN did.

The Home Law School Series

Now complete, 12 volumes, prepares ambitious students for the bar [illegible] Theory and Practice [illegible] sets at Special Price. *Write*

FREDERICK J. DRAKE & CO.
350 E Wabash Ave., Chicago

SAMPSON ROCK OF WALL STREET

(Continued from Page 16)

has aptly observed, it is a case of feast or famine. There is no happy, no golden mean. I know people, most estimable people, who owned iron mines and thought they were gold mines, and waited years and years; and they are still waiting—for somebody else to develop them. Do you know what an iron mine is? *The graveyard of hope!* But ——" The Colonel, having sternly buried all iron hopes, past, present and prospective, permitted a slight but affectionate smile to illumine his face—"a constantly increasing population is one of Nature's grand and wise laws. The love of family is implanted by the Supreme Creator in the heart of man. Grow and multiply! That is a divine command, and, by gad, sir, it is easy to follow in this glorious climate. We have no race-suicides in this garden-spot of the earth. Therefore I say ——" He paused to shake a rigid forefinger at Darrell—"I say: *Real Estate!*"

There are many speakers who have the hypnotic faculty. Colonel Robinson had it. His own words always hypnotized him; the psychological effluvia struck inward. Darrell's look of interest made a warm glow come over the auto-hypnotist. He rang the little bell and said:

"Waiter, tell William it's for Colonel Robinson.—As I was saying, Mr. Darrell, Richmond's population is growing by leaps and bounds and with it the wealth of the cultured classes. The first thought a young man has when he contemplates matrimony is a home. The birds build nests on the trees the moment they begin to think of a family. But a young man of refinement can't make a house of nine straws and seven horsehairs in a leafy bower. Therefore, if the young couple are to have progeny that shall grow into useful men and beautiful women, why, the young couple must have a nice house. It is Nature's eternal law, which is reducible to beautiful poems, but also to dollars and cents. We must not talk business here, but this is a hobby of mine. Say when, Mr. Darrell."

"My, this is fine," said Darrell, smacking his lips. He felt he had taken the measure of the old chap and wished Sam would come. He was not selfish.

"You may well say so, sir. There is not, alas, very much of it extant. The fact that I have not concealed this golden secret from you shows that there is no North and no South, only a common country." He smiled, lest Darrell should take him too seriously or talk politics. The Colonel wished to be airily jocular, but the words ran away with him.

"As I was saying, Mr. Darrell, when a business is based upon something so beautiful and so substantial as the love of home—that grand old Anglo-Saxon word for which there is no exact equivalent in any other language—then, sir, it is merely a case of folding your arms and letting your bank-account grow with the growth of the city. The greatest, the most solid fortune in America, that of the Astors, was made by real estate. It was suburban when they bought it; it is now in the heart of the city. The population of Richmond in the year 1875 was, in round numbers ——"

Judge Abercrombie and Sam approached them.

"If you will excuse me, Colonel Robinson," said the lawyer, "I'll leave my friend in your care. I promised to take Mrs. Abercrombie to Mrs. Lyman's musicale."

"She is well, Judge? She will see Mrs. Robinson there. My very best compliments. Can you not tarry a fraction of a second?—Waiter!"

Sam bowed to Colonel Robinson and said to Darrell:

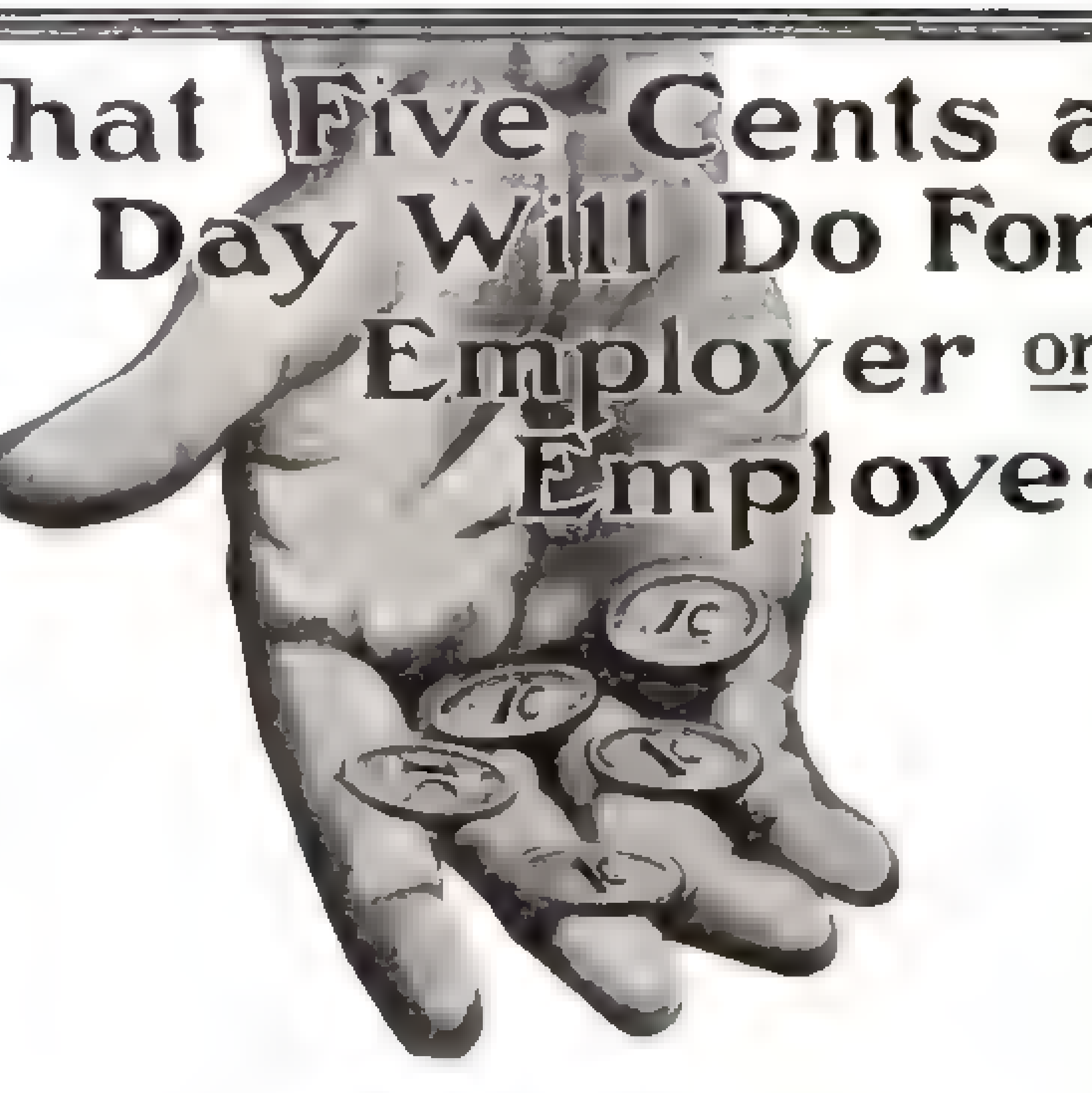
"Jack, are you aware that we have ——"

"I'd rather break the engagement than leave Colonel Robinson until he bid me. Colonel, my assistant, Mr. Rock," said Darrell.

"Assistant nothing," said Sam.

"I'm trying to teach him how to be a truthful mining engineer," Darrell confided to Colonel Robinson.

"An excellent profession," said Colonel Robinson with an almost affectionate encouragement to the young man. "I'm glad to meet you, sir. And I hope that you may exercise it in this State."



What Five Cents a Day Will Do For Employer or Employe.

If there were a great University of Business, with a Rockefeller at its head; a Hill, a Harriman, a Morgan, a Vanderbilt and a Gould on its faculty, it could scarcely teach you more of the practical methods of making money than the six-volume Business Man's Library described below. 1,263 pages crammed full of actual working business plans, methods, pointers. Not theories, or advice, or mere suggestions—but *experience*—dearly-bought, hard-earned experience that cost years of effort and fortunes of money to get. Placed, now, within the easy grasp of any business man, large or small, employer or employe, at the cost of only a few cents a day.

Priceless Business Experience Crystallized for You

The Business Man's Library is, in reality, a complete correspondence course under the great Master-Minds of Business. Seventy-eight men—not mere writers, but National Business Men, whose very names inspire respect and admiration and confidence—are its authors. Alexander H. Revell, founder and president of the great firm bearing his name; Sears, Roebuck & Co.'s comptroller; John V. Farwell & Co.'s credit man; Montgomery Ward & Co.'s buyer; Sherwin-Williams Co.'s general manager. These are only a few of the big men who have contributed to the Business Man's Library. These seventy-eight men give us not only the intimate secrets of their own successes but priceless business information, working plans, methods, statistics, tabulations, systems, hints, pointers, from high places in the world of money where few are permitted to enter. In no other way can you get the valuable information which the Business Man's Library will give you, save through the slow and costly school of experience. For what we offer you here is SOLID BUSINESS EXPERIENCE, collected, classified, condensed, and crystallized for your benefit at a cost of thousands and thousands of dollars. And who can put a dollars-and-cents value on working information such as this? The six uniform volumes of the Business Man's Library are published in a handsome de luxe edition, as they deserve to be. Beautiful, clear, large type; fine hand-made egg-shell book paper; one edge of gold, three edges roughed; half English Morocco binding—these are, indeed, a set of books for the library or desk of which to be proud. This is your money-laden opportunity—they can be had by any man who can spare forty-six cents a week.

Vital Subjects

How to Become an Executive
Business Letter Writing
Scientific Salesmanship
Accounting
Financing a Business
Sales Management
Selling by Mail
Retailing
Window Dressing
Store Management
Training Salesmen
Organizing a Business
Organizing a Factory
Advertising
Cost Systems
Follow-up Systems
Buying Systems
Office Systems
Credit Systems
Collecting [illegible] Accounts
Retail Systems
Managing a Wholesale House
Handling Employees
Banking
Training and Developing Men
Time Keeping Systems
Real Estate Systems
Insurance Systems
Office Short Cuts

Practical Working Information

What the blue-print is to the iron worker, what the compass is to the mariner, what the map is to the traveler, what the experiment station is to the farmer [illegible], and more, the Business Man's Library is to the business man. And add to this help, which these books will bring you, the help which you will get from SYSTEM, which stands pre-eminent the monthly magazine of Business! 260 to 356 pages in every issue of SYSTEM, and **you cannot afford to miss a single page** of it. It makes no difference whether you own your own business or whether you are working for somebody else, whether you sit in a private office and decide things of moment, or stand at a counter and answer questions—SYSTEM will show you new ways of saving time and effort and cutting out drudgery. SYSTEM goes into the inner offices of the biggest, most successful men and brings forth for your benefit the fruit of their costly experience. SYSTEM will show you how to start a new business, how to run it, establish prestige, create profits, economize waste, keep down expenses, stop losses. Better, SYSTEM will show you how to accomplish more, make more in your **present daily work**. Each issue contains special, usable information on buying, selling, accounting, manufacturing, shipping, collecting, advertising, business letter writing, banking, real estate and insurance methods, business management, handling men, short cuts and every known store system, retail salesmanship, trade getting ideas, window dressing, circularizing, and everything in which a man in business, big or little, is interested. SYSTEM has 300,000 regular readers. It has helped many of them to better salaries, bigger profits, that would have been impossible, undreamed of, without SYSTEM—Won't you let SYSTEM and the Business Man's Library help you?

Recent Purchasers

U. S. Government (2 sets)
Sears, Roebuck & Co. (4 sets)
N. K. Fairbank Co
Illinois Steel Co.
Armour & Co.
National Cash Register Co
Barnhart Bros. & Spindler
Am. Graphophone Co
Marshall Field & Co.
U. S. Steel Company
City Nat'l Bank of New York
Sherwin-Williams Co.
Montgomery Ward & Co
Hibbard, Spencer, Bartlett & Co.
John Wanamaker
Butler Bros.
Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co.
American Radiator Co.
Jones Dry Goods Co
[illegible] Bros. Co
International Harvester Co.
International Time Recorder Co.
Andrews Heating Co.
Morgan & Wright (3 sets)
University of Michigan (to be used as text books on business)
University of Wisconsin (purchased by two instructors in commercial subjects)

John Farson "This Library is a short cut to more salary and more business, to more knowledge and more power."

Penn. Chocolate Co. "This Library is better than its name—void of generalities and practical beyond expectations. Taught us a lot."

Alfred Dolge "I wish the work could be brought before every man who wants to build a real business career."

Barnhart Bros. & Spindler "We circulated these books among our employes and sent copies to our branch houses."

Tom Murray "I don't care how smart, or bright, or clever a man is, he can learn a great deal from these books."

Charles E. Hires "I regard it as of benefit and assistance to any wide-awake business man, no matter who."

Easy Offer Picture in your mind **six handsome gold-topped volumes**, the same binding, paper, type, that are usually to be found only in limited editions; 1,263 pages that could scarcely be worth more to you if each leaf were a $10.00 bill; and twelve months of SYSTEM—more than 3,000 pages of current business experience and help, convertible into ready cash—and then think of this offer: Only $18.00, spread out thin over nine months—and they are yours forever. Your check or money order for $2.00, or a $2.00 bill sent today, will bring the books tomorrow and enter your name as a regular yearly SYSTEM subscriber. $2.00 now and $2.00 a month until $18.00 is paid. Less than you probably spend for daily papers, less, surely, than it costs you for carfare or the evening smoke. Long before this week is out these helpful books, if ordered now, will have a chance to put back in your pocket more than their cost. Is the offer clear? Sign the coupon and send $2.00.

Send to SYSTEM, 151-153 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

6

Please deliver to me all charges prepaid, one set of the **Business Man's Library**, complete in six volumes bound in Oxford Half Morocco and enter my name for a full year's subscription to SYSTEM, the Magazine of Business, for all of which I agree to pay $18.00 as follows: $2.00 sent herewith and $2.00 per month thereafter until the full amount has been paid.

Name
Address
Occupation
Firm

HAMILTON PIANO

Music everywhere—have it *good*

You can't have too much sunshine where children are growing up.

The Hamilton Piano to-day is giving happiness to over 40,000 homes on two hemispheres. Its tone is rich, true, exquisitely sweet and furnishes more and more pleasure from year to year.

The Hamilton Piano was awarded high honors at Paris, in 1900; and at Melbourne, in 1903, but its popularity in private households, throughout the world, is the best proof of its excellence.

Write [illegible] catalogue No. 5 [illegible]

D. H. Baldwin & Co.
142 West 4th St., Cincinnati.

WHITELAW'S
Paper Blankets

Bed clothes should be warm and light. Blankets and thick quilts should never be put upon the bed [illegible] **Paper Blankets** [illegible] **A Well-known Scientific Physician** [illegible]

Also make the famous **Paper Diapers** [illegible] Appeal to the mother of the Baby [illegible]

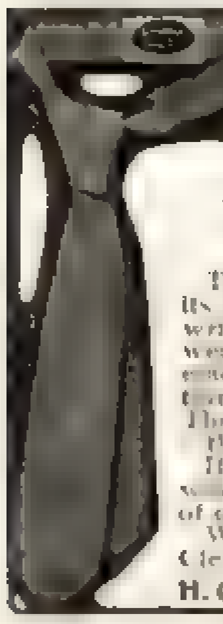
Whitelaw Paper Goods Co., Dept. 4 Cincinnati, Ohio

TEDDY BEARS

Our cunning Fuzzy White and Cinnamon Bears are now all the rage. The same "blue head with its expert nose" can be turned to any angle. Jointed arms and legs twist readily into most attractive and comical attitudes. These amusing little playfellows make a happy Christmas surprise for the little folks and fascinate grown-up people.

We are now in position to guarantee delivery of your choice of either a White or Cinnamon bear [illegible] made of finest [illegible] real bear skin, for $2. Express [illegible] to any address in the United States. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

TOYLAND BEAR CO., 82 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.



SUPERBA
SilkCravats

A Happy Choice
For Xmas Gifts

The cravat with an individuality all its own. A silk that drapes prettier, wrinkles less and shows the least wear and pin holes of any neckwear [illegible]. Every shape in more than forty rich [illegible] black. The [illegible] cravat [illegible] better.

If your dealer cannot supply you, we will fill your order direct, upon receipt of price.

We'd like you to have that "Book of Cleverness" it's FREE upon request.

H. C. COHN & CO., Rochester, N.Y.

Make Xmas Merry

With "HIB-RO PARTIES." The latest thing out. Not too late for Xmas if ordered today. Full instructions only 10 cents. Address HIB-RO CO., Box 34, Martinsville, Va.

"It is not my profession," Sam smiled. But he did not wish Robinson to be misinformed.

"Not yet, but you wait," and Darrell laughed.

Judge Abercrombie was looking intently at his watch, which, after his absorbed scrutiny, he held to his ear and listened, frowning—in order not to seem to hear Colonel Robinson should Colonel Robinson ask inconvenient questions about Sam's identity. He put the watch into his pocket and, rising to his feet, said:

"I'm very sorry. But I must be off post-haste. Darrell, I'll see both of you boys to-morrow." He looked at Sam to explain by a meaning glance that his familiarity was forced upon him. "Good-night, gentlemen."

Colonel Robinson, excusing himself from the guests, walked with the Judge to the door.

"Your friend Darrell is a very charming man." The very tone in which he said this was full of unuttered questions.

"Yes. He is associated with important capitalists in New York who are chiefly interested in mining and industrial enterprises. He is a mining expert, a very famous one. I hope we can induce him to invest a few millions in mines in this State. He controls considerable capital not only in this country but in England."

"Indeed? Who are his——"

"Colonel, Mr. Darrell, through his reputation and his own resources, has only to allot to the members of his syndicate their respective participations and the money is forthcoming at once. I think he is not only a very able but a very nice man. I introduced him to you because I wanted you to know gentlemen whom I am very glad to know, and I wanted him to know you because you know of so many opportunities for investment in this State. I did not bring Darrell to the club to talk business to you. But I regard it as a solemn duty to interest such men in our State."

"I am very sorry you can't be with us, Judge," said Colonel Robinson, and he returned to his new friends.

"You were saying the Astor fortune was made out of buying real estate," said Darrell, barely allowing time for the Colonel to sit down.

"Yes, sir; by buying suburban real estate and waiting for the city to grow up. The growth of Richmond is certain; it is inevitable. But, as I said, there is no need to work for your unborn grandchildren. The unearned increment is a loathsome and un-American way of making money. In other words, anticipate the future and help it to come quickly. Assist the growth; encourage it; by gad, sir! force it. That has ever been my motto. A few friends—lifelong, personal friends, who believe as I do—have associated themselves with me in securing what is beyond doubt the most valuable tract of land in Richmond, Capital Park. We shall develop it as a high-class residential park, carefully restricted, with beautiful scenery, beautiful surroundings, magnificent avenues, quick and efficient transportation. It is altogether an attractive proposition, and apart from the financial phase of it, it has a distinctly patriotic side."

It was indeed an attractive proposition to Colonel Robinson. He would not do things on a half-scale. His executive ability consisted in giving orders to subordinates and assuming that they would be diligently and skillfully carried out. His plans entailed lavish expenditures. Such land and town schemes had been highly profitable in the North and West. There was no reason why this should not prove equally successful in Richmond—that is, none that Colonel Robinson could see. He had read and lovingly studied numerous prospectuses and advertisements. He would give orders to subordinates. Hence his speeches to Darrell.

"I quite agree with you, Colonel," said Sam with evident sincerity.

"Your street railway service——" began Darrell politely.

"Of course"—the Colonel smiled to show such a thing had not escaped him—"we have completed the surveys and obtained the right-of-way and consents, and are about to secure the franchise for an electric road from Capital Park to the heart of Richmond. Perhaps, unless your plans prevent it, you may afford me the privilege of showing you Capital Park?"

"We gladly accept your invitation," said Darrell. "We came down partly on pleasure

Collier's
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION
SUCCESS MAGAZINE
SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE
OUTING
SAVE MAGAZINE MONEY
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Our Free Catalogue

Is ready for its annual mission of *practical magazine economy* to the homes of 1,000,000 people who read magazines and newspapers. There is *dividend-paying* information on *every* page of this big 1907 edition, which lists over 3,000 magazines, periodicals, newspapers and combination offers. Our system *saves* you subscription money, for we quote you the

Lowest Existing Prices

New ideas and new suggestions and valuable information for *every magazine reader* are found in this catalogue, the most complete one of the kind ever published, and we offer it to YOU simply for *your* name on a postal card.

Ours is one of the largest subscription agencies in the world and we are known everywhere. We therefore enjoy the closest relations with the publishers, and are thereby enabled to secure *unusual* concessions, giving us *every* facility for furnishing any magazine, periodical or newspaper in the world at a rate much lower than **you** believe possible.

We have helped thousands save magazine dollars. We can do the same for you. **Simply send us your name on a one-cent postal card, asking for our Free Catalogue. Write to-day. We can interest you. Address**

J. M. HANSON'S MAGAZINE AGENCY
NEW YORK OFFICE
99 Fourth Ave. (near 12th St.)
210 Hanson Block, LEXINGTON, KY.

EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR AND 12 Blades $1.00

The Only 12 Bladed Razor in the world selling for less than $5.00. Marvelous mechanism that reduces blade-making to a scientific exactness has made possible **this $5.00 razor for $1.00.** [illegible] making will be a thing of the past [illegible] as **you** and your friends have the "**Ever Ready**" shaving **12 blades** as lasting as [illegible] ever identified a [illegible] razor—together with safety frame and stropper handle [illegible] for **$1.00.** [illegible] Shaves any growth of beard with [illegible] ease.

[illegible] we'll exchange 6 [illegible] new "**Ever-Ready**" **blades** [illegible] and **25 cents,** [illegible] "**Ever-Ready**" [illegible] "Gem" [illegible] and "Yankee" frames **6 for 50 cents**—or 12 for 75 cents.

"**Ever Ready**" [illegible] are sold by **Hardware Cutlery Department stores, Jewelers** and **Druggists** [illegible] "**Ever Ready**" [illegible] **Mail orders prepaid upon receipt of $1.00** [illegible]

American Safety Razor Co., 299 Broadway, N. Y.

Fence Improvements that cost you nothing

We have been constantly improving wire fence at an expense of thousands of dollars every year.

But because we make and sell 50,000 miles of

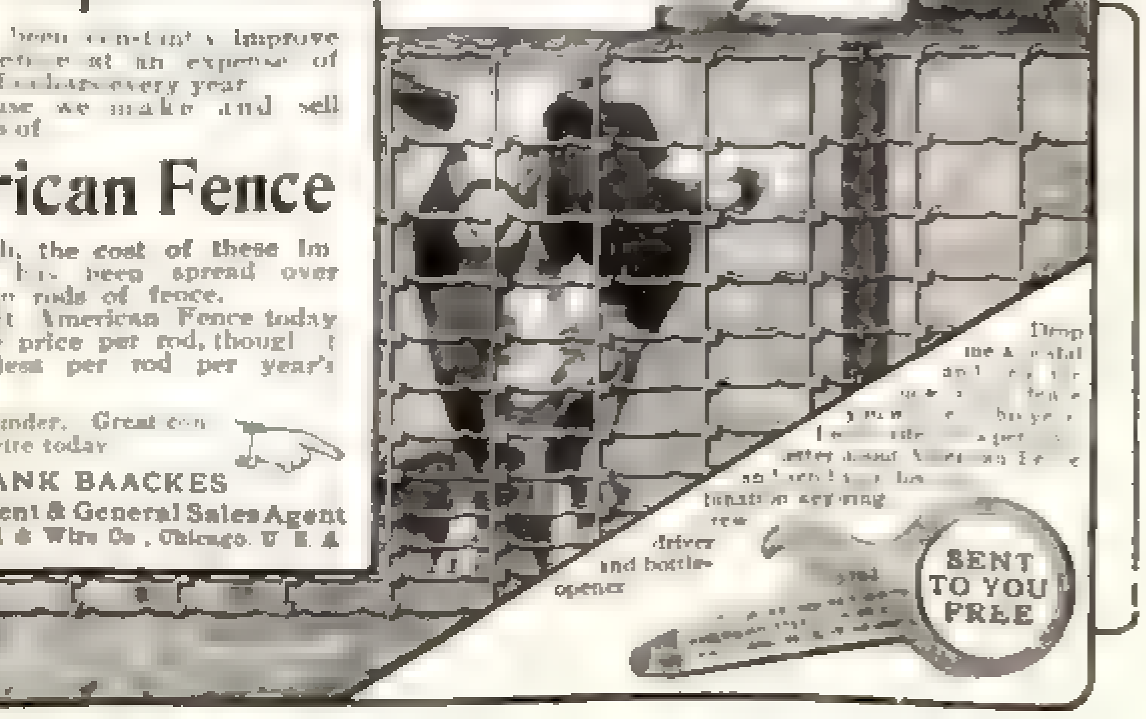
American Fence

every month, the cost of these improvements has been spread over many millions rods of fence.

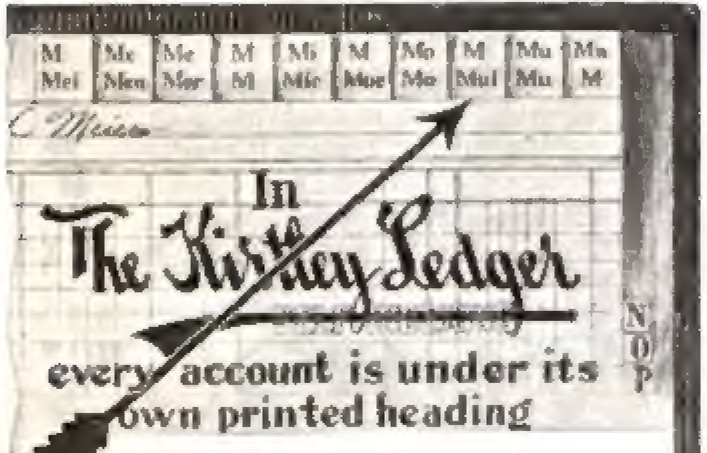
So you get American Fence today at the same price per rod, though it costs you less per rod per year's wear.

Pocket reminder. Great convenience. Write today

FRANK BAACKES
Vice-President & General Sales Agent
American Steel & Wire Co., Chicago, U. S. A.



Prove it yourself.
You can save ½ your cocoa by using
BENSDORP'S
ROYAL DUTCH
COCOA.
Send 10 cents for trial can.
Stephen L. Bartlett Co.
IMPORTERS,
BOSTON, MASS.
All Grocers.



Mullen's Account

Simply raise the sheet on top of "Mul" and you have Mullen's account. A printed heading for each account is plainly in view as soon as the leather tab is raised.

Any account is found exactly the same way as Mullen's—only two turns are necessary, one at the index tab, the other at the subindex at the top of the sheet.

In the Kirtley you never "leaf-over" sheets you do not want—the subindex takes you at once to the desired account. The Kirtley index is flexible—it is never overloaded in places.

Before you purchase your new ledger for 1907 send for portfolio of Kirtley loose-leaf or bound sheets (state which). Compare it with your 1906 ledger.

Address Dept. C
The Hugh Stephens Printing Co.
JEFFERSON CITY, MO.

BANKING BY MAIL
PSB
PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
PITTSBURGH, PA.
A BANK BOOK FOR CHRISTMAS

The plan adopted by many people of giving Savings Bank Pass-books as Christmas Gifts to relatives and friends, has become

A DELIGHTFUL CUSTOM

Such a gift is always acceptable and will form the foundation of a bank account whereby provision for future needs is assured.

ONE DOLLAR OR MORE

may be deposited by mail in favor of each recipient. We issue Pass-books according to directions, place them in specially designed envelopes and mail them with the card of the giver so that they will reach their destination on Christmas morning.
Send for booklet "P"—free on request.

CAPITAL & SURPLUS TWO MILLION DOLLARS

PATENTS that PROTECT
Our 3 books for Inventors mailed on receipt of 6cts. stamps
R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

and partly on business, and, if an opportunity offers, we may avail ourselves of it. To have your company to-morrow will be a pleasure. Now, the Austin coal properties look to me like a very good thing. But I am assured the transportation facilities are scarcely adequate for——"

"If you will gaurantee the tonnage I will guarantee the transportation," said Colonel Robinson impressively. These Northern people would talk business in a church, not to mention a club. The Colonel himself would not. He really was sure of it.

"It would be a good thing for your Virginia Central if the coal-mines were developed."

"We would bear such an increase in traffic with philosophical fortitude," assented Colonel Robinson with his humorous seriousness.

"I built the Mesa Grande road in Arizona from the Lomita coal-mines to the Southwestern and Gulf main line; we gave them enough tonnage to put their preferred stock on a dividend-paying basis. But their rates did not show that they were grateful to us. There were lots of promises before we developed the mines. But when the tonnage was safe they lost their memory. What we ought to have done was to have bought Southwestern and Gulf stock to give us representation in their board. When we realized this, the stock had trebled in price owing to the profit they were making out of us. And then we were forced to build our own railroad at a very heavy expense."

"Well, sir, Virginia Central stock at this moment is one of the grandest bargains ever offered to a blind and unsuspecting world," said Colonel Robinson decidedly.

"It has been rather weak, lately, I understand," put in Sam. "About forty, I think?" He looked inquiringly at the Colonel. The price that morning had touched thirty-five again. Colonel Robinson, with an air of being above petty details, as, for instance, a difference of five dollars a share in the price of the stock of his road, said: "About there, more or less. I think my friends are buying it at every opportunity." Of his friends, fully twoscore had been asking and writing and even telephoning for explanations, and barely a half-dozen had promised to buy, if it went any lower. The latter were friends who did not wish to buy suburban real estate, but were willing to say they would do what Colonel Robinson could not object to, in order to show they were loyal—such as, for instance, promise to buy stock in another Robinson company.

"It's pretty well held in Virginia, I suppose?" said Sam.

"The stock is held pretty well over the entire country by conservative investors. Our bondholders are mostly English, you know."

"Do you think it is cheap at forty?" asked Sam.

"Is a gold dollar cheap at forty cents?" asked Colonel Robinson.

"Yes, but you can't always make people believe it. They'll swear it must be a counterfeit," laughed Sam.

Colonel Robinson remembered the pusillanimous and impatient inquiries that had poured in during the last few weeks. He agreed, almost angrily.

"That is very true. People are apt to confound suspiciousness with conservatism. Silly men who know me and the road actually ask me if I think their investment is safe! It is incomprehensible to me"—he shook his head despairfully and abandoned all hope of ever understanding it—"how people pretending to ordinary intelligence fail to recognize the self-evident truth when they meet it face to face! They simply don't know it when they see it." He shook his head in sorrow; then in pity; the men were blind; blindness is a terrible affliction.

"But," said Sam sympathizingly "after the stock turns out to be a bonanza, you will have the satisfaction——"

"But no gratitude. I sometimes feel like relinquishing my management of the road and devoting myself to ——"

"But you couldn't do that," said Sam. "Surely, you are not serious? Why, they call it Colonel Robinson's railroad." Sam looked eager as he leaned forward slightly the better to hear the Colonel's answer.

"That's what they call it," assented Colonel Robinson grimly, "whenever something goes wrong through no fault of mine. It's my road, then—oh, yes! They expect miracles and expect them every five minutes!" Then he smiled and he went

3,303
Salaries Raised

October, 1905	-	372
November, "	-	280
December, "	-	223
January, 1906	-	266
February, "	-	251
March, "	-	363
April, "	-	288
May, "	-	424
June, "	-	231
July, "	-	193
August, "	-	230
September, "	-	173
		3,303

This is a twelve months' record showing the number of men who have voluntarily reported an increase in salary and position, as a *direct result* of the help received by them from the **International Correspondence Schools.**

Their names, addresses and letters are open for public inspection and investigation.

This marvelous record tells better than words how well the **I. C. S.** enables men to make more money by fitting them for more important positions. These 3,303 were, most of them, poorly paid and had no chance of advancement until they called to their assistance the **I. C. S.**

Are you at this minute situated as they were?

If so, why not do as they did?—mark the coupon and have the **I. C. S.** show you, as it has shown many thousands of others, how you can qualify yourself to earn a high salary in the occupation of your choice.

There is nothing peculiar about your case. There is no obstacle either of time, money or location to hinder you. It's merely a matter of your own ambition.

To learn how it's done, mark and mail the coupon so the **I. C. S.** may know how to advise you intelligently. Mailing this coupon places you under no obligation whatever.

Will you send it to-day and thus take the first step toward a higher salary?

1 Bookkeeper
2 Stenographer
3 Advertisement Writer
4 Show Card Writer
5 Window Trimmer
6 Commercial Law for Credit Men
7 Illustrator
8 Civil Service
9 Chemist
10 Textile Mill Supt.
11 Electrician
12 Electrical Engineer
13 Mechanical Draftsman
14 Telephone Engineer
15 Electric Lighting Supt
16 Mechanical Engineer
17 Surveyor
18 Stationary Engineer
19 Civil Engineer
20 Building Contractor
21 Architec'l Draftsman
22 Architect
23 Structural Engineer
24 Bridge Engineer
25 Mining Engineer

International Correspondence Schools,
Box 1171, Scranton, Pa.
Please explain without further obligation on my part, how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position numbered ____

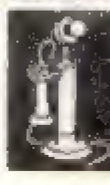
Name ____
Street and No. ____
City ____ State ____

Lea & Perrins' Sauce
THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

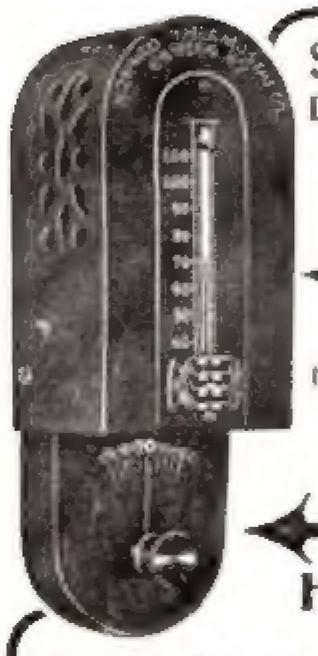
A bottle of Lea & Perrins' Sauce is one of the most useful items in every well-equipped kitchen. No other seasoning improves the flavor of so many different dishes.

Beware of Imitations
Look for Lea & Perrins' signature
John Duncan's Sons, Agts., N.Y.

French, German, Spanish and Italian
taught at home. Prepared by Paul E. Kunzer, Ph. D., President New England College of Languages. **Text Books Furnished.** Catalogues sent free. Massachusetts Correspondence Schools, 194 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.



ELECTRIC BOOK FREE
Just published. Shows all the Newest Electric Novelties and Supplies. Full of Holiday Suggestions. Best Quality and Lowest Prices. Send for it now. **J. DEWEY ELECTRIC CO., Milwaukee, Wis.**



SPRAGUE Electric
Damper & Valve Regulator
It's Automatic
Always
70°
Regulates Your Heat Just as You Want It, Night and Day.
Adjust to
Heat Desired

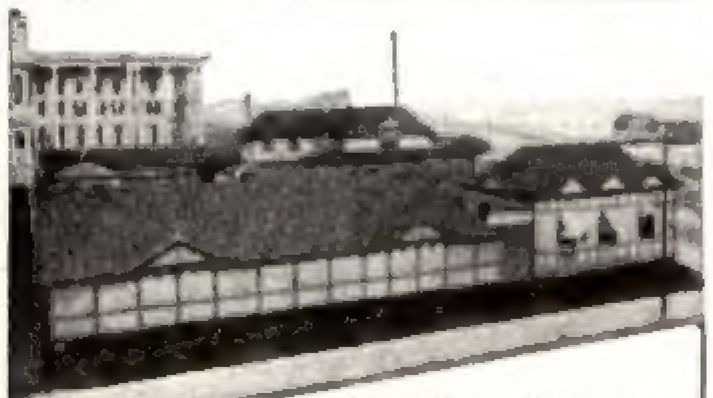
EVEN, HEALTHFUL HEAT
With Reduced Coal Bills

This Heat Regulator is easily applied to all Hot Water, Steam, Hot Air or Natural Gas Heaters. It is Guaranteed for 10 years and sold on Merits. Thousands in use 25 years and still working. Cannot give out with reasonable care. Saves running up and down stairs. Prevents accidents by fires. Cannot forget the dampers and **Cannot Run Down and Leave Front Draft Damper Open.** This feature is strongly covered by letters patent and is positively not found in any other Thermostat. Coal saved pays for Regulator; therefore, it costs you nothing. Always the best.

Thirty Days Free Trial. Booklet Free.

A delay may mean the loss of your house by fire.
Write the Manufacturers,

HOWARD THERMOSTAT CO., West 1st Street, Oswego, N. Y.



Another Convincing Instance of the Durability of Old-Time Hand-Dipped Tin

THESE are the Stockton Surf Baths at Cape May, N. J., which, as the picture shows, are roofed throughout with tin. Being right on the ocean, the roofs are continually exposed to the salt air and spray from the sea. During the summer months bathing suits are hung above them to dry, the salt water from the suits dripping directly upon the tin.

The tin on these roofs was laid 27 years ago and notwithstanding the unusually severe conditions of exposure, is still in perfect condition. The tin is painted every three or four years. Outside of this the tin has required no attention or repairs whatever.

The Stockton Hotel, shown in the background, also has a roof of this same old-time, heavy-coated tin which has been giving service for over 20 years.

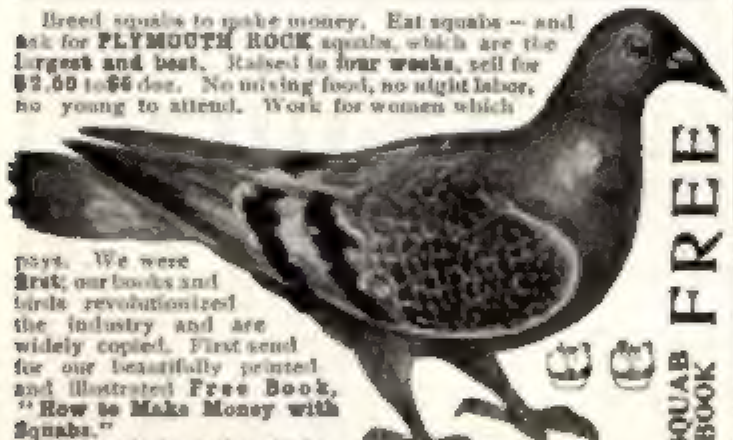
Prospective builders and owners of buildings with unsatisfactory, trouble-giving roofs should know that we offer to-day, in our "Target-and-Arrow" Old Style brand this same old-time, hand-dipped, heavily-coated tin, which we have been selling for sixty years.

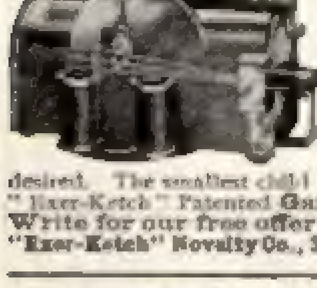
IC
OLD STYLE
REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
N&G TAYLOR CO
PHILADELPHIA

Write for free booklet "A Guide to Good Roofs." It tells why "Target-and-Arrow" Old Style tin (formerly called "Taylor Old Style") will give you better service than any other tin or any other roofing material.

N. & G. Taylor Company
Established 1810 Philadelphia

Breed squabs to make money. Eat squabs — and ask for **PLYMOUTH ROCK** squabs, which are the **largest and best.** Raised in **four weeks**, sell for **$2.50 to $6** doz. No mixing food, no night labor, no young to attend. Work for women which pays. We were **first**; our books and birds revolutionized the industry and are widely copied. First send for our beautifully printed and illustrated **Free Book, "How to Make Money with Squabs."**
Plymouth Rock Squab Co.
423 Howard St., Melrose, Mass.

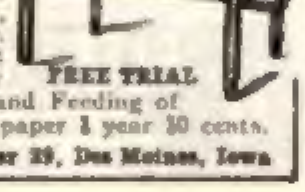




"Exer-Ketch" ELECTRIC ENGINE

A marvelous and practical little Electric Engine. "It's simplicity itself." Can't get out of order. Has power sufficient to operate small Mechanical Toys or Machinery. "Built-like-an-engine." Will last for years. A 15-cent battery will run it for months as a toy. No smell. No Alcohol or Gasoline. No danger of fire. Runs any speed desired. The smallest child can operate it. Ask your dealer for "Exer-Ketch" Patented **Games, Puzzles, Novelties, Etc. Write for our free offer** and illustrated catalog.
"Exer-Ketch" Novelty Co., 304 State Life Bldg., Indianapolis, Ind.

$12.75 Freight Paid
East of Rockies.
This 230 Egg Incubator
The Royal The world's simplest, surest hatcher.
Automatic in action; perfect results. Incubator and supply catalog free. Booklet "Care and Feeding of Chicks" 10c. 50-cent poultry paper 1 year 10 cents.



ROYAL INCUBATOR CO., Drawer 29, Des Moines, Iowa

on pleasantly: "I should like to have you take luncheon with me here to-morrow afternoon and afterward we might drive to Capital Park. That is, of course, if the weather permits and such a thing is agreeable to you." He had dismissed the Virginia Central from his mind. The leaves of the trees in Capital Park were dollars. The Colonel almost heard them jingle in the passing breezes. There were millions of leaves and the wind was blowing briskly. They were ever so much nearer than Austin County. The railroad was an old vexation and Capital Park was his baby, the sweetest ever.

"Nothing could possibly please us more, Colonel Robinson," said Darrell.

"Nothing," echoed Sam pleasantly.

Then the Colonel told them stories.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A Store on Novel Lines

BOSTON has a large store the proprietors of which organized, about five years ago, on novel lines. With the idea of getting greater loyalty and efficiency they gave many details of management into employees' hands. Ever since then this establishment has successfully operated as a commercial democracy.

For example, the employees regulate their own hours by a general vote, and, whatever their decision, the proprietors respect it. An interesting development in this matter arose several summers ago, when the question of closing the store for a whole business-day came up. A holiday came on Friday, and it was proposed to keep the shutters closed until the following Monday, giving a three-day outing to everybody. This plan was favored by a large vote. The proprietors indorsed their employees' action. The store was closed all that Saturday, and was the only one in Boston not open.

If a man or woman is discharged, he or she has the right of appeal to an arbitration committee of nine members, composed of both women and men, and representing each floor in the store, as well as the proprietors. During four years this committee has considered the appeals of 189 discharged employees, going into the merits of each case as impartially as a court, and of these cases 104 were decided in favor of the appellant and sixty-five in favor of the firm.

It is said that one member of this firm had in mind an employee whom he thought should be discharged, whereas another of the proprietors thought that particular employee ought to be retained. To settle the matter they discharged the man in question and let him appeal to the arbitration committee. This body decided that he should have been discharged. And he stayed out.

The store has a board of health that looks after working conditions; a board of finance that conducts a bank for employees, paying interest on their savings; a board of education that arranges for classes in salesmanship, talks by manufacturers on their methods of making the goods sold in the store, and trips to factories where parties of clerks can see these processes of manufacture with their own eyes. A board of recreation arranges for outings, lectures and concerts, and there is also a board of suggestion that considers suggestions made by any of the employees for improving the business, saving money and what-not. Such suggestions, if they are used, are paid for.

This store also shares its profits with all employees. In its selling departments they draw a dividend weekly in the form of commissions on each clerk's sales. In the executive departments dividends are declared annually, pro rata with salaries.

The practical value of such a business democracy is real and definite, the proprietors say. There is not only greater loyalty among employees, but most of the boards and committees serve the purpose of eliminating friction. A petty manager, or foreman, cannot wrong any one working under him, for every one in his department has the right of appeal. The system, however, has been built up gradually, new powers being granted the employees as fast as they demonstrated their fitness to handle their own problems. At the same time, the latter have added clubs and associations of their own which not only provide recreation and instruction, but noon lunches, treatment in sickness and life insurance.

The Best Gift for Him

Whether he be a carpenter, a craftsman or an every-day man who likes to keep things in ship-shape about his own home, he has occasion to use a Saw and, if you give him this one, he will bless you every time he uses it. The ideal of perfect saw-making is reached in the

Atkins "Elite" Number 400

Something unique in a fine saw. Price $4.00 for 26-inch — other sizes in proportion.

The blade is Silver Steel — the finest crucible steel in the world — tempered and hardened with special care, extra thin back, accurately ground with mirror finish. The handle is of the famous Atkins "Perfection" pattern, of highly polished **rose-wood,** with four heavily silver-plated screws. This stands alone as the finest hand-saw ever produced, and while rich in every particular, it is made for service. Each saw packed in special box. If your dealer has not this "Four Hundred" Saw, he will doubtless order it for you, but if not, write to us at any of the houses named below and we will see that you get it.

Every mechanic should know THE NAME OF THE MAKER of the tools that he buys. All Saws bearing the Atkins trade-mark are made by this Company — and the pride of the maker enters into every one of them — accept no substitute.

Atkins Saws of all sizes and types, Saw Tools, Floor Scrapers, etc., are sold by all good hardware dealers. Send for 1907 catalogue.

E. C. Atkins & Company, Inc.
"The Silver Steel Saw People."
Factory and Executive Offices, Indianapolis
BRANCHES: New York, Chicago, Minneapolis, Portland (Oregon), Seattle, San Francisco, Memphis, Atlanta and Toronto (Canada).

SMITH & WESSON
The Only Absolute Safety is
SMITH & WESSON "HAMMERLESS SAFETY"

ALL SMITH & WESSON Revolvers have this Monogram trade-mark stamped on the frame. None others are genuine.

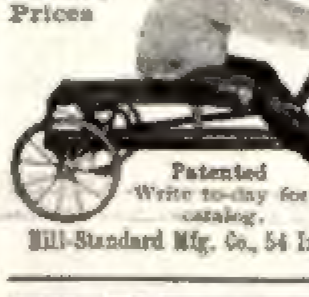
HAMMER
SAFETY CATCH
SAFETY LEVER
TRIGGER RELEASE

This Shows why
The hammer, inside the frame, is always locked by the **Safety Catch,** the **natural** pressure of the hand upon the **Safety Lever** in the back of the handle (See illustration) is the only way to lift the **safety catch** and permit the trigger to raise the hammer for firing. The safety lever and trigger must act at the same instant. To discharge this arm otherwise than **deliberately** is an impossibility — and **Here is the Proof.** Over 300,000 **SMITH & WESSON** Hammerless Safety Revolvers have been made and sold, and not one single accident has ever been reported. They are absolutely accident proof.

Our new booklet, "The Revolver," illustrates and describes each model in detail and gives an expert's instruction for target shooting. The most interesting and instructive revolver catalogue published. Sent free upon request. Address Dept. A.

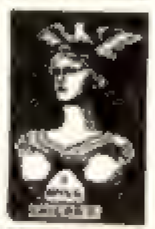
SMITH & WESSON, 35 Stockbridge Street, Springfield, Mass.
Pacific Coast Branch, 1346 Park Street, Alameda, Cal.

At your dealer's or direct at
Lowest Factory Prices



CHRISTMAS JOY FOR YOUNGSTERS
Here's exercise that will build up the frail boy or girl, and afford an outlet for the restless energies of the healthy child. Play that cannot be overdone is the kind offered by the
"IRISH MAIL"
Insist on the "Irish Mail." The name is on the seat and it is guaranteed by the maker.
Patented
Write to-day for catalog.
Hill-Standard Mfg. Co., 54 Irish Mail Avenue, Anderson, Indiana.

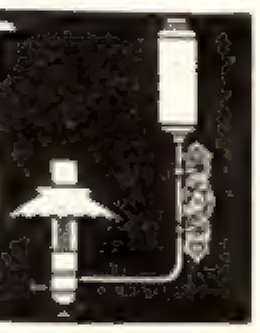
LAW HIGH GRADE INSTRUCTION BY CORRESPONDENCE
Fourteenth Year
Prepares for the bar of any State. Improved method of instruction, combining the Text-Book, Lecture and Case Book methods. Approved by the bench and bar. Three Courses: College, Post-Graduate and Business Law. Send for Catalogue.
CHICAGO CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL OF LAW
Reaper Block, Chicago.



FREE ILLUSTRATED ELECTRIC BOOK
We will on request send to you postpaid, this book, also our special plans by which you can secure any article in our catalog given for little work. Write today.
J. Andrae & Sons Co., 115 W. Water St., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE "BEST" LIGHT

Produces a pure white, powerful steady light, is absolutely safe, and brighter than electricity or acetylene — cheaper than kerosene. NO GREASE, DIRT, SMOKE OR ODOR. Makes and burns its own gas. Made in over 100 different styles. Every lamp warranted.
Write for Catalog. Agents Wanted.
THE BEST LIGHT CO., 5-25 E. 5th St., Canton, O.



Is there any more?

Quaker Oats

When it's Quaker Oats, one helping is seldom enough. You may like rolled oats, but you will never realize *how much,* until you eat Quaker Oats. There is no comparison between the goodness of Quaker Oats and other kinds of rolled oats.

Quaker Oats

has a more delicate flavor, a finer quality and is more appetizing and satisfying than any other kind.

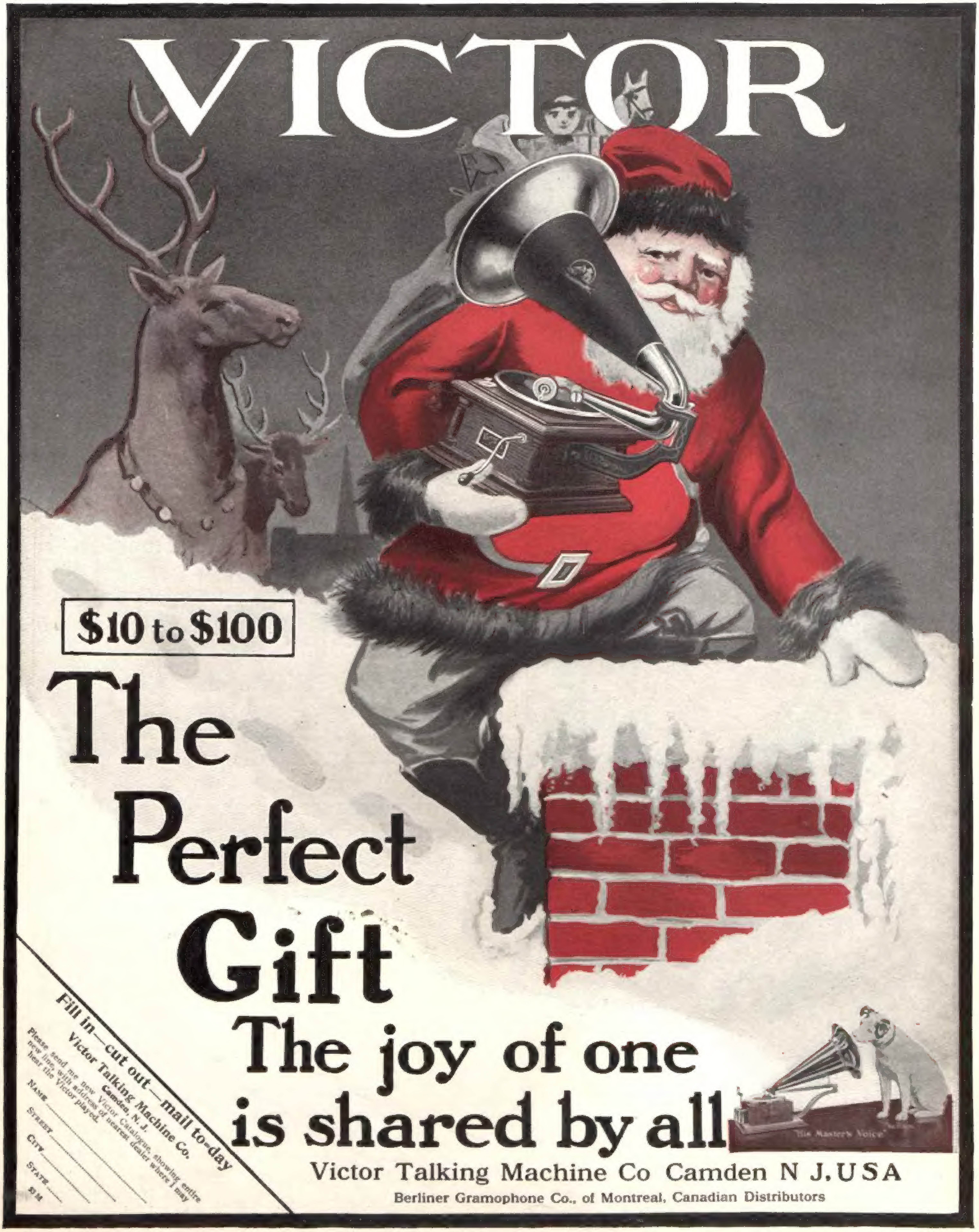
You will recognize and appreciate this difference once you eat Quaker Oats. Order a package of your grocer, serve it for breakfast and your family will remark upon its extra goodness.

At grocers everywhere.
Large package 10c.

(Except in the extreme South
and far West.)

Made by
The Quaker Oats Company,
Chicago, U. S. A.

QUAKER
Pure Quaker Oats
ROLLED
WHITE OATS
MADE BY
The Quaker Oats Company



VICTOR

$10 to $100

The Perfect Gift

The joy of one is shared by all

Victor Talking Machine Co Camden N J. U S A

Berliner Gramophone Co., of Montreal, Canadian Distributors

Fill in—cut out—mail to-day

Victor Talking Machine Co.
Camden, N. J.

Please send me new Victor Catalogue, showing entire new line, with address of nearest dealer where I may hear the Victor played.

Name ________
Street ________
City ________
State ________

S M